

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

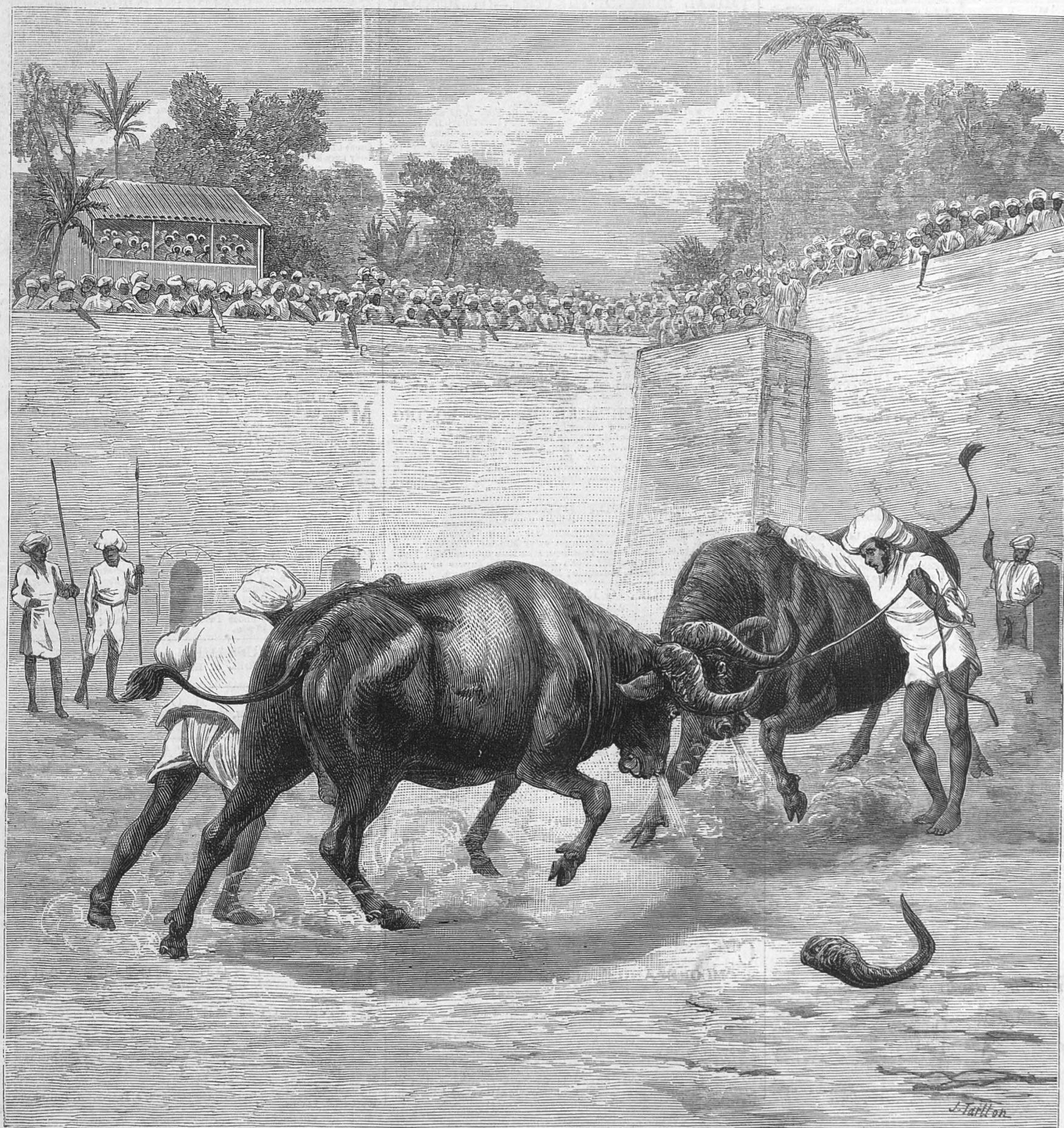


REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 97.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post 6½d.



BUFFALO-FIGHT BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BARODA.
(FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.)

RAILWAYS.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, and Following Days, THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS, at CHEAP FARES, will be issued by certain trains from Paddington, Victoria, Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington (Addison-road), Uxbridge-road, and Westbourne Park, to Chard, Exeter, Plymouth, South Molton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and Portland, and vice versa, available to return up to and including FRIDAY, DEC. 31.

N.B.—These Tickets can be obtained at the Stations, or at the Company's Receiving Offices, 245, Holborn; 89, Charing-cross; 5, Arthur-street, London Bridge; and 82, Queen Victoria-street.

With the view of meeting the convenience of Passengers for the West of England and South Wales, arrangements have been made by the permission of the Postmaster-General, for extra carriages to be attached to the 9.0 p.m. limited mail train from Paddington on Friday (Christmas Eve), 24th inst.

First and Second Class passengers can obtain Tickets for Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bristol, and stations beyond, available for this train, on Thursday, 23rd inst., and up to the time of departure on Friday evening.

On CHRISTMAS EVE, FRIDAY, DEC. 24, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), will leave Paddington Station at 10 p.m. for Plymouth, calling at Reading (11 p.m.), Swindon (12.5 a.m.), Bath (1 a.m.), Bristol (1.30 a.m.), Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter (about 4.30 a.m.), Dawlish, Teignmouth, Newton, Totnes, and Kingsbridge-road, and arrive at Plymouth at about 5.45 a.m.

Passengers can be booked at the intermediate Stations at which this Train calls, and the Cheap Third-Class Return Tickets from London to Exeter and Plymouth will be available by it.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the Ordinary Trains will run as on SUNDAYS. For further particulars see special Bills. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS. LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

RETURN TICKETS issued between DEC. 22 and 31 inclusive will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to FRIDAY, DEC. 31, except those issued for a less distance than ten miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

EXTRA TRAINS, DEC. 23 and 24.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m. and London Bridge 5 p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.)

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth, 8.30 a.m., to London, and a Fast Train from Victoria and London Bridge, 8.20 a.m., to Portsmouth. Boats in connection to and from Ryde.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT

TRAINS DAILY from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

SPECIAL TRAINS on Boxing Day and during the Christmas Holidays, as required by the traffic.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager. London Bridge Terminus, December, 1875.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

All EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS (where such are issued), for distances above ten miles, issued on WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, and Nine Following Days, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including FRIDAY, DEC. 31.

This arrangement also applies to tickets issued between London and Beckenham Junction, but not to the cheap tickets issued between London and Gravesend.

SPECIAL TRAINS will run on Friday, Dec. 24, and Boxing Day, Monday, Dec. 27.

Christmas Day the Trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception of the Mail Trains between London and Dover. Additional Trains will also run on that day.

For full particulars see Time Bills and Programmes. JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS to or from London and the principal Stations, including Portsmouth, Southampton, Gosport, Ryde, Ventnor, Cowes, and all Stations on the Isle of Wight Railway; the Bournemouth, Dorchester, and Weymouth Lines; and the Somerset and Dorset Line Stations, via Templecombe and via Wimborne; and to Yeovil, Exeter, the West of England and NORTH OF DEVON; also to OKEHAMPTON and LIDFORD (for Tavistock and Launceston), will be issued by all Third-Class Trains on WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, and subsequent days, available for the return journey up to FRIDAY, DEC. 31.

ADDITIONAL FACILITIES TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT. ON THURSDAY, DEC. 23, FRIDAY, DEC. 24, AND MONDAY, DEC. 27, the 5.0 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde and stations on the Isle of Wight Railway.

On these days the 5.20 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde via Stokes Bay.

SPECIAL LATE TRAIN TO SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, the West of England, North and South Devon (the shortest route by 23 miles).

ON FRIDAY, DEC. 24, an Extra Train, at first, second, and third class fares, will leave the Waterloo Station at 7.50 p.m. and Kensington at 7.15 p.m.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY AN ADDITIONAL TRAIN will run as follows:—

Leaving Waterloo at 8.5 a.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon to Southampton (for Cowes), Portsmouth (for Ryde), Gosport, Salisbury, &c.

For particulars of Cheap Fares, &c., see Handbills, to be obtained at the Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; the City Office, Exeter-buildings, Arthur-street West, London Bridge; the South-Western Company's Stations, London Offices, and Receiving-Houses; or by Post from the Office of the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN

LARGE HALL.—DAILY, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. In addition to the other novelties, has recently been added the extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads of the audience in the middle of the hall and as high as the lofty dome.

W. MORTON, Manager.

GARDNER'S NEW DUPLEX LAMPS,

burning their Patent Sunlight Oil.

GARDNER'S NEW DUPLEX LAMPS,

burning their Patent Sunlight Oil.

GARDNER'S NEW DUPLEX LAMPS,

burning their Patent Sunlight Oil.

GARDNER'S NEW DUPLEX LAMPS,

affording

a soft, clear, and brilliant light, equal to twenty sperm candles, are simple in construction, and requiring a minimum of attention; burn without smoke or smell when their patent Sunlight Oil is used. Price, by the case, 2s. 5d. per gallon. Illustrated Lamp Catalogues post-free.

GARDNERS, Lamp Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing-cross.

FOR ADDITIONS, BLACK-MAJES, &c., &c.

BROWN & POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

will celebrate the coming festive season in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.

A magnificent procenium and scenery will be erected for the purpose of adapting the hall to the festive performances. The holiday programme will be replete with new and lovely songs, Ballads, Choruses, old English

Glees, &c., sung by the magnificent choir connected with this company. The humorous and comic element will also form a particular feature in the holiday programme. Performances will be given EVERYAFTERNOON and EVERY NIGHT throughout the holidays, commencing on BOXING DAY. FIVE THOUSAND SEATS in the most magnificent hall in England. Places may be booked a week in advance at the office of the Hall. No fees.

CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAY.

In conformance with their long-established custom, the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.

Mr. SOTHERN will, on MONDAY, DEC. 27, commence a THREE WEEKS' FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT, previous to his return to America. Mr. Buckstone will reappear at the Haymarket, and Miss Lucy Buckstone will make her debut in London. Order of performances:—GARRICK and MARRIED LIFE, Monday, Dec. 27, and five following nights; HOME and MARRIED LIFE, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 3, 4, 5, 6; OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, and 13; GARRICK and A REGULAR FIX, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14 and 15. Mr. Sothern's Benefit and Last Appearance, Saturday, Jan. 15.—Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

On MONDAY, DEC. 27, and following evenings will be acted, CINDERELLA.

THE BUTTERFLIES' BALL AND THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST, with the magnificent characteristic of this establishment, in addition to a company never equalled in any pantomime, including as it does Misses Nelly Power, Maud Brennan, Julia St. George, Amalia, Emily Walters, Hamilton, Guinness, and the elite of European ballet, including the Russian Skaters Krantzovitz and Czartnehtwitzki; Messrs. W. B. Fair, Rogers, F. Vincent, Willard, Louise, J. Wainwright, &c.; and a stud of fairy cream-coloured ponies, the smallest living.

No fees for booking or cloak-rooms.

Day Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and on the Mondays also in January.

The building delightfully warmed in every part.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. HENRY IRVING

will appear EVERY EVENING for a limited number of nights (except Saturdays) as HAMLET. A series of Morning Performances of this great Play will be given during January, on the Evenings of which Days Miss BATEMAN will sustain her celebrated character of LEAH.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

Tuesday, Dec. 28, 300th night of "Our Boys."

At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL TOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee

and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—On BOXING NIGHT, MONDAY,

DEC. 27, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their re-appearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Dec. 29, 30, and Jan. 1. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—On MONDAY

EVENING, DEC. 27, and until further notice. Commence at 7, with TWO TO ONE.—Mr. Stephenson, Misses Jones, Williams. At 7.40, A LES-ON IN LOVE.—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, ANTARCTIC; or, The Pole and the Traces.—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Claude, Venne, &c.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.

Mr. J. A. Cave, Manager.

New Grand Operatic Féerie Extravaganza, in Four Acts and Eleven Tableaux, entitled LORD BATEMAN: HIS ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA, suggested by George Cruickshank's Illustrated Ballad. The Music selected and composed by M. Jacobi; the Libretto by Sydney French. Extensive Mechanism by S. Sloman and Son; Splendid Appointments by J. Buckley; Superb Costumes by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, from designs by Alfred Maltby; and the whole constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr. J. A. Cave.

The following unprecedented cast:—William Rignold, Frank Hall, J. H. Jarvis, W. G. Ross, G. Robert, L. Fountain, J. Husk, and Harry Poulton; Misses Lennox Grey, Eily Beaumont, Adelaide Newton, Sara Lillian, Kate Garston, A. Hilton, Brunelli, Pauline Markham, and Emma Chambers. The Marvellous Faust Family, The Kladderadatsch and Zamasco Troupes. Mlle. Pitteri, Mlle. Pertoldi, and upwards of One Hundred Coryphées will appear in the new magnificent Turkish Ballet, arranged by John Lauri. The scenery will be upon a more magnificent scale than hitherto attempted at this theatre, by Albert Calcott. Conclude with an Italian Pantomime. Morning Performance, Boxing Day at 1.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Every Evening, at 7, to commence, with the Grand Christmas Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZE, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Lizzie Claremont, Misses Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbines, Misses Osmond and Barry. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—BOXING

DAY, DEC. 27, at 12 o'clock, and Every Evening at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well.—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred Foster, F. Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. To conclude (Morning Performance excepted) with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love.—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdlles. B. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Magnificent Pantomime, CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30. Miss Jenny Beaulere, Miss Rose Graham, Miss Emeline Cole; the Paynes, and Mr. John Barnum. The Paynes as pantomimists. Mr. Fred Payne, Harlequin; Mr. Harry Payne, Clown.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.

Facing the Houses of Parliament.

BOXING DAY, DEC. 27, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME (written by H. Spry, Esq.), LADY GODIVA; or, St. George and the Dragon and the Seven Champions, will be produced on a scale of Magnificence and Splendour far exceeding those wonderful productions of Pantomime Magnificence that have made this Management famous throughout the three kingdoms.

EXCELSIOR BURLESQUE and PANTOMIMIC

COMPANY.—Misses Georgina Smithson, Emily Randall, Lilia Barnard, Nelly Griffiths, Newton, Clara Shelly, J. Russell, and Miss Russell (from Drury-Lane Theatre). Messrs. Gus Connelly, W. Randall, H. Bertrand, J. Holloway, F. Darrell, G. Bradfield, Julian Webster, Graham, Ducrow, Bell, Carlo, &c.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.

The PANTOMIME for 1875-6 will include all the Remarkable Events and Incidents of the Times. Ten New and Magnificent Scenes by Messrs. Days, Caney, and Perkins. Cave of Kalaba, Birthplace of St. George; Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry; Palace of Elephants; Mid-air Fight; Prince of Wales in India; and the Great Elephant Hunt, &c. Clown, the Great Little Sandy; Harlequin, Mr. A. Lauraine; Columbines, Mdlles. Lilia and Ritella; Pantaloon, Mr. Ned Carlo. Box-office open daily from 10 to 4. Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 10s. to 5gs. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 2 and 7.—N.B. This Pantomime is strictly moral. No indecent dressing. The scenery and effects most gorgeous and startling. No other establishment in the world able to produce an entertainment on such an extensive and elaborate scale.—Sole Proprietors, John and George Sanger.

CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAY.

In conformance with their long-established custom, the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

will celebrate the coming festive season in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.

A magnificent procenium and scenery will be erected for the purpose of

adapting the hall to the festive performances. The holiday programme

will be replete with new and lovely songs, Ballads, Choruses, old English

Glees, &c., sung by the magnificent choir connected with this company.

The humorous and comic element will also form a particular feature in the

holiday programme. Performances will be given EVERYAFTERNOON and

EVERY NIGHT throughout the holidays, commencing on BOXING

ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER and WINTER

GARDEN SOCIETY.—Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh having graciously consented to preside at the opening ceremonial, the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden will be OPENED EARLY NEXT MONTH.

Full particulars will be shortly announced.

On the day of opening, Fellows, shareholders, nominees, and season tickets will only be admitted.

The last Ballot for Fellows previous to the opening will take place on the 28th inst. Applications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Bruce Phillips.

Season Tickets may be obtained at the Offices of the Society, or of the Society's authorised Agents.

As the applications for Reserved Seats for the Concert and Opening Ceremony are already very numerous, Fellows, Shareholders, Nominees, and Season-Ticket Holders are notified that applications for the same will be entertained according to priority of application.

Reserved seats, half-a-guinea; and gallery reserved seats, seven shillings and sixpence.

By order, W. W. ROBERTSON, Managing Director. Offices: Broadway-chambers, Westminster.

FIRST ANNUAL FINE-ART EXHIBITION,

1876, of the ROYAL AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Last Day for receiving Works of Art is DEC. 28.

The Society's gold medal and £100 will be awarded for the best oil-painting exhibited, as also the Society's gold medal and £100 for the best water-colour painting, and the Society's gold medal and £100 for the best piece of sculpture. Five silver medals and five bronze medals will also be placed at the disposal of the art committee for award for special merit. No work of art which is not bona-fide the property of the artist is eligible for a prize.

The Executive have instituted an art-union, and prizes to the amount of £3000 will be distributed among Fellows and season-ticket holders, and these prizes will be selected mainly from the society's galleries.

Intending exhibitors can obtain a copy of the rules and regulations on application to the Secretary of the Art Committee, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on

View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; Gigantic Turtle, from the Island of Ascension; large Octopods, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—BOXING DAY and

Daily till Saturday Next, the Great Christmas Pantomime, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, entitled JACK IN WONDERLAND AND THE MAGIC BEANSTALK. Characters by M. Espinosa, Messrs. Everard, T. H. Friend; Bernard Troupe of Minstrels, Midget Hanlons; Misses Caroline Parkes, Florence Dodd, Nellie Phillips, Florence Montgomery, and Manetti. Principal Dancers, the Misses Elliott and M. Pierrot. The elaborate and magnificent Scenery (with the exception of the great Transformation-Scene) by Mr. Fenton and assistants. Grand Transformation-Scene by Mr. C. Brew, entitled "A Birthday Story." The Ballet arranged by M. Espinosa. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. Oscar Barrett. Costumes by Mr. and Mrs. Slinchcombe. Comic Scenes by Mr. J. Doughty, Clown; Pantaloon, Mr. W. Buck; Harlequin, Mr. Charles Bertrand; Columbine, Miss Louise Holt; the One-Legged Dancer, M. Pierrot. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. T. H. Friend. A portion of the Pantomime arranged to display the inimitable performance of the celebrated Midget Hanlon Troupe. Preliminary Entertainment, comprising Mr. James Doughty and his Performing Dogs; the celebrated Ethiopian Farce of "The Wigmaker," by the Bernard Troupe of Minstrels; M. Pierrot, the Uno-Pedrian Wonder; a New and Original Russian Comic Ballet by M. and Madame Espinosa, Messrs. Everard, Silvani, and Corps de Ballet; the New Performance of the Midget Hanlon Troupe; the Original and Inimitable Punch and Judy. Great Christmas-Tree. The Fancy Fair, where suitable presents for everybody may be obtained. See daily announcements.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING DEC. 27.

MONDAY (BOXING DAY).—Unprecedented Attractions (see below).

TUESDAY and EVERY DAY during the Week.—THE GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. Mr. GEO. CONQUEST in his wonderful feats and Three Hundred Performers (see Special Announcements). The Circus and the whole of the GREAT HOLIDAY FETE ENTERTAINMENTS continued and Palace illuminated until Nine throughout the Week.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—BOXING DAY and

During the Following Week. The most varied and unparalleled Programme of Holiday Entertainments ever placed before the Public. The Grand Christmas Pantomime. The Great Christmas Circus Entertainment. The Children's Exhibition of Dolls and Dolls' Houses. The Wonderful Jackey Troupe. Romah, the marvellous African Dwarf. The celebrated Manhattan Negro Minstrels. Five Military Bands. The Monster Christmas-Tree and Decorations. Entire Palace Heated and Illuminated until 9 p.m. Accessible under cover from City, West-End, and all parts. Special and extra Trains every few minutes from King's-cross. One Shilling.

TWICE ON MONDAY (BOXING DAY), AT 3 AND 8.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, in which Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. E. Bishop, and Mr. Alfred Reed will appear.—OUR CARD-BASKET, by Shirley Brooks; CLEVER PEOPLE, by Corney Grain; and A SPANISH BOND, by Gilbert A. Beckett. Every Evening (except Thursday and Saturday) at 8; Morning Representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—ZOOLOGICAL

GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—Admission 6d. EVERY DAY (except Sundays) from DEC. 24 to JAN. 6 inclusive.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Special Attractions.

Madame TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.—PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Costly Court Dresses. Complete line of British Monarchs. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—A

PORTRAIT MODEL of HENRY WAINWRIGHT is NOW ADDED.

HORSE SHOE HOTEL.

264, 265, 266, 267, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.

NOW OPEN.

HORSE SHOE TABLE D'HOTE

EVERY EVENING.

SUNDAY from 6 to 8.30. 3s. 6d.,

Including Two Soups, Three kinds of Fish, Three Entrées, Two Joints, Sweets, Ices, Cheese, Salad, and Dessert.

HORSE SHOE DINING-ROOMS.

LADIES' COFFEE-ROOM. GRILL-ROOM. WINE SHADES.

HORSE SHOE CAFE.

NEAPOLITAN ICES. SMOKING-ROOMS. BILLIARD-ROOMS.

HORSE SHOE RESTAURANT.

BUFFET. OYSTER BARS.

HORSE SHOE LUNCHEON BARS.

BED-ROOMS. LAVATORIES.

HORSE SHOE HOT BATHS.

COLD BATHS. DRESSING-ROOMS. NOW OPEN.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a

weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

Now Publishing,

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS ("THE STIRRUP CUP")

COMPRISING

A double-page reproduction, in Colours, of the well-known Drawing by the late JOHN LEECH,

ENTITLED

HUNTING IN THE HOLIDAYS,
AND
TWO SHEETS & A HALF
OF
PICTURES, POEMS, TALES, SKETCHES, &c.,
OF SPORT, ADVENTURE, AND THE DRAMA.

AMONGST THE PICTURES WILL BE FOUND THE FOLLOWING:—
A CHRISTMAS BENISON—"The Stirrup Cup." Drawn by Matt Stretch.
CHRISTMAS IN THE NURSERY—"Our Fairy Story." Drawn by Walter Morgan.
CHRISTMAS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM—"Amateur Theatricals." Drawn by Harry Furniss.
A CHRISTMAS LEGEND—"The Stag of St. Hubert." Drawn by K. Bodmir.
CHRISTMAS WITH THE GUILD—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—" Drawn by H. S. Marks, A.R.A.
CHRISTMAS WITH THE STUD—"A Morning Call." Drawn by J. Sturgess.
CHRISTMAS IN THE COPSES—"A Night Encounter." Drawn by R. Cranston.
CHRISTMAS IN BOW-STREET—"Preparing for the New Burlesque." Drawn by E. Buckman.
CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRE—"Mephisto behind the Scenes." By E. Gruetzner.
CHRISTMAS ON THE ICE—"A Lesson of Love." Drawn by Dower Wilson.
CHRISTMAS ON THE COAST—"Cut off by the Tide." Drawn by R. O. Murray.
CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE—"A Hunt for a Dinner." Drawn by R. H. Moore.
CHRISTMAS PIECE, for Private Representation.—"The Borough Member." Drawn by Wallis Mackay.

The writers include "Amphion," Lord William Lennox, Captain Mayne Reid, Arthur Sketchley, F. C. Burnand, Godfrey Turner, Savile Clarke, R. B. Wornald, R. C. Caldwell, M.R.A.S., William Mackay, Wat Bradwood, Henry Hersee, C. H. Stephenson, W. W. Fenn, "Andy O'Rourke," The Captious Critic, J. Ashby-Sterry, Alfred Geary, John Latey, jun., Dr. Steele, Byron Webber, &c.

In a Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.; through the post, 1s. 2½d.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, may be obtained on SALE
(three years' system) or HIRE from 15s. per month.—18, Wigmore-st., W.
Manufactories, the Brinsmead Works, Grafton-road, London, N.W.

THE

HOLBORN RESTAURANT,
218, HIGH HOLBORN,

ONE OF THE SIGHTS & ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON.

Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English customs.

DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS FROM DAILY BILL OF FARE.

A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING
from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert.

THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

THE POSITIVE GOVERNMENT, SECURITY.

**LONDON "HALL-MARKED" 18-CARAT
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CHAINS at £3 10s. per oz., 20s. Fashion, any pattern.

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Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,

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OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24.—Football at Chiselhurst: West Kent v. Haileybury College. Aberdeen Poultry and Pigeon Show.
SATURDAY, DEC. 25.—CHRISTMAS MORNING SWIM of the Serpentine Swimming Club, at 7.30.
MONDAY, DEC. 27.—BOXING DAY.—Streatham and Kingsbury Races open. Surrey Athletic Club's walk to Windsor. West London Harriers. Peckham Athletic Club Hare and Hounds—short run from Rye House Inn; hares start at 11 a.m. Running at Lillie-bridge, Fulham, and Bow, for professional pedestrians. Brighton Athletic Club Bicycle-Races. Football-matches:—Lower Grounds, Birmingham v. Sheffield; Kingston, Spartans v. Kingston; Norwood, Crystal Palace Wanderers v. South Norwood; Hornsey United v. Hornsey Rovers. Hancock and Lyons, 100 yards (Lyons with one yard start), £25 a side, Royal Oak Park, Manchester. Ten-Mile Handicap, £25. Lillie-bridge Grounds. Fox and Broad's 120-Yards Handicap, £15, Star Grounds, Fulham. Darley and Co.'s 212-Yards Christmas Handicap, £100, Newhall Grounds, Sheffield. Nicholson's 203-Yards Christmas Handicap, £40, Stanley Grounds, Liverpool.
TUESDAY, DEC. 28.—Kingsbury and Streatham Christmas Meetings. Burton-on-Trent Coursing Meeting. Sheffield and Fulham Foot-Races concluded.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29.—Kingsbury Christmas Meeting. Burton-on-Trent, Holmesdale Club (Sevenoaks), Ormond, and King's County Coursing meetings. Ripon Poultry and Pigeon Show.
THURSDAY, DEC. 30.—Bolton Fell End (Cumberland) and Whittlesea (Cambridgeshire) Coursing Meetings. Ripon Poultry and Pigeon Show.
FRIDAY, DEC. 31.—Whittlesea (Cambridgeshire) and Chick (Denbighshire) Coursing Meetings.
SATURDAY, JAN. 1.—Peckham Athletic Club Hare and Hounds—run from Rye House Inn. Richmond Hare and Hounds. Dublin Athletic Club Hare and Hounds. Football-matches, &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOOTING.

INQUIRER.—(1) Any London gunmaker can supply you. (2) It wants hard ramming. We prefer it to black powder.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

Circular Notes.

MR. CHARLES J. BISHENDEN, author of "How to Sing," &c., "repeats his advice" to the readers of the *Entr'Acte*. He, speaking in small capitals, as it were, from the bottom of his boots, says, "DON'T WRAP UP THE THROAT." We never had the supreme felicity of hearing Mr. Bishenden warble. A timid yet musical friend of ours, who has experienced that delight, joins issue with the author of the voice and how to macadamise it on the subject of wrapping up the neck. He is decidedly of opinion that Mr. Bishenden ought at all seasons of the year to wrap up his throat, and, deeply anxious for the preservation of Mr. B.'s tenderly-liquid organ, inclines to the belief that the author of the voice and how to advertise it ought on all public occasions to wrap up his mouth likewise.

We crave the excuse afforded by the barrenness of topics, unusual even at this the dullest of all times—the week before Christmas—for bestowing additional publicity on the following municipal pleasantries cut from a local paper some weeks since. The scene is a ward meeting in a Yorkshire borough, held in support of the candidature of Mr. Weevil.—"A Burgess: Will you vote for a police-van to take the celebrated prisoners from the lock-up to the railway station?" Mr. W. hoped the speaker had no intention of committing a breach of the peace, so that he might get a ride in the police-van. "It is the lazy man who does not like to walk" (laughter). The Burgess did not think his question had been fairly answered. It seemed strange that any poor outlaw should have to walk from the lock-up to the station, while a great I AM could have a cab to convey him (laughter and cheers).—Mr. W. said he thought if a person committed himself, and got into the hands of the police, he had a right to suffer some kind of degradation.—Mr. Thersites (a common councilman) said that Mr. Weevil, if returned to the Council, would not have it all his own way. If he began with any nonsense he would get snuffed out, like the rest of them. There was many a great, big, blustering fellow in the Council (laughter and interruption). They wanted the men who voted properly for the working classes; he did not believe in this talking and jabbling (laughter). Nobody doubts it, Mr. Thersites. Jabbling is a mistake. Only what is jabbling?

In a recent chapter of "Thrilling Scenes during a late horseback journey through Syria," written for the American Traveller by Ivan Ort, we chance upon this—"Springing from his saddle with the apparent freshness and elasticity of an acrobat, Mr. Floyd grasped his quarter of beef by the shin-bone, and with one terrific swing of the bloody meat the three bandits were laid sprawling in dirt and agony, as if run over by a freight train or prostrated by a tempestuous hurricane. It was the most fearful display of herculean strength, I ever beheld; and for a moment struck me almost dumb with amazement. The intrepidity, fearlessness, power, and vengeance—all expressed in that one terrible, sweeping blow, gave me an insight at once into the superstitious belief of the natives, that this wonderful missionary was sent on earth for God's own work; and, possessing both mental and physical gifts far above, and superior to, the rest of mankind, he was necessarily placed beyond all human power of injury." Mr. Floyd's fearful display of herculean strength does not surprise us in the least. But, why only a quarter of beef, Mr. Ort? You would have quadrupled the effect of your hero's "swashing blow" if you had placed in his hands the entire bullock.

The miserable wretch who was hanged within the walls of Newgate on Tuesday has left us a legacy of literature we could well have spared. To him we owe a present addition to the common language in the shape of the gutter-verb *Wainwright* ("I'll Wainwright you!") is becoming a fashionable exclamation amongst the wife-beaters of the slums, even as we owe to a once famous gentleman named Burke the addition of a similar idiom. And we are certainly indebted to Henry Wainwright for a most indecent exhibition, by a group of otherwise decent journalists, of a kind of writing that is unerring in its effect on the morbid multitude—a noisome bait warranted to kill—which we had conceived was only to be found in

the literature of "Tyburn-Tree." It would be easy to fill this column with disgusting excerpts from the reporters' notes of their morning in Newgate—revel in Newgate we had almost written; the gusto with which some of them relate their experience would lead us to imagine that they spent a jovial half hour in the society of Mr. Marwood—but no good purpose would be served by putting together such an association of nastinesses, and so we content ourselves by striving, in some measure, to augment the reputation of the special reporters of the *Evening Echo*.

The most successful manufacturer of penny-dreadful stories—the most skilful creator of Fleet-street knights of the road—could not have more graphically described the last minutes of Henry Wainwright than Special Reporter Number One. He, the Special, "arose at six o'clock," when "the weather was fine and clear. The waning moon, attended by a single star, shone brightly, contrasted strangely with the garish light of the street lamps, as also did the mission upon which I was bound with the ordinary symptoms of early morning traffic which met my gaze." It will probably be inferred, from his manner of mixing up the moon and his mission and the single star and the street-lamps, that the Special's unusually early rising had rather confused his style. Special Number Two, it is interesting to know, arose at five, when "rain fell heavily, but the shower passed away"—in time to save the credit of Number One. "The moon was still up as we passed through the streets," and "a few stars lingered." A few stars! His colleague saw but one. This astronomical discrepancy calls for reconciliation. The first Special saw "little knots of people conversing in a quiet tone;" he also saw "two or three quiet policemen," and certain persons "scanning with eager curiosity the upper windows of the Governor's residence;" the second Special noted "thin streams of people passing through the slush-covered streets to their work," and he beheld "itinerant coffee caterers." Impelled solely by a feeling of disinterested curiosity, the latter gentleman noticed that "The public-houses to which every great circumstance of woe or joy equally brings custom were but thinly attended." According to the first Special—we weary of the theme, and are getting sick of quoting—"The countenance of the doomed wretch was but little more haggard than on the occasion of his last appearance in court. It was, however, marked by a deathly pallor, and traces of red around his bloodshot eyes told of the mental anguish he had undergone during the last three weeks, and were mute witnesses that he had already drunk to the full of the bitterness of death." The second Special holds a different opinion. According to him, the "appearance" of the convict "is frightful. Pallor does not describe the colour of his face; it is rather a dull yellow. No one can see anything now that is pleasant in the face; it looks repulsive almost in every line." There was a time when the term "the penny press" was regarded by stanch adherents of the sixpenny journals as one of the most opprobrious epithets that could be hurled at the head of—say, a Radical opponent. Of course, the idea was as essentially absurd then as it would be ridiculous now to speak contemptuously of "the half-penny press." And yet—is there not a sort of halfpenny complexion about the excerpts which we have quoted? Could such writing have found its way into the *Times*?

"Who is to be the next Associate?" asked a loungeur of an artist the other day. They were smoking a cosy pipe in the studio, between the lights. "Upon my word, I have no idea," was the reply. "It was predicted that Long would be the lucky man. You know, 'Babylonian Marriage Market' Long; but—well, I can't say. He was the lion of the Exhibition, only such lions do not go on roaring for ever, you know. If there had been an election then, he would have stood a very good chance indeed; but his prospects cannot be so rosy now." "Ah! just so," rejoined the loungeur, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "as a most appropriate bard has observed,
Art is Long—and time is fleeting."

A clever, yet aggravating, notice in a contemporary of Mr. George Meredith's new novel, "Beauchamp's Career," revives in us an old feeling of surprise that no clever dramatist, like Mr. Tom Taylor, or Mr. Palgrave Simpson—no adroit master of the popular art of "conversion," like Mr. Andrew Halliday, has not turned Mr. Meredith's magnificent novel, "Evan Harrington," into a comedy. There is a countess in that inimitable book that Mrs. Bancroft could make live before us; and at least four of the leading members of her admirable company would find themselves perfectly fitted with adequate parts. Talking of Mr. Meredith, it seems to us that he has a case against the reviewers. He is by no means "caviare to the general." Such a passage as this in the review mentioned above is in the last degree misleading. "We can fancy the bewildered subscriber to Mudie murmuring in despair as he turns the leaves bristling with epigram, shining with humour, sparkling with wit, and about as comprehensible to the ordinary mind as—well, say Mr. Browning in a fit of analysis." We can fancy nothing of the kind—unless the bewildered one be a born idiot. "Evan Harrington," for example, sparkles with wit and all the rest of it; but it is, nevertheless, as comprehensible to the intelligent reader—and should be to the servile subjects of the great Mr. Mudie—as either "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Tom Jones." We would have Mr. George Meredith's rare powers acknowledged now. The merits of his lesser but more popular brethren may be left to be duly indorsed by Westminster Abbey in this generation, and as duly "discovered" by the George Barnett Smith of the next.

"Cruikshank's illustrations of 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Twist' are, indeed, part and parcel of the genius of those wonderful books." Are they really, Mr. *Spectator*? Then the history of how "Pickwick" came to be illustrated, or rather how Dickens came to write the book, in some wise as a means of introducing Seymour's sketches, is pure fiction? Did Cruikshank ever draw a line for "Pickwick"? Was it not first Seymour, and then, after his unhappy death, Phiz?

THE JOURNAL OF A HUNTER FROM TATI TO THE ZAMBESI.

PART III.

Soon after my horse had been gored by the charging buffalo, and just as I had put him out of his agony with a rifle shot, my fleetest-footed Masara appeared upon the scene, who, having run on the hoof-prints of the horse without a check from start to finish, had considerably distanced all the other Kaffirs and bushmen. However, in the course of another quarter of an hour they all came up, and loud were their exclamations of surprise and regret, and vows of vengeance against the buffalo when they found what had taken place.

Thinking to make the best of a bad job, I told them that as they wanted meat they had better cut up the dead horse; but they appeared quite horrified at the idea, for, said they, "Is not a horse a man, and do we eat man?" So, giving the saddle and bridle to one of them to take to the waggon, I started with the rest in pursuit of the buffalo. But it was useless, for, although he had not run very far before stopping, he always kept down wind, and so continually became aware of our approach, and, not being inclined to show fight again, always retreated before we could catch sight of him, so I reluctantly gave up the pursuit, and, cutting across to the road, followed the spoor of the waggons, and overtook them just before reaching Siebernarny.

Of course, I received the congratulations of my friends on my narrow escape, and was assured that I had been exceedingly lucky to get off so easily; but I could hardly bring myself to look upon it in the same light, and registered a mental

vow of vengeance against all old rogue buffalo bulls for the future.

Siebernarny is the finest vley of water in all the dreary, riverless country between Nata and the Zambesi, being fully 300 yards long and seventy or eighty broad. It is no doubt fed by springs, as it never dries up, even during the most severe droughts. At such times, when no water is procurable within a radius of many miles, and even the Nata runs dry, great quantities of game collect in its neighbourhood, and in former years many elephants were killed here, from shooting-pits, on moonlight nights by the Boer hunters, who were the first white men that penetrated into these regions. At this time of year, however, there is plenty of water all over the country, and we did not find any game spoor in its vicinity. There were a great many wild ducks (of two varieties) and some large black and white geese, of which we managed to bag several brace, and they proved a very welcome addition to our larder.

That night we slept at Siebernarny, making a start early the following morning for Tamasanka, the next permanent water. The rainy season, however, not being long over, we found all the intervening pans still full, although some Masaras we met not long after starting, who professed to have come direct from the waggons of Mr. S. (a trader who had gone in about a couple of months before us, at the most sickly season of the year), swore by all that was unholy that we should not find a drop until we reached Tamasanka. What possible object they could have had in telling us such useless lies, which they knew we should find out to be lies in the course of a few hours, passes my comprehension. They also told us that they had left Mr. S., who was at Pandamatenka, about seventy miles

from the Victoria Falls, on account of the fever, which was very bad this year. They affirmed that all the Griqua and Bastard elephant-hunters in the service of Mr. S. were already dead, and that he himself was very ill, and wound up by the extraordinary assertion that at the Zambesi even the elephants were dying of the fever this year.

Having already had considerable experience of the want of veracity and proneness to exaggeration invariably exhibited by the poor heathen, we paid but little attention to these reports; but they caused a panic amongst our Kaffirs and Masaras, who are always ready to believe a cock-and-bull story of this sort, and all the latter, with the exception of eight (five of whom were brothers, and the hereditary bond-slaves of a Bechuana man named Jantje, who was with us himself), bolted the following night, and the next day about thirty of our Makalaka Kaffirs came up in a body and said they would also like to turn back, and not go on and run the risk of catching the fever. It was in vain we told them that the winter had set in, and that the sickly season was over. No; they had got a fixed idea into their heads that to go to the Zambesi was death, and all argument was wasted upon them.

On our subsequent arrival at Pandamatenka we found that there was some truth in the bushmen's allegations as to the virulence of the fever, seventeen Griqua hunters in the service of Mr. S. having died, and he himself having been very near following their example. The road from Siebernarny to Tamasanka lies partly through low-lying, unhealthy-looking "mopani" forests, and partly through belts of fine wide-branching, but now leafless, gossy-trees. In these belts the sand is fearfully heavy, and it is terrible work for the poor oxen dragging along the waggons, the wheels of which sink



AFRICAN TRAVEL: OUTSPANNED FOR THE NIGHT.

deep into the soft, yielding soil. We were now fairly into the sand, and until we reached Daka had to toil through an endless succession of gossy belts, each one worse than the other, varied here and there by patches of mopani forest and an occasional dreary turf flat.

The whole of this tract of country—say from Nata to the junction of the Chobe and Zambesi rivers—is one of the dreariest wildernesses in the world, I should think. In all that distance not one single river, or even rivulet, however small, crosses the waggon-track. You may often ride out day after day without seeing a living thing. A dismal, depressing silence seems to pervade these vast solitudes; and not only is there no game to be seen, but it is seldom that even the twitter of a bird is heard to break the oppressive stillness. At this time of year there is a most extraordinary dearth of animal life, and a few roving families of gaunt, hungry-looking Masaras, who pick up a precarious subsistence on roots, berries, snakes, &c., and now and again a head of game caught in a pitfall, hold almost undisputed sway over this most wretched portion of God's fair earth. Mr. Z. imagines that this part of the world was made very late on the Saturday night, and very likely he is right. The foregoing description is not, however, always applicable, for, if the rains happen to fall in this district earlier than in other parts, great quantities of buffalo, blue wildebeest, zebra, &c., come out from the usually more fertile tracts to the eastward, to feed on the young grass, and both elands and giraffe from the desert to the west are sometimes met with in large numbers.

We reached Tamasanka early on a Sunday morning, and remained there all the following day. It is a fine large vley of water, situated in a deep depression, in the centre of an open flat. On two sides, however, the bush comes down very near to the water. On the side nearest to the road there are two or three remarkably fine "Kameel Dorn" (giraffe thorn) trees, under which we outspanned our five waggons. All round this

vley the bush is fearfully thick, and a few years ago it was a grand place for elephants; but of late years they have been much hunted, and also shot at nights whilst drinking by a few well-known Boer hunters. They are also constantly persecuted by the Masaras, who are now also fast acquiring guns; yet at times there are still very many about; but they are so cunning, almost invariably doubling back before halting for a rest, in a line, close to and parallel with their own spoor, by which means they get the wind of any one coming on their track; and, besides this, the jungles are so terribly thick and thorny, that it is a hard matter to bring one to bag. It was near this place, if I am not mistaken, that a Dutch hunter, William Gruning, had his horse transfixed, and of course killed, by the tusk of a wounded and infuriated elephant which he had followed into the thick bush. He himself, although thrown to the ground, managed to creep away, and so fortunately escaped.

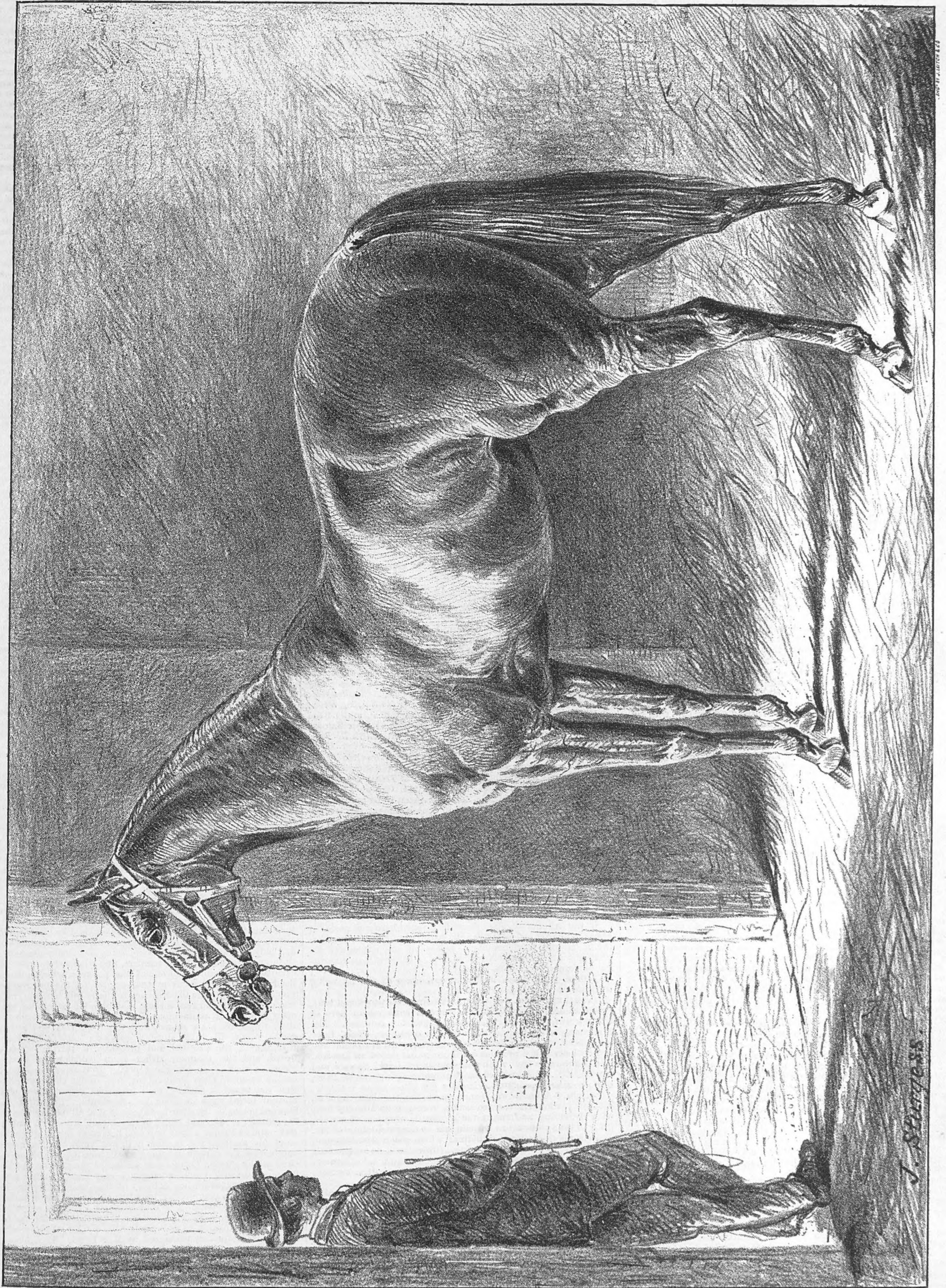
Shortly before we reached this vley I just missed coming upon three elephant bulls. I had taken a round on foot, through some very dense bush, when I came upon the spoor of one of these animals plainly impressed in the soft sand, and evidently very fresh. On examining the tracks the bushmen said there were three elephants—two full-grown bulls and a smaller one, and that they had only just gone; so we immediately followed, but had not proceeded above a hundred yards when we found that they had taken fright at something and made off. The dung was quite warm, and had I been but a few minutes sooner I should no doubt have come up with them before they had taken the alarm, as they certainly had not decamped many minutes. The road was at no great distance, so they had probably been startled by the cracking of the waggon-whips, which in the early morning can be heard at a great distance. Thinking that, as the bush was very thick, they might perhaps slacken their pace before long, I told my Masaras to run on the spoor, and for about an hour we did so without a halt, at a sharp trot; but,

the elephants still showing no signs of stopping, their deeply impressed foot-prints and the sand thrown out with their toes at each step indicating that they were still going at full speed, I gave it up and returned to the waggons, as the bushmen declared that, so wild were the elephants about here, "when the sun went down they would still be running."

Early on Monday morning, somewhere about May 20, we once more made a start, and reached Umthlaberhanyarny late the same evening. At this place there are two or three pans of water that never dry, and it is here that the waggon-road from Bamangwato to the Zambesi and that from Tati meet, henceforth becoming one. Having no horse and being tired of travelling with the waggons through this gameless desert, I now determined to make a trip on foot into the country to the north and eastward, which is infested with the "tse-tse" fly, intending to keep a north-easterly course, until I reached the mountainous tract which borders the Zambesi, and then skirt the hills to the westward until I got to the river Daka, at the head waters of which the waggons were to stand during the coming hunting season.

I was occupied all Tuesday in casting hardened bullets for the benefit of elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, and in making some small leather bags to hold a little rice, coffee, and tea. In the evening two of my oxen that had been unwell for some time past died of lung-sickness. They belonged to a span of sixteen that I originally bought in Griqualand in 1871, and out of which there are but two survivors, the others having succumbed to lung-sickness, lions, thirst, or hunger. These were the last cases of this fell disease which occurred amongst our cattle—a scourge from which we have suffered very heavy losses during the last six months.

Early the next morning I had everything ready, so, bidding good-by to my companions for a short time, I made a start, taking with me six Kaffirs and five Masaras. I struck straight



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD: FAVONIUS.

J. Sturges.

through the "veldt" in a north-easterly direction, expecting to reach the hills skirting the Zambesi about the evening of the fourth day. As the rains had been very heavy during the preceding summer, every pan of moderate size still holding water, I had no fears on this score, and had no idea I should find game as scarce as it turned out to be. There is a charm in thus striking at random into a totally unknown country (the sun and the southern cross one's only guides) that can never be experienced in a civilised land; no matter what the hardships and disappointments of the present, hope is ever left to tint with brighter colours the unknown future.

The first day's journey took us through a dreary, sandy waste, thickly covered with leafless, scrubby bush, varied by occasional gossy belts; but from sunrise to sunset we never saw a living thing, so that my Kaffirs, who had nothing but my gun to depend on, went supperless to bed, whilst I myself made a very small and unsatisfactory dinner of rice. Early the next morning, however, I made a lucky shot at a "duiker," a very small species of antelope, hitting it in the head, so we immediately halted, and, lighting a fire, ate the entire animal on the spot. We had scarcely resumed our route, when we crossed the fresh spoor of a troop of elephants, bulls and cows, so, putting down my blankets and all the traps and leaving a couple of boys to look after them, I, with the rest, immediately followed the spoor. The night had been very cold, and the top crust of the dung, which had been frozen hard, was even now only just thawing, though the sun was a couple of hours high. They had been feeding along nicely, digging up the ground in all directions, so we made sure of overhauling them; but, alas! the wind, which kept veering about, gave them notice of our approach, and before long we came to where the spoor told us they had taken flight. As they had had perhaps a quarter of an hour's start it was useless to follow them further on foot, though, had I but had a horse, I might soon have galloped alongside; so, returning to where we had left the traps, we resumed our journey. Lucky indeed was it that I shot the "duiker" in the morning, for, with the exception of a few ostriches, we saw no other living thing all that day. The next was but a repetition of the day before, and from sunrise to sunset we never saw a sign of animal life. It was really now becoming serious. My Kaffirs had eaten nothing but a slight meal off the "duiker" since leaving the waggon's three days ago, so I divided all my rice amongst them, and even then they got but a slender allowance per head, for I had only brought a very small quantity. On Saturday we again kept on our course, in a north-easterly direction, my "veldt-schoons" (light shoes) being the only thing in the shape of provisions left amongst us all. About midday we saw three giraffes; but a thirsty man might as well see a mirage as a hungry one, on foot and in an open country, a giraffe; for from their great range of vision they are as difficult to approach as ostriches, and, having nothing but large smooth-bore elephant-guns, I stood no chance of bringing one down with a long shot. What would I not have given to have had a good horse under me just for ten minutes or so! With the exception of the giraffes and some ostriches, of which there are a good many about here, we saw nothing else in the shape of game this day, and once more went supperless to bed. I did not expect to find any great quantity of game between the waggon-road and the hills, but I never imagined that any part of the country was so utterly destitute of animal life as we found this to be. The next day was Sunday, and about midday, from the change in the nature of the soil and general appearance of the country, I felt sure we were approaching the borders of the hills near which I had hunted, though more to the eastward, during the preceding year, and where I knew we should find abundance of game. We now, too, began to come across buffalo and rhinoceros spoor, but none fresh enough to follow. All this time the sun was fast sinking, and I began to think we were again doomed to go to bed hungry, when suddenly, whilst skirting a small vley of water, fringed on our side with tall, thick-growing reeds, I saw through an opening in them a wild pig grubbing in the mud. I immediately dropped like a shot, making a motion with my hand for the Kaffirs, who were following in single file behind me, to do the same. I then beckoned to the bushman, who was carrying my smallest gun (a 10 bore), upon which he crept cautiously forward till he reached my side. The pig, all this time, was not twenty yards off, digging away serenely; but, though I could make out his outline, the thick reeds rendered it difficult to get a fair shot at him, and an already-too-long-delayed supper depended upon the accuracy of my aim. On the other hand, I was afraid to stand up and fire over the reeds, as he might then see me and bolt into the long grass before I could get a sight on him. But no time was to be lost; so, taking the best aim I could through the reeds, I fired, and away rushed, not one but two pigs (one had been a little further to the left, and out of sight), with their tails carried straight in the air. At the same moment I saw my bullet strike the ground beyond the one I had aimed at; and an exclamation of disgust from the hungry Bushman, eagerly watching at my side, made me think I had missed, though, feeling sure I had a good sight when I pulled the trigger, I still hoped that the bullet had sped true; and at this instant a shout of "Chi-ee-lee!" ("He's hit!") from the Kaffirs, who had run down to examine the spoor, proved that such was indeed the case. There was plenty of blood to guide them, and the bushmen followed it through the long grass, almost at a run, and, at a distance of about 150 yards, found the pig lying stone dead. He had been shot through both lungs, the bullet having passed out on the further side.

(To be continued.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—While Mr. W. H. Hoodless artist, Wigton, Cumberland, was recently engaged in sketching in the neighbourhood of Canonbie, Dumfriesshire, he discovered in an open drain, half buried in soil, the stone head of a Celtic battle-axe, composed of greenstone, such as was used by the Celtic race before the Bronze Period of the Roman Invasion in Britain. It measured 11½ in length, 4 in breadth, and 3½ in thickness. It is half an inch longer and half an inch thicker than one found some years ago at Woolton, in Nottingham, in the collection of the Hon. C. Willoughby, considered to be the largest celt hitherto found in this country.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—On Tuesday last the Royal pack of buckhounds met at Rinslip, about three miles from Uxbridge. There was a large field, including the Earl of Hardwicke, the noble Master, and many members of the London division, who came down from Paddington to Uxbridge by the Great Western hunting special. Mr. Goodall, her Majesty's huntsman, brought over a splendid deer (Duchess) from the Swinley Paddock. The animal was turned out at Mr. Lee's, Rinslip, the chase being over an excellent line of country. Leaving Rinslip on the left, the deer made away to the right for Pole Park and Ickenham, and, after a smart run of an hour and twenty minutes, was taken at West Hyde, near Denham.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Advrt.]

The Drama.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

Of the West Central theatres the two larger houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, alone provide the traditional Christmas entertainment this year, although at the Globe, as last year, a harlequinade will be added to the still popular extravaganza *Blue Beard*, and probably the Queen's, which closed abruptly on Saturday week, after the eight representation of *The White Cat*, may reopen on Boxing Night with a compressed version of the Parisian *Féerie*, supplemented by a harlequinade. Pantomime will, however, hold sway at Sanger's, the Surrey, National Standard, Grecian, Park, Hengler's, and all the outlying theatres, as well as at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces.

DRURY LANE.—The pantomime, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has for twenty-six consecutive years supplied the Christmas entertainment here, is founded on the story of *Whittington and His Cat*, and will be supported in the leading characters by the Vokes family, who will make their first reappearance since their return from America. The illustrative and transformation scenes will, as heretofore, be by Mr. Beverly. Morning performances will be given on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday next week, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during January.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Charles Rice, of Bradford, is again the Christmas lessee of this house, and will produce on Boxing Night a new spectacular pantomime, entitled *Cinderella and the Butterflies' Ball and Grasshoppers' Feast*, in which leading parts will be filled by popular favourites, including Misses Nelly Power, Julia St. George, and Amalia, and Mr. W. B. Fair, and in which will appear the celebrated Russian skaters and some diminutive ponies. Day performances will be given here on Wednesday and Saturday next week, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during next January.

GLOBE.—A Christmas edition of *Blue Beard*, specially arranged by Mr. Farnie, and concluding with a comic harlequinade supported by Messrs. Brough, Edouin, Wallace, Collette, and Beckett, will be the holiday entertainment at this house. Morning performances will take place every Saturday.

SURREY.—This theatre, entirely redecorated and refurnished, will reopen on Boxing Night with a new grand pantomime, entitled *Jack the Giant-Killer and Tom Thumb; or, Harlequin King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, by Frank Green, in which will appear Miss Jenny Lee (the picturesque gamin in *Petit Faust*, at the Lyceum), Miss Nelly Moon, Miss Susan Vaughan, the Sisters Elliott, Mr. James Fawn (an old Surrey favourite), Admiral Tom Trump, &c.; Harry Crouste as clown. Morning performances are fixed for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

SANGER'S.—*Lady Godiva*; or, *Harlequin St. George and the Dragon and the Seven Champions* is the title of Messrs. Sanger's pantomime, in which the magnificent stud of horses, elephants, camels, dromedaries, reindeer, and ostriches will be brought into requisition to enhance the magnificence of the various scenes.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.—A comic pantomime, entitled *Valentine and Orson*; or, *Harlequin King Pippin and the Wild Man of the Woods*, will be added to the attractive equestrian entertainment here each afternoon and evening during the holidays, the first performance taking place on Monday afternoon.

PANTOMIMES will also be produced at the National Standard (*The Children in the Wood*, in which the Payne family will appear); Grecian (*Harlequin Spitz-Spetze, the Spider Crab*; or, *the Sprite of Spitzbergen*, in which Mr. George Conquest and his son will perform extraordinary feats); Royal Park, *Sinbad the Sailor, and the Queen of the Green Ants*, with Miss Amy Sheridan; Marylebone (*A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go*); Britannia (*El Flamingo*; or, *The Waters of the Singing Well*); Pavilion (*Little Bo-Peep*); Elephant and Castle, and at the New Stangate Theatre, built on the site of the Bower Saloon, and which was to open last night (Friday) with *Little Bo-Peep, Who Lost Her Sheep*.

The Alexandra and Crystal Palaces have taken time by the forelock, and produced their pantomimes in anticipation of Boxing Day. At the former, however, *The Yellow Dwarf*; or, *the King of the Gold-Mines*, in which Mr. George Conquest takes the leading character, and announced to be brought out on Tuesday, had to be postponed in consequence of Mr. George Conquest's inability to appear through over-exertion at rehearsal the previous evening; and at the latter *Jack in Wonderland*, from the practised pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and in which Miss Caroline Parkes, M. Espinosa, and the Midget Hanlons appear, was inaugurated on Wednesday.

At the Strand, on Boxing Night, a new bouffonnerie musicale, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, will be produced, in succession to *Loe*, under the title of *Antarctic*; or, *The Pole and the Traces*, and, with the lately revived comedy of *A Lesson of Love*, will form the Christmas fare at this theatre.

At the Alhambra, also, there is a new Christmas piece—a grand operatic féerie extravaganza, in four acts, founded on the ballad of "Lord Bateman," and which was announced for production last night (Christmas Eve). There will be a morning performance here on Monday.

Changes take place in the programmes of the following theatres on Monday:—

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Sothorn returns from his provincial tour, and commences on Monday a farewell engagement here of three weeks, previous to his departure for America. Mr. Buckstone also reappears, and his daughter, Miss Lucy Buckstone, who has recently been playing with her father and Mr. Sothorn in the provinces, will make her début in London. The programme next week will consist of *David Garrick and Married Life*. Mr. Sothorn will subsequently appear in *Home, Our American Cousin*, and *A Regular Fir*.

LYCEUM.—*Macbeth* was represented for the last time on Thursday, when the theatre closed, to reopen on Monday next with Mr. Irving as Hamlet for a limited number of nights, prior to his appearing as Othello and to the production of Mr. Temnyson's *Queen Mary*, in both of which plays Miss Bateman will appear as well as Mr. Irving. *Hamlet* will be represented every evening except Saturday, and on each Saturday afternoon in January, Miss Bateman appearing as Leah at the evening performances on these occasions.

ADELPHI.—*Little Em'ly* will give place to Mr. Boucicault's greatly successful Irish drama *The Shaughraun*, transferred from Drury-Lane Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault and Mr. Shiel Barry still sustaining their original characters, nearly the whole of the remaining cast being new, and including Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. S. Emery, Mr. Fernandez, &c.

PHILHARMONIC.—Mr. J. K. Emmet commences on Monday a farewell engagement of eighteen nights previous to his return to America, and will appear as Fritz in *Our Cousin German*.

The remaining theatres retain their programmes, some long current, the others but recently altered. Mr. Wills's historical play *Buckingham* at the Olympic; *Our Boys at the Vaudeville*; Mr. Joseph Jefferson in *Rip van Winkle* at the Princess's; *Masks and Faces* at the Prince of Wales's; *All for Her* at the Mirror; Mr. Gilbert's fairy play *Broken Hearts*, produced last week, at the Court; *Old Phil's Birthday* and *A Trip to India*

(both recent productions) at the Criterion; *Meg's Diversion* (revived on Saturday last) and the famous burlesque, *Black-Eyed Susan*, at the Opéra Comique; *Dublin Bay* (a petite comedy by the late T. Robertson, produced for the first time in London on Saturday last) and *An Unequal Match* at the Charing-Cross; and Mr. Byron's new comic drama in three acts, entitled *Tottle's*, with Mr. Toole and Miss Farren in the two principal characters (produced for the first time on Wednesday evening last), and the nautical nightmare, *Toole at Sea*, at the Gaiety.

At the Gaiety there will be morning performances on Monday (Boxing Day) and on Wednesday. On Monday the old Adelphi farce of *Domestic Economy* will be revived for the first time for many years, followed by *Toole at Sea*; and on Wednesday *The Area Belle* will be played in conjunction with *Toole at Sea*.

The Victoria will reopen on Boxing Night with two sensational dramas.

The Holborn Amphitheatre, which has recently been reopened by the Messrs. Rizareli, offers abundance of excellent equestrian, gymnastic, and acrobatic performances for the holidays.

The programme of Mr. German Reed's Entertainment, at St. George's Hall, only recently remodelled, is now highly attractive and amusing. It comprises the revival of *Our Card-Basket*, by the late Shirley Brooks; Mr. Corney Grain's musical sketch of *Clever People*; and Mr. Gilbert & Beckett's new farce, *A Spanish Bond*.

CRITERION THEATRE.

The programme at this theatre has recently undergone an entire change, which can scarcely be said to be an improvement, or appropriate to the locale. First, the semi-musical Indian sketch, *A Trip to India*, brought out about three weeks since to supplement *Fleur de Thé*, although it promised well in the opening, with its picturesque Hindoo maidens, droll chorus of natives with tom-toms, wrangling of the earned Brahmins, and one or two pretty airs for the young Hindoo heroine Suama (Miss Burville) and her lover Margeva (Mr. Kelleher), became tedious and inane from the moment the hero appeared on the scene. This hero is a cockney sausage-dealer from Mile-end, who is travelling in India with his wife, whom he lost in the jungle. What little humour is in the trifle is derived from the natives mistaking the traveller for a Prince and overwhelming him with presents and adulation; but this became so monotonous and wearying that but few of the audience remained for the conclusion on the first night of representation. The piece, however, has since been improved by eliminating much of the vulgarity and the needless iteration of the Stratford-at-Bow French, which the hero imagined to be the proper medium to render himself intelligible to the natives of Hindoostan. Now Lecocq's charming and bright little opera is replaced by a revival of Mr. Wooler's serio-comic drama, in two acts, *Old Phil's Birthday*, which owed the success attending its production at the Strand Theatre, in 1862, to the admirable acting of the late Mr. James Rogers in the principal character. The piece belongs to the same class of pathetic domestic dramas as *The Chimney Corner*, *The Porter's Knot*, and *Dearer than Life*, the main interest being nearly identical—that of the self-sacrifice of Old Phil Stapleton, the porter of an eminent mercantile firm at Bristol, and highly esteemed by his employers for his probity and faithful services, who, to screen his master's son, the real culprit, proclaims himself to be the robber of £200 from the safe. Mr. H. D. Burton has not the command of either the humour or pathos requisite to raise sympathy for Old Phil, and, although he displays some care and intelligence in the impersonation, his performance is tedious and very conventional. The other characters are mere sketches, and afford little scope for acting. They are, however, as adequately represented as they can be by several new additions to the company, whom M. Pitron has meritoriously engaged specially to give due effect to the revival. Mr. Edward Price and Miss Carlisle effectively personate Mr. Hardress, the merchant, and his daughter Marion. Mrs. Edward Price is the latter's friend, Blanche Howard; and the small parts of Lionel Hardress, the truant but eventually repentant culprit, and Frank Stapleton, old Phil's son, find satisfactory representatives in Mr. Lin Rayne and Mr. Edgar Bruce. We can only look upon the present style of entertainment at this pretty theatre as a stopgap until the English version of *La Reine Indigo*, so successful in Paris—which, we understand, is in preparation here—is ready for production.

CHARING-CROSS THEATRE.

Although styled in the bills an original comedy in one act, *Dublin Bay*, by the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, produced here on Saturday evening as a prelude to *An Unequal Match*, is a comedietta of the very slightest texture, and bears strong inherent indications of being an adaptation, probably one of the earliest essays of the author of so many subsequent successful comedies, from a French *Proverbe*; for, although there are three subsidiary characters, a steward and stewardess of the steamer and a little boy, the little piece is, like *Uncle's Will*, *A Cosy Couple*, &c., simply a duologue between a gentleman and lady, husband and wife, who, after ten years separation through incompatibility of tempers, find themselves the sole occupants of the saloon of one of the packets between Holyhead and Dublin. After mutual surprise at the unexpected rencontre, unwelcome to both, they formally join in the evening tea, over which they renew their matrimonial squabbles, and, after a scene of acrimonious recriminations, take refuge in their respective state rooms, and the breach is wider than ever. While this angry storm is going on below a hurricane is raging in the Channel, and presently a terrific crash is heard, and the steamer, either from collision or having struck a rock, is in imminent peril. In dismay the excited couple re-enter from their cabins, and, under the impression that the vessel is sinking, rush into each other's arms with mutual forgiveness in their last moments. Presently the steward comes to the door to announce that all danger is over; the steamer is safe and sound in the smooth waters of Dublin Bay; and in rushes a little boy who had come out in a boat to meet his mother and to find a father whom he had never before seen, the curtain dropping on the now happy and reconciled family group. Miss Lynd sustained the part of the imperious wife with much intelligence and force, gaining considerable applause for her delivery of the declamatory tirade, contrasting the change that too often the ardent lover undergoes when he becomes the tyrant husband. But the effectiveness of the little piece was greatly marred through the inadequate representation of the gentleman by Mr. Gordon, who had to be frequently prompted by Miss Lynd. The *Unequal Match* now is very well acted, and is greatly improved by the two or three alterations in the cast. Mr. Beveridge makes a very efficient Harry Arncliffe, and Miss Nelly Harris, in succession to Miss Phillips, acting the part of the rustic wench, Bessy Hebblethwaite, transformed into a fine lady's waiting-woman, with considerable spirit and vivacity.

OPERA COMIQUE.

As a prelude to his excellent and still popular burlesque *Black Eyed Susan*, Mr. Burnand has revived another Royalty success, Mr. H. T. Craven's domestic drama of *Meg's Diversion*,

with the author, Miss Oliver, Mr. Dewar, and Mr. J. Russell in their original parts, and the other characters very well supported, especially by Miss Edith Blande as Cornelia and Miss Ada Lister as Mrs. Netwell. The little drama is as effective and as highly relished as ever, and promises a long renewal of its former well-deserved success.

GAIETY THEATRE.

At the matinée last Saturday Colman and Garrick's comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, compressed into four acts, was produced, with Mr. Phelps as Lord Ogleby, one of his best comedy assumptions. Of the other principal characters the most meritorious were the Melvil of Mr. Charles Harcourt, the Sterling of Mr. Royce, and, best of all, the knavish Swiss valet, Canton, of Mr. R. Soutar. *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Mr. Phelps as Shylock, is announced for next Saturday's matinée.

DUBLIN PANTOMIMES.

At the Theatre Royal the Christmas pantomime will be *Dick Whittington and his Cat*, with the ever graceful, ever welcome Bessie Sudlow in the principal rôle. The Gaiety management will produce *The Babes in the Wood* during the festive season, and the Queen's, with Arthur Lloyd at the helm, promises its patrons a great treat with the pantomime of *Beauty and the Beast*.

The play at Westminster School this year was Terence's *Andria*.

TOM TAYLOR's new play, *Anne Boleyn*, in which Miss Neilson will sustain the title-rôle, will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Jan. 17. Mr. Arthur Matthison is specially engaged to play Sir Thomas Wyatt.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM has just completed his four weeks' engagement at the Brighton Theatre, where he nightly for that period appeared in his original part in Charles Marshall's comedy of *Brighton*.

WHEN Mr. Burnand transfers his managerial reins to the Royal Duke's Theatre (now Mirror) next month, Mr. Charles Morton will resume his management of the Opéra Comique, and produce an English version of *Madame L'Archiduc*, with Miss Emily Soldene in the principal rôle.

MR. CAVE, it is said, is about to secede from the management of the Alhambra. The directors will find it difficult to find as competent a successor.

MR. EDWARD RIGHTON will join Mr. Burnand's company at the Royal Duke's Theatre.

Two dramatised versions from novels have recently been successfully produced at Liverpool. *Miss Gwilt*, founded on Wilkie Collins's "Armada," and in which Miss Ada Cavendish has created the part of the heroine; and *Clytie*, adapted by the author from his novel of that name.

MISS KATRINE MUNROE, of the Alhambra, has gone to America on private business, but will return in February to appear in a version of *Le Voyage à la Lune*.

The office of secretary to the Dramatic College has been conferred on Major de Carteret.

MR. CHAYEN's new comedy will be produced at the Mirror when Mr. Burnand removes there.

MORNING performances will take place at the Charing-Cross Theatre on Monday and Saturday next, when *An Unequal Match* will be represented.

CROYDON THEATRE.—On Monday night Mr. Harry Taylor took his benefit at this house, and, under the auspices of the Masonic brethren of the Surrey lodges, had a thorough bumper. The piece of the evening was Messrs. Saville Clarke and Du Terraux's comedy *Love Wins*. This charming piece went beautifully, and the only hope we can have is that some London manager will submit to being second to the provinces and reproduce the piece in his theatre.

AN interesting musical entertainment was held at the Mission-Hall, Camden Town, on the 16th inst., under the conductorship of Mr. J. W. Duncan. It consisted of part-songs, duets, and solos. Of the solos the most creditably-rendered were "Barney O'Hea," spiritedly sung by Miss Maslin, and "The Minstrel Boy," by Miss Clara Perfit; the duet "Very Suspicious," sung by Miss Lottie Harmer and Mr. Gilpin.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

"ANTIGONE" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MENDELSSOHN's choral music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles contains some of the finest emanations of his genius; and the Crystal Palace managers deserve hearty thanks for enabling the present generation to hear it—as it should be heard—in connection with the tragic drama to which it is attached. It is well remarked by Mr. W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, in his ably-written introduction to the libretto, that "The chorus is an element *sui generis* in Greek drama. In fact, Greek tragedy really grew out of the chorus—the 'tragedia' (or 'song of the goat') being a choral ode, recounting the praises of Bacchus, the performers being relieved or reinforced later by one or more solo performers. With the great trio of dramatists the chorus assumed the functions which we see it discharging to-day—that of a body of spectators (in the present case senators of Thebes), who comment on or explain the action as it passes before them—agreeably relieve the various tragic scenes by their odes, and in lofty and wise language inculcate the moral of the whole." That these choruses were sung, whether in unison or in harmony, is certain. A body of choristers speaking together, no matter how slowly, would have been unintelligible; and no modern adaptation of the ancient drama for performance in a living language could be made acceptable unless the choruses were sung. To set music to the choruses of Sophocles is no light matter, and demands powers of no common order. Mendelssohn was, of all modern composers, the best qualified for such a task—not only because of his musical genius, but because of his intense reverence for classic art, his familiarity with the writings of the Greek dramatists, and that true art instinct which led him always to seek inspiration in lofty themes. Thus in his oratorios he chose for his subject Elijah, one of the noblest characters in Jewish history, and St. Paul, the greatest apostle of the Christian dispensation. Had he lived longer we may judge from the noble fragment of his "Christus" which he left behind him that he would have measured his strength with Handel, and would have endeavoured to do justice to the mighty theme of the Messiah. In his secular works his aim was equally high; and Shakspeare (*The Midsummer Night's Dream*) and Goethe (*the Walpurgis Nacht*) were the poets of his preference. His reverential worship of great minds was attested by the fact that, having promised to write an opera on the subject of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, he refused to complete an arrangement which would have been largely profitable to him because no libretto which was submitted to him appeared worthy of the

great original. Conscientious reverence like this, when combined with creative genius and formative power, may be expected to produce great results, and the choral music written to *Antigone* by Mendelssohn shows that he rose to the full height on the great occasion.

The tragedy of *Antigone* was written by Sophocles, and performed at Athens about 450 years before the Christian era. It is the last of three dramas connected with the history of Oedipus, who by marrying Jocasta, the widow of Laius, King of Thebes, became the father of two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene. After his death, Eteocles and Polynices agreed to reign alternately; but Eteocles, having grasped the sceptre, determined to retain it. Upon this, Polynices, aided by his father-in-law, the King of Argos, endeavoured to regain possession of Thebes. An Argive army besieged the city, and was defeated; and the brothers, encountering in battle, fell by each other's hand. Creon, their uncle, as their nearest male relative, ascended the throne; and, enraged against Polynices, forbade, on pain of death, that anyone should perform the rites of sepulture over his corpse, which he decreed should lie unburied. Antigone, animated by piety and sisterly love, and nobly daring to break this tyrannic decree, was detected in the attempt to inter her brother, and was doomed by Creon to die by incarceration in a rocky cavern. Tiresias, the blind seer, prophetically announcing the ills that would arise from this unjust sentence, induces Creon to bury Polynices and release Antigone. Creon enters the cavern, and hastens to the cavern to release the maiden, but arrives too late. He finds his son Hæmon, who was affianced to Antigone, lamenting her untimely end;—for, to avert the torments of a lingering death, she had strangled herself. The unhappy Hæmon destroys himself—dying upon the corpse of her he loved. Eurydice, his mother, distracted on hearing of his death, plunges a fatal weapon into her bosom, and expires; and the tragedy concludes with the lamentations and self-reproaches of Creon. The progress of these events gives rise to the comments of the chorus. It would be tedious to recapitulate their performances, or to enter into detailed criticism of music which has long been accepted as of the highest kind; suffice it to say that Mendelssohn proved worthy of Sophocles; and that the choral music, always beautiful, is occasionally sublime.

The choristers, well trained by Mr. W. Gadsby, and numbering about forty male voices, sang on a lower stage, in front of and below that on which the dramatic action took place. The dramatic unities were strictly observed, and the tragedy was played from beginning to end without any break. The care which had been devoted to the preparation of the musical part of the performance was evidenced by the general correctness of the choral singing. Not merely a large number of words had been learned, but a still larger number of notes had also been committed to memory; and, although there were a few passing instances of unsteadiness, the execution of Mendelssohn's noble music merited hearty praise. The occasional orchestral accompaniments were beautifully played by the fine orchestra, and Mr. Manns deserves special commendation for his admirable conducting. The actors in the tragedy were evidently anxious to do their best, and were generally successful. Miss Genevieve Ward was a graceful and impressive Antigone, Miss Carlisle a charming Ismene, and Miss M. Daly an efficient Eurydice. Of the male performers, the most successful were Mr. H. Russell, whose acting and elocution in the arduous part of the Sentinel were alike admirable; and Mr. Arthur Matthison, who, as Tiresias, displayed a dramatic power which, combined with his clear and forcible delivery of the text, elicited warm applause. Mr. Ryder, as Creon, acted well, but was occasionally indistinct. Mr. Charles Creswick (Hæmon), Mr. Dolman (the chorus spokesman), Mr. Hallons (Creon), and the gentleman who ably performed the small part of the Messenger, did well the little they had to do. Mr. Charles Wyndham and his able coadjutor Mr. W. Grist merit praise for the mise en scène. It is to be hoped that the success of this performance may lead to further efforts in the same direction.

ENGLISH OPERA IN DUBLIN.

The Carl Rosa English opera troupe have had a wonderfully successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, to which during the two weeks of their visit immense crowds of opera-goers have been nightly attracted. The company began their business rather inauspiciously, leaving behind them in one of the Manchester theatres the entire of the music of *Il Trovatore*, which was set for the opening night. At first the management devoted itself to a thorough search amongst the company's baggage for the missing music, but, as it did not turn up at "call" hour, the *Porter of Havre* was substituted for *Il Trovatore*. The merits of Carl Rosa's company are so well known and have been so practically recognised at almost all points of the compass that it only remains to be said that *Fra Diavolo*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *The Siege of Rochelle*, and *The Marriage of Figaro* were played during the first week in admirable style, the leading roles being sustained by Mr. Santley, Rose Hersee, Miss Gaylord, Miss Yorke, Mr. Packard, and Mr. Nordblom. The operas performed last week included *Zampa* and *Faust*, and gave general satisfaction to the crowded houses that flocked to witness them. This engagement has been the fourth "hit" made by Mr. Michael Gunn in succession, and under his skilled direction the Royal is speedily returning to the standard it so long occupied in its palmy days.

The Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last was chiefly devoted to the illustration of Weber, and the programme included his overtures to *Peter Schminck* and *Oberon*; his E flat pianoforte concerto, No. 2; his andante and rondo for bassoon, and his symphony in C. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings; the instrumentalists, Mr. Franklin Taylor (pianoforte) and Mr. Wootton (bassoon); and conductor, Mr. Manns. The selection was a fitting tribute to the gifted composer, who was born Dec. 18, 1786. The usual Christmas interval will cause the suspension of the Saturday Concerts for a few weeks.

The Alexandra Palace Concert of Saturday last was of a miscellaneous kind, including the great "Pastoral" symphony of Beethoven and Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in F minor. The vocalists were Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Nelson Varley; the solo instrumentalists, Miss Zimmerman (pianoforte) and Mr. Svendsen (flute); conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill. These concerts will be suspended during the Christmas holidays, and will be resumed at the end of next month.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' EXHIBITION.—The Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's has another great attraction in a "portrait-model" of Henry Wainwright.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Advrt.]

MR. DAVID JAMES

made his first appearance on the stage at the Princess's about nineteen years ago, that theatre being then under the management of the late Mr. Charles Kean. The subject of Mr. Matt Stretch's clever drawing was not intended for the stage, and it was, we believe, his great promise as a buffo dancer which procured him an introduction to the profession—we believe at the hands of his cousin, who then held leading position in the ballet at the Princess's. After playing a series of small parts there, and on the termination of Mr. Kean's management, he visited the provinces, playing a round of light comedy and walking gentleman's parts. Thanks to the influence of the late Ben Barnett (brother of the well-known Morris Barnett), he was soon enabled to reappear in London, at the Royalty, then under the management of Madame Albina De Rhona, where he remained for a season playing in burlesques and musical pieces. Another visit to the provinces was followed by a reappearance at the Royalty, where he made a distinct mark as Mercury in Mr. Burnand's remarkable burlesque of *Ixion*. After playing one hundred nights at the little house in Dean-street, he was engaged by Mrs. Swanborough, and made his début at the Strand Theatre, where, in company with Miss Marie Wilton, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. S. Clarke, Mr. T. Thorne, Miss Maria Simpson, and many other artists of more or less equal importance, he shared the honours in comedy and burlesque for nearly six years—in fact, until the opening of the Vaudeville Theatre, of which establishment, with Messrs. H. J. Montague and Thorne, he started as co-lessee. Since that time, April 16, 1870, he has appeared with unvarying success in a wonderfully varied round of characters, including that of Trotter (*Chiselling*), Bob Prout (*Apple Blossoms*), Tweedie (*Tweedie's Rights*), Dolly Spanker (*London Assurance*), Goldfinder (*Road to Ruin*), Sir Ball Brace (*Pride*), Tom Coke (*Old Heads and Young Hearts*), Mr. Jenkins (*Two Roses*), and, in conjunction with Mr. T. Thorne, in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, *Ruy Blas Righted*, *The Orange Tree*, &c. On Monday next the unprecedentedly successful comedy of *Our Boys*, which owes not a little of its success to Mr. James's magnificent performance of the part of Perkyn, Middlewick (vide Mr. Stretch's drawing), will have run three hundred nights.

Correspondence.

THE RECENT BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
Dec. 21, 1875.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of the 11th inst., but I received no communication from any member of the staff of that paper, nor have I received from you any copy of Mr. Beech's letter. All I know about the matter seemed to be information common to all the reporters at Birmingham (including the representative of your paper), who, having resolved to hold a meeting, solicited my attendance. At a meeting of the reporters, held consequent on this determination on the subject of the catalogue and other matters complained of, your reporter was present, and moved that the representative of the *Live Stock Journal* should take the chair, when the following resolution, among others, was passed:—

"That a further apology be demanded for Mr. Beech's special and personal insult to Dr. Gordon Stables, and for excluding the London Press from the judging, in defiance of an invitation to attend, and for refusing catalogues until too late to be useful, on the untrue ground that they would be abused and misapplied, or the copyright endangered, by the members of the Press."

At this meeting, I may say, the greatest unanimity prevailed, everyone present protesting against the way he had been treated. In conclusion, I may say that I went to Birmingham armed with a letter to admit me to the judging, signed by Mr. Beech himself, and on presenting it I was refused admission by Mr. Beech until twelve o'clock.

This is the best insight I can give you into the manner the Birmingham Show has been conducted.

I am, your obedient servant,

The Reporter to the *Sporting Gazette*.

SPORT IN INDIA.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—In your issue of Nov. 27, I see, under the head of "Antelope-Hunting," the following:—"In most stations in Southern India scratch packs of dogs are formed; and, were it not for the miscellaneous character of the field, one might almost fancy oneself out for a day with the Queen's."

Having for several years past been a resident in most parts of the south of India, I wish to say that I have never come across the said "scratch packs"—at least, not for antelope-hunting—sportsmen in general preferring to stalk and shoot their game, knowing full well that, unless an antelope is wounded or the ground very heavy from recent rains (when antelope cannot get along fast on account of their feet getting clogged), they might as well try and catch the wind as run these beautiful animals down with even good dogs, much less with a "scratch pack." It is well known that it takes the fleetest of the fleet in the way of horseflesh to keep anywhere near a buck when well away. Scratch packs are certainly sometimes found at stations; but, in my experience, are only kept for the sake of hunting a "jack," or fox. Regarding the remark, "one might almost fancy oneself out for a day with the Queen's," all I can say is that one's imagination would require a great deal more elasticity to fancy so than an Indian climate will ever provide it with. One has often heard, as a boy, of the various heights of imagination, from jumping out of a window with a lighted candle, and fancying oneself a comet, downwards; and I think this last fancy deserves a place on the list.

At Bangalore antelopes are sometimes hunted; but then this is done with fox-hounds imported from England; and the animals so chased are generally so lame by the time they are uncared that it is with more pain than pleasure the field sees them whipped limping away. When again viewed, the poor brute is generally found quietly grazing within a mile from his starting-point; and the scene which follows can hardly be termed sport.—I remain, &c.,
W. F.

THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB BALL is to take place at St. James's Hall on Jan. 14.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB FIXTURES for 1876.—The sailing committee have made the following fixtures for the season:—May 20, opening cruise; June 2, cutter-match; June 19, schooners and yawls; July 1, cutter-match. In addition to the above is a handicap match for a prize presented by Mr. Trego, the cup-bearer. The date is not yet fixed, but it will probably be sailed about the middle of July.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM, which bids fair to be London's brightest and most pleasant place of recreation, will be opened by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh early in January; and we are informed that only Fellows and members of the society will be admitted to the ceremony. The City will be represented by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The last ballot for Fellows previous to the opening will take place on Tuesday next, the 28th inst., in accordance with the rules which will be found in our advertisement columns.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.—The most acceptable are ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for the Hair; ROWLANDS' EUKONIA, a new and delicate Toilet Powder; ROWLANDS' ODOLO, for whitening the Teeth; and ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for beautifying the Complexion. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Milliners.—[Advrt.]





MR. D. JAMES AS OLD MIDDLEWICK, IN "OUR BOYS."

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XLIII.—FAVONIUS.

APPROPRIATELY succeeding his leader, King Tom, comes the chestnut Derby hero of 1870, at present merely holding briefs as a junior at Mentmore, but destined, unless we greatly err, to gain promotion to the topmost rank of his profession before many seasons have passed away. The history of Favonius is so fresh in the minds of most of us, and he has succeeded in making so important a mark in racing annals, that his introduction into our gallery needs no prolonged announcement. As we have over and over again remarked, the value of the Sweetmeat blood becomes more and more apparent every year, and the returns of the past season show Macaroni and Parmesan to be at the head of the poll as regards the production of winners. Saccharometer, too, will be found to figure far from ingloriously in that bed-roll of celebrities; and, with Carnival "full" at Cobham, and Favonius and Cremorne with but few vacancies on their lists, it will readily be seen that the public are learning to appreciate one of the handsomest and stoutest strains in the Stud-Book. And though Derby winners are generally "written up" as wonders in shape, make, and action, we must go back many years before our recollection can conjure up such a perfect type of animal as the one whose story we now propose to indite. Favonius is also memorable for having broken the long run of ill-luck which persistently followed the "Baron's" Derby aspirations since the day when King Tom split the Danebury pair; King Alfred's "situation" on a subsequent occasion being of the same provoking character. It required almost a wizard to dissolve the potent spell of misfortune, and this Favonius accomplished right royally, and subsequently proved, on more than one occasion, that chance had nothing whatever to do with the crowning triumph of his life at Epsom.

Favonius, bred by Baron Meyer de Rothschild in 1868, was got by Parmesan out of Zephyr (sister to Breeze and Hannah), by King Tom out of Mentmore Lass, by Melbourne out of Emerald, by Defence. And of his dam it may be truthfully said that

Brief, brave, and glorious was her young career; for, after having missed to North Lincoln in 1867, and having produced Favonius next season, she was put to Tim Whiffler, and died, barren to him, in 1869, too early to witness the successes of her distinguished son. It was a happy thought on the part of the late Baron to ally his King Tom mares with the elegant little Parmesan, and it is with the same object of fusing the Sweetmeat and Harkaway strains that the very large sum of £7500 was given for Macaroni last summer at Cobham. Favonius went up to Newmarket with a batch of yearlings which included Hannah and Corisande, and the lot under Hayhoe's charge soon showed signs of more than ordinary excellence, and the Baron being a liberal nominator, the names of two found their way into most of the important stakes. The "Zephyr colt," however, was not made responsible for more than four, and in none of these did he take part; for though his name figured among the "arrivals" at Royal Ascot, with Corisande, he cut up so badly in a rough gallop with North, on the day before the Cup, that it was decided to withdraw him from the New Stakes and to run Corisande in his place. How she won cleverly enough, with Bothwell second and Henry third, is now matter of history; but it was deemed the wisest policy to give the chestnut time, though on more than one occasion the stable ascertained his excellence in private, and his name cropped up now and again in the Derby quotations at nice "taking" prices during the winter.

King of the Forest and Albert Victor were, however, the reigning favourites, and it was to meet the latter champion of Wroughton that the "Zephyr colt" was stripped, carrying silk for the first time, under Morris's charge, in that "little examination," the Newmarket Biennial. "Albert" was heavily supported at 5 to 4, and managed to pull through by a head from the nameless one, whose looks and action soon made him an immense favourite, except with the Newmarket wise-ones, who took exception to his hind action, and rather pinned their faith to the gaunt Ravenshoe, whom the Baron's colt had fairly "lost" in the Biennial. During the six weeks between the Craven and Epsom meetings the chestnut was gradually ripening, and a day or two before the race received the appropriate name of Favonius, the Baron, as he laughingly remarked, having been overwhelmed with letters containing suggestions, almost as many in number as those received upon the issue of a new loan. His many backers breathed more freely; and, though the immense prestige of Bothwell kept him firmly at the head of quotations, and Albert Victor and The Pearl also had the call of him, a great amount of business was done at 9 to 1 about the bearer of the blue and yellow. In poor Tom French's hands (Maidment having been claimed by Mr. Savile for the shifty Ripponden) he cleverly cut down his sixteen "enemies and opposers," coming away from The King and Albert directly he was asked, though the dead-beaters might have made a better fight of it had the Russley horse not been recently amiss, and the Wroughton pet, it was generally agreed, was a trifle overdone. Favonius, trained to the day, looked magnificent; and such a popular victory had not been known since Thormanby's year, the Baron being literally overwhelmed with congratulations and being almost "carried" by enthusiastic followers as he walked by the side of Favonius back to scale.

At Newmarket July, in Maidment's hands, Favonius played with Mowbray and Headingley in the Midsummer Stakes, and was handed over to Chaloner for the Goodwood Cup, for which Mortemer was made favourite. It was not from that quarter, however, that danger came; and Favonius had effectually settled the gigantic French chestnut, when Shannon dropped, as it were, from the skies, on the pair, and, the Derby winner's 10lb penalty telling on him at last, he was beaten half a length. His Brighton Cup victory was very easily achieved, but the company was none of the grandest; and he was then laid by until October, being weighted for the Cambridge-shire at 8st 11lb. Corisande's success in the Cesarewitch, coupled with the great form shown by the stable with Laburnum and others, caused him to be heavily supported, and at one time he looked like treading down the heels of Henry, who was thought to be invincible after his form in the Newmarket Derby. Like Gladiateur, however, he was never in the race at all, and the Yardley division, who had previously entered Sterling as their champion in a sweepstakes against the Derby winner, were fairly beside themselves with joy when their horse ran second to Sabinus, and, flourishing their gingham as they executed a war-dance round the Heath House crack, shouted in defiant tones, "How about Mr. Favonius now?" The morrow, however, brought the somewhat humiliating reflection that things did not look so rosy after all, and that, although they had frequently asked their horse to go one mile, they had not ascertained his capabilities for "going twain," so a somewhat inglorious withdrawal was the result, and "Mr. Favonius" had the pleasure of walking over for the forfeit, as a finish to his three-year-old career, one chequered indeed, but far from discreditable, when it is considered that he was not an "every-day" horse, and liable to be upset from trivial causes.

In 1872 he had no Albert Victor to meet in the Biennial over the Ditch In; but, in consideration of his having to present Ravenshoe with 11lb, the wise men of Gotham once more stood the beast in preference to the beauty, and found themselves "at sea" again—Maidment allowing Favonius to canter in front of the "rabble rout" until he let him out a distance from home. At the First Spring he polished off Dutch Skater at even weights; but France and Fordham had their sweet revenge at Ascot, where the swells laid odds on Favonius for the Cup, and saw them bowled over by the curiously-fashioned Henry, who stalked round the paddock more like a brood mare than the racehorse he proved himself to be. The Alexandra Plate performance of the Mentmore crack was worse still, as he was absolutely nowhere to Musket, Albert Victor, and Don Carlos, the weight being slightly against him. Goodwood saw him in better heart and fettle, and Maidment, as at Ascot, was his pilot once again in the Cup. Albert Victor was considered to have the best of him, being in receipt of 7lb against the 5lb which had apparently enabled him to show him his heels at the Royal meeting; but Favonius seemed determined to vindicate the truth of the Derby running, and "won by ten lengths" was the verdict of Judge Clark. At the First October he threw down the gauntlet in a Queen's Plate, and was opposed by Derby, Reine, and a couple of duffers, who, in racing parlance, could not see the way he went, so decisively did he scatter his field. This wound up his 1872 performances; and the succeeding year saw him in public but once, and for the third time in the Goodwood Cup, when the wiry Flageolet made such a terrible example of the Parmesan pair of Derby horses, both of which the better judgment of their owners should have kept at home, seeing that neither was up to the work, and each had done sufficient for fame.

As a matter of course, Favonius was withdrawn after this melancholy fiasco, and was enrolled among "Fathers of the English Stud" in 1874. Soliciting public patronage at 30gs, he was soon installed in the affections of breeders, and is now doing good business at 50gs, no subscriptions being vacant. What we have seen of his stock we like, but we shall obtain no taste of their quality until 1877, when they will make their appearance in public. The youngsters are, for the most part, dark chestnuts or browns, and show an immense deal of that light, airy sort of quality associated with the horsey definition of "varmint-looking." They are essentially clean-limbed, and full of activity and "go," without any great amount of bone or substance, and not likely, from present appearances, to require much training. Of course, the King Tom element in his composition causes Favonius to have a limited business among the Mentmore beauties; and it is, therefore, all the more credit to him to have filled so quickly among public admirers. We cannot wonder at the run in his favour, and most of those who care to renew in his box at Craffton the acquaintance made at Ascot or Newmarket will indorse our opinion. He is one of the cleanest-made, hardest, and wiriest horses on which we ever set hands, and many will agree with the cautious tribute of admiration paid to him by the most celebrated of our Northern breeders—"I think I shall have to use him." No horse is without his imperfections, and if his forehead could approach more nearly to "clear cut, icily regular" ideal, if we could get over that very slight suspicion of legginess, and if his hocks were the least bit less straight and closer to the ground, he might be pronounced perfection. For a more detailed and accurate description of Favonius we must refer readers to an article entitled "The Modern West," which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* about October last.

STUD NEWS.

THE Earl of Rosslyn's yearlings will be eighteen in number—ten colts and eight fillies—and he will repeat the experiment of a day's sale at Easton Lodge on the Monday in the Newmarket July week, so that voyageurs to head-quarters can look in on their way. Captain Ray's yearlings will be sold at the same time. Lord Rosslyn's mares are apportioned as follows:—How-dye-do, Nuneaton, Guile, Berceau, and probably Varna, to Bertram; Retreat and Rapidan to Knight of the Garter; Evergreen Pine, Icicle, and Slumber to Macaroni; Vilette to Gladiateur; Venice and The Gift to Vanderdecken; Jessica and Euphorbia to Doncaster; Thrift to Scottish Chief; Latakia and Tripaway to Restitution; Chancery and Feronia to Favonius; Flying Cloud to King Lud; Clementina, Lady Harcourt, and Ravenswing to The Palmer; and Lady Louisa to Vedette. Grouse, by King Tom out of Blooming Heather, will stand with Bertram at Easton Lodge.

Galopin's withdrawal from the turf must be put down as a step of sound discretion and judgment on the part of Prince Bathyan. He retires to the stud with the highest credentials, and without a stain on his escutcheon; and those who like his blood will have a rare chance of reviving the glories of the house of Blacklock, the fortunes of which have been rather on the decline of late years.

The Yardley stallions are advertised in a magnificently mysterious manner, the public being entirely unenlightened as to the fees demanded for Oxford, The Duke, Sterling, and Playfair. On the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle, we presume that 100 guineas is the figure of each of the quartette.

That very "useful member," old Syrian, is advertised to stand at Myton, Helperby, York, at ten guineas a mare. Cathedral is once more to be located at Messrs. Barrow's, Newmarket, and has, we hear, quite recovered from the indisposition which, it was feared at one time, had assumed a chronic character.

The Taffys have a real live thoroughbred in Wales at last, St. Mungo having been purchased by Lord Vivian, and sent to Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, Isle of Anglesey, in which previously neglected locality it is to be hoped that he will succeed in his work of regeneration.

Carnival has turned out a very fortunate purchase for the Stud Company, and it is surprising what a few months in this country have done for him, looking double the horse he did when emancipated from his riding-school at Pesth. With luck, he may yet succeed in putting out Macaroni's pipe.

Martyrdom is again advertised to keep company with Knight of the Garter and Speculum at Moorlands, and, considering his chance, has made more than an average beginning in Yorkshire.

The Glasgow Stud stallions will be let by auction at Albert-gate on Monday, Jan. 10, 1876.

Mr. Everitt has wisely limited Cardinal York and Paul Jones to twenty-five mares each, and the subscription to the former is rapidly filling.

La Roseaie, by Beadsman out of Crucifixion, has been turned out of training, and joins the Buckland Court Stud (where she was originally bred) next season, having been allotted to King of the Forest.

Ethus and Van Amburgh will again stand at the Warren, Epsom, the former's tee being retained at its former figure of 50gs. Close by, at The Durdans, recently purchased by Lord Rosebery, Couronne de Fer, the Derby second of 1874, will take up his quarters as lord of the harem.

Atherstone, one of the few direct descendants of old Touch-

stone, is advertised to be let by auction with the Glasgow stud stallions. He is the sire of Bosworth and other winners, and from his looks and action is likely to pay his way at a moderate figure.

The stallion Banstead is advertised for sale on Jan. 10; and, considering his previous obscurity, he has not done amiss in getting such a horse as Munden, a most useful member of his stable for the last two seasons.

The Swift and Life Guardsman, two likely-looking horses for improving the breed, come up for sale to Albert-gate on Jan. 3.

On the same day Sir C. Rushout disposes of Cynthia, Ethel, Sweet Agnes, and Moonbeam, covered respectively by The Rake, Brown Bread, Umpire, and Atherstone, the three last-named mares being young and well-bred enough for anything.

Mr. Blenkiron offers for sale four two-year-olds, unbroken, and with their engagements; and our opinion of them will be best ascertained by referring to our notes on the Middle Park yearlings published in these columns last summer.

Sundeelah is advertised for sale, also St. Liz, Fève, York, and Jarnac; and occupation for them might be found in country districts, where a bit of blood is required.

Athletic Sports.

ON the disappearance of the frost and snow, the admirers of football have been able to follow up their favourite outdoor game with renewed vigour, and several important matches have taken place lately. Since I last wrote, the whole of the second ties for the Association challenge cup have been played, two of which were brought to an issue on Kennington-oval, on Saturday, the 11th inst. In spite of the recent wet weather, the ground was in very fair condition; but the number of spectators was limited. The first tie was between the Old Etonians and Maidenhead. At the start the Old Etonians carried the ball before them into close proximity to the Maidenhead goal, where, with scarcely any exception, it remained for the whole of the game. Just before "half-time" Patton obtained the first goal for the Old Etonians, and soon after changing ends Bonsor scored a second for them, which was quickly supplemented by a third from the foot of Meysey. After these successes goal after goal was obtained with great rapidity, Patton being credited with two more, Courthorpe, Griffett, and Meysey with one each. Shortly before time was called a combined rush on the part of the Maidenhead team carried the ball right down to their opponents' fortress, which they claimed to have captured; but the referee, Mr. J. Kirkpatrick, disallowed the claim. The old Etonians thus won by eight goals to nothing. On the completion of this game, another tie was decided between the Wanderers and the Crystal Palace; and, after a rather closely-contested match, the Wanderers won by three goals to nothing. At first the Palace team had, if anything, the best of the game; and it was only just before half-time that Wollaston scored the first goal for the Wanderers. After changing ends the game was of a more one-sided nature, and F. Heron succeeded in kicking a second goal and Wollaston a third. Had it not been for the really fine goal-keeping of Savage, these advantages gained by the Wanderers would doubtless have been doubled. A third tie took place on the same day at Slough, between the Swifts and South Norwood, and an easy victory was scored by the home team, whose ranks were somewhat strengthened by the addition of four of the Eton College eleven. Although at first the ball was in the vicinity of the Swifts' goal line it was very quickly taken down to that of South Norwood, and, as a proof that the Swifts had a very easy victory, it is stated that their goal-keeper never once touched the ball, so that his office must have been a veritable sinecure. Before half-time, Post, W. Bambridge, and Sale had each obtained a goal, and after ends had been changed Talbot and Wild added another each, the Swifts thus winning by five goals to none. Lillie-bridge was the scene of another of the second ties, the contending parties being Cambridge University and Reigate Priory, and this tie was quite as decisive as any of the others I have noticed. From the very first outset the University men fairly penned their adversaries, and no less than four goals were kicked before changing ends, Cole obtaining two, and Roffey and Sparham one each. The rest of the game was simply a repetition of the first half, four more goals being scored by Cambridge, for two more of which Cole was responsible, while Roffey had another placed to his credit, and Steel obtained the last one. Reigate Priory were thus unmistakably beaten by eight goals to nil. The two remaining games to complete the second ties took place last Saturday, the Clapham Rovers meeting Leyton on Kennington-oval, and Oxford University playing the Hertfordshire Rangers at Watford. The first game may be very briefly summarised, as Leyton played one man short, and were, moreover, so completely overmatched that the Rovers were eventually proclaimed the victors by twelve goals to none. In the other tie, at Watford, a fast, and for a time an even, game was played; but in the end Oxford obtained an easy victory. For the first fifteen minutes the Rangers had all their work cut out to defend their goal from the unceasing attacks of their opponents; but shortly afterwards, the Hertfordshire forwards, playing well together, took the ball down towards the Oxford territory, and a neat side kick by Gilbert scored the first goal for the Rangers. This seemed to put the University men on their mettle, and they not only penned their opponents to their own quarters, but succeeded in scoring four goals before half-time, Simpson obtaining two, and Bain and Parry one each. For the remainder of the game, although playing one man short, the University men did pretty much as they liked, and won ultimately by eight goals to two. The results of the third ties for the cup are as follow:—

Upton Park scratched to Sheffield.

The Wanderers beat Crystal Palace by three goals to none.

The Old Etonians beat Maidenhead by eight goals to none.

Cambridge University beat Reigate Priory by eight goals to none.

The Panthers scratched to the Royal Engineers.

The Swifts beat South Norwood by five goals to none.

Clapham Rovers beat Leyton by twelve goals to none.

Oxford University beat Hertfordshire Rangers by eight goals to two.

By far the most important match which has taken place this season was the international one between England and Ireland, which was played under Rugby rules on Monday, the 13th inst., at the Leinster Club Cricket-Ground, Rathmines, Dublin. The weather was fine, and in consequence a very large number of spectators assembled to witness the game, which, although very pluckily contested by the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, was ultimately won by the English twenty. The details of the game at my command are so meagre a character that I shall not attempt any description of the play, but merely content myself by chronicling the result as above. It may be of interest to note that last year, when the same match was played at Kennington-oval, England won by two goals, one try, and fifteen touches-down to nothing. Another match, of

scarcely less interest than the one just referred to, came off between Oxford and Cambridge, under Rugby rules, on the same day as the international match. The arrangements made for the contest were of an excellent nature, and the crowding of spectators on the lines of touch was most properly guarded against. It had been wisely agreed upon by the contending parties to play only fifteen a side instead of twenty, thereby avoiding so much crowding. The ball, soon after starting, was worked down towards the Cambridge goal, which seemed every moment in danger of being captured, until Williams made a good run and temporarily relieved his side. At the call of half-time the only advantage gained was that the Oxonians had been compelled to touch down once in self-defence. Ends being changed, the Oxford men played well up together, and they gradually drove their opponents back, and Forman, getting in, secured a try, which was intrusted to Frazer. Although in a very bad position for the place-kick, he made a very fine shot, the ball falling just below the bar. The remainder of the game may be described as alternating between a succession of close scrummages and brilliant runs. Where all played well it would be invidious to particularise anyone, but Williams, Mitchell, and Roffey for Cambridge, and Forman, Nash, and Bourdillon for Oxford, perhaps, stand out conspicuous for their excellent play. When "no side" was called Oxford were conquerors by one try to nothing. The umpires were Messrs. G. L. St. Quintin and F. R. Adams. Among other matches which of late have been played, one took place on Saturday last between Barnes and the Crystal Palace on the ground of the former club; although during the first part of the game the Crystal Palace pressed their opponents very hard they failed to score. During the latter portion of the match the home team, contrary to all previous expectations, completely turned the tables on their adversaries; and Dorling, Hadow, and Hudson, all succeeded in kicking a goal each, thus winning the game for Barnes by three goals to nothing. On Wednesday Guy's Hospital played the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, under Rugby rules, and the followers of Esculapius proved the winners by one try and two touches to nothing. I was under the impression that according to a new dictum of the Rugby Union, tries only are now supposed to count; but I give the result as forwarded. On Monday, the 20th, two of the most prominent clubs, playing the Association rules—viz., the Wanderers and the Royal Engineers—met to try conclusions on Kennington-oval. After a fast and most evenly contested game, neither side was able to score a goal, and thus the match ended in a draw.

A match which excited a great deal of interest took place on Monday, the 13th inst., at Lillie-bridge. Stanton, the well-known long-distance bicyclist, having undertaken to ride a bicycle ten miles against a horse named by Mr. Tucker for £25 a side. Of course, it must be clearly understood that the horse was to trot, and not to gallop. Mr. Tucker nominated a grey horse of Mr. Johnson's, which rejoices in the appellation of "Happy Jack," which stands about 15 hands 1 inch high. Certainly there is nothing in a name, but the appearance of the quadruped quite belied his name, as he looked the reverse of happy, especially when led round the trotting-track with his head enveloped in a great coat. Putting aside his looks, however, Mr. Tucker's selection fully proved the excellence of his judgment, as the horse not only went at a good pace, but proved himself possessed of plenty of staying powers. Stanton had to run on the ordinary cinder-path, while the horse trotted on the outside of the rails, and, being on the outer circle, had one lap—178 yards—given him to compensate for the extra distance. The horse was ridden by the well-known jockey Harry Gigney, who has lately returned from Australia, while Stanton bestrode a new machine built by Keen, with a driving-wheel 58in, weighing only 40lb, really a masterpiece of mechanical skill. On the signal being given, Stanton went off at a rare pace after his four-footed opponent, and at first gained somewhat, the bicyclist at the end of the third mile having made up the 170 odd yards. At the half-distance he was about three-quarters of a lap to the bad, and although he tried all he knew to overtake the horse, it was apparent Gigney was taking matters pretty easily, and he landed the horse a winner by about 300 yards, Stanton finishing 32sec after Happy Jack had passed the post. The horse trotted the ten miles in 34min 35sec, Stanton taking 35min 7sec to cover the distance.

Although Perkins, the champion walker, was defeated by Stockwell in their four-mile match, on Monday, at Lillie-bridge, when he attempted to give his opponent 50sec start, he was by no means disgraced, and in all probability it will be some time before anyone will have the hardihood to walk him level. The stakes were £50 a side, and, although the afternoon was anything but pleasant, the ground was well attended. By the time Perkins received the word to start Stockwell had covered over 270 yards in the time allotted to him; but, starting at a truly marvellous pace, the champion picked up nearly a hundred yards in the first lap. Continuing his high-pressure rate of progression, Perkins was only 20sec behind on completing the second mile; but it was now evident that his exertions had told their inevitable tale, as throughout the remainder of the contest the champion was unable to get much nearer to Stockwell, who passed the tape a winner by about 80 yards. Stockwell's time for the whole distance was 31min 2sec; while Perkins covered 3½ miles in 28min 36sec.

A very important meeting was held at Kennington-oval on Tuesday afternoon, the object of the gathering being to arrange a list of cricket-matches for the ensuing season that the clashing of important contests might be avoided. Many of the principal matches during the past season were, to a very great extent, completely deprived of their chief attractions, owing to the fact that county claims were, in many cases, held to have priority over such matches as those between North and South or Gentlemen and Players, and it is to be hoped that in future a meeting such as the one under notice will be held every year to prevent this unpleasant circumstance occurring again. The chair was taken by Lord Harris, who represented Kent. Mr. W. Boden (Derbyshire), Mr. W. G. Grace (Gloucestershire), Mr. C. Booth (Hants), Mr. Reynolds (Lancashire), Mr. P. M. Thornton and Mr. I. D. Walker (Middlesex), Captain Holden (Notts), Messrs. C. H. Smith and G. W. King (Sussex), Mr. J. B. Wolstenholme (Yorks), and Mr. C. W. Alcock (Surrey) were also present. A long list of fixtures was determined on, which on a future occasion I shall give in extenso.

The eleventh match for the champion gold cup at billiards and £100 a side was played at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when the room was crowded to excess. It may be remembered that in May last John Roberts, jun., succeeded in wresting the trophy from Cook, who, as might be expected, was not slow in throwing down the gauntlet to his conqueror. From the very scant accommodation afforded to the members of the press, there being positively no light where they were seated, the task of taking any detailed notes on the game was simply a matter of working in the dark, and in consequence my remarks will be more brief than under ordinary circumstances. The commencement of the game was very slow and tame, but then Roberts, playing with great confidence, and making breaks of 36, 15, and 32 while Cook was

doing scarcely anything, took a commanding lead. Cook soon afterwards added 21, failing to continue by making a foul stroke, to which the champion replied by a pretty cannon break of 26. When Roberts was 157 Cook had only scored 64. The latter then quickly added runs of 22, 17, and 41, and, before Roberts had done much more, he made breaks of 33 and 22, causing the game to be called "191 all." Cook now seemed to play more in his usual style, while his opponent appeared to fall off, and at one time Cook was 100 ahead. This position of affairs was quickly altered, and they were "472 all;" and at the interval Cook was 505, Roberts, 478. On resuming play, after resting nearly half an hour, the game proceeded in a most even manner, as they were level at 550, and when Roberts was 641 Cook was only ten behind. The latter then put on 52 and the champion 29, and in his next attempt, aided by a fluke, 85 (the break of the evening). The score was now 767 for Roberts, 718 for Cook. The ex-champion now for a time failed almost entirely, while Roberts, making breaks of 51 and 34, again went 100 in front, their respective scores being 888 to 782. From this point the issue may be said never to have been in doubt, Roberts winning eventually by 135 points, after 3h 35m play. The table was constructed by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and was of pollard oak relieved by lighter oak. The design of the table was Grecian; and, taken altogether, it was one of the finest specimens of workmanship ever turned out by this firm. Oxford Jonathan marked the game, while young T. Cook officiated with the rest and spotted the red. At the next championship match it is sincerely to be hoped that a little convenience will be supplied for the press. EXON.

Coursing.

PROMINENT in the ranks of the most enthusiastic and staunchest followers of the leash are the Irish coursers, and in no part of the United Kingdom has the sport a firmer hold than in the Emerald Isle. Of late years the Irish meetings have increased marvellously, and the number of public coursers and greyhound breeders is so large that Ireland is quite capable of holding her own in the coursing field against the combined strength of England and Scotland. No matter how good, however, the Irish Waterloo Cup representatives were, the most perverse luck seemed to attend them at Altcar, till at last it became almost a proverb that a greyhound had but to cross St. George's Channel to destroy his chance of carrying off the highest honours of the leash. At last, however, the plucky and unremitting efforts of the Irish sportsmen were rewarded by the advent of that equine wonder, Master M'Grath, who not only won the Waterloo Cup three times, but gave such an impetus to the sport, that it certainly gained a much more exalted position and wide-spread popularity than it otherwise would have done. That such an excellent sportsman and ardent lover of coursing as Lord Lurgan should be the fortunate possessor of so remarkable a greyhound as Master M'Grath was an additional source of pride and gratification to Irishmen, while the popularity of both owner and greyhound throughout the kingdom was evinced by the amount of enthusiasm aroused by their successes. In all sections of society the name of Master M'Grath was mentioned as that of a hero, and if Ireland had to wait for some time before winning a Waterloo Cup, all previous disappointments were more than compensated by the splendour surrounding the exploits of Lord Lurgan's dog. In 1868 Master M'Grath made his first appearance at Altcar, at two years of age, and that season the sixty-four competitors for the Waterloo Cup, taken as a lot, were of unusual excellence, and, as if fate had ordained it, so that the triumph of the Irish dog should be the more complete, he met and defeated the very cream of the batch. The deciding course with Cock Robin was a capital trial; but the black won handsomely, and, when Mr. Warwick announced his success, such a scene of tumultuous excitement was never before witnessed at Altcar. English and Scotch were just as hearty in their plaudits and congratulations; but the wild exuberance of Master M'Grath's countrymen knew no bounds. And well might they be proud of their champion. After displaying such exceptional speed and cleverness, it was not to be wondered at that Master M'Grath should start one of the hottest favourites ever known in connection with the Waterloo Cup the next season, although about a fortnight or so before the event Lord Lurgan's nomination was suddenly driven back in the betting. The cause of this retrogression was the fact that in a trial with that exceedingly smart and clever little greyhound, S. S., Master M'Grath was very nearly beaten; indeed, he ran in very slovenly style, and appeared to have lost that tremendous turn of speed for which he was so remarkable a year before. It appeared to be a case of having "trained off," and a great deal of money was hedged in consequence before the real cause of Master M'Grath's unsatisfactory display transpired. On the morning of the trial, Master M'Grath, when locked in his trainer's room, took such a fancy to an old boot, that he devoured nearly all of it before being discovered, and a strong emetic had to be resorted to, which, of course, fully accounted for the indifferent manner in which he ran. Before the day on which he commenced his second Waterloo Cup contest his friends were more sanguine than ever, and such a troop of his enthusiastic followers came over from Ireland to back him that the market was quickly exhausted, and rolls of Irish notes had to be returned to the pocket without being invested. Going with even greater brilliancy than ever, Master M'Grath fairly astonished the sceptical, who were disposed to pick holes in his previous year's performance, by the style in which he polished off his opponents. In the deciding course, however, he met an antagonist worthy of his prowess in Bab at the Bowster, one of the best and handsomest greyhounds ever slipped, and scarcely less a "wonder" than himself. The contest between these two celebrities was, without exception, the most interesting course I ever saw, and those who were fortunate enough to witness it will well remember with what gameness and perseverance the struggle was fought out. The hare was a very stout one, but with two such pursuers poor puss could do no more than afford them an opportunity of displaying their marvellous cleverness before she succumbed, Master M'Grath effecting the kill with his characteristic ability. The course was a remarkably give-and-take affair, but the Irish champion always had a little bit the best of it; and, do all she could, Bab at the Bowster was never quite able to equalise the score, although she was good enough to have won nineteen "Waterloos" out of twenty. Unlucky though she was to meet such a veritable flyer as Master M'Grath, when so nearly gaining the highest honours a greyhound can secure, her career was one of exceptional merit and success, as is proved by the fact that in stakes alone she won close upon £1500. When a puppy she ran for the Waterloo Cup and won two courses, but was beaten in the third round after an undecided with Lobelia, who subsequently carried off the prize. With increased age, however, "Bab" improved very much, and when she met Master M'Grath, after winning five courses in wonderfully smart style, she was, without exception, perfection. After his two decisive victories Master M'Grath was regarded as

thoroughly invincible; but the third time he threw down the gauntlet at Altcar he was doomed to suffer his first and only defeat, his overthrow being little short of sensational in all its surroundings. In the first place, the frost was so severe that it seemed more than likely the meeting would have to be abandoned; but, after a postponement of a day, the thaw came, and, although the ditches were full of ice and the ground in places very bad going, a commencement was made. Long odds were laid on Master M'Grath against Lady Lyons, but she not only led him but beat him very easily in a long course, indeed, the Irish dog appeared to be "all abroad," as he rushed wildly, and sprawled about in the most ungainly fashion. After his decisive defeat he was nearly meeting a watery grave, for in following the hare he dashed into the River Alt, and became so entangled and enveloped in the mass of floating ice that he was with considerable difficulty rescued from his perilous position. His conqueror, Lady Lyons, was a really good greyhound, but she was exceedingly unlucky, and, through being very hard run, in addition to having a long singlehanded pumping course, she was unable to get to the end of the stake, as she undoubtedly would have done with ordinary good fortune. Two good greyhounds, in Sea Cove and Bendimere, were left to fight out the "decider," but Lord Haddington's dog had been very hard run, and so the first-named had a comparatively easy task to win, but every credit is due to her, as she ran through the stake by superior merit, there being nothing fluky in any of her trials. Bendimere was a very resolute, true-running greyhound; but he had not quite pace enough to make him a thorough "Waterlooper." His genuine qualities, however, have made him a most valuable sire, and at the stud he has no superior, so that his noble owner, than whom there is not a more honoured or true courser in the kingdom, is more than recompensed for the dog's Waterloo defeat. After Master M'Grath's surprising overthrow, he was put to the stud, and Lord Lurgan decided that the "mighty black" should never run again; but as the time came round for another Waterloo, the old dog, so fresh and well, and the greyhounds that season were such a moderate lot, that his Lordship was induced to put "M'Grath" into training again. That a dog in his fourth season, and after having been put to the stud, should come out and win a Waterloo cup was so opposed alike to all theory and practical experience that most good judges were not disposed to regard Master M'Grath's chance at Altcar in 1871 very favourably. The public, however, would back their old favourite, and being about the worst lot of greyhounds that ever ran for the Waterloo Cup, the old dog secured a gallant victory. In his two first courses he ran very badly; and it was more by luck than merit that he was not put out, especially in his first essay, when many people thought he was well beaten. It was a very scrambling trial, with no merit in it; and his second spin was not much better. The next day, however, he ran in better form, displaying that speed, cleverness, and wonderful killing powers that had made him so famous in previous years. The deciding course with Pretender, however, was a very poor affair, for the hare was such a weak, puny thing, weighing only a few ounces over 3lb, that Master M'Grath, leading by a few inches only in a very short run up, picked it up. It was the worst trial imaginable for the termination of such an important contest as the Waterloo Cup, and had Mr. Warwick given it a "No go" it would have been more satisfactory. The third victory of Master M'Grath, however, was received with general satisfaction throughout the country; and, as I have before stated, the Queen expressed a desire to see the most wonderful greyhound that ever ran, and was accordingly taken to Windsor. That Master M'Grath should have died at such an early age was a great misfortune for his noble owner, but I doubt whether he would have been a success at the stud, judging by the progeny he left behind him. Although such a marvellous runner, he was a plain, undersized dog; and I should certainly have preferred many other sires to him; but, when we come to his prowess in the field, his fame is unrivalled. I never saw so fast a greyhound; but, combined with his terrific speed, he possessed the quickness and agility of a cat, a combination of cleverness in work that is seldom allied to immense pace. Ireland mourned him as a departed hero, but a solace came in the Waterloo Cup triumph of Honeymoon; and the daughter of my favourite sire, Brigadier, has indeed a splendid chance of emulating the deeds of her mighty predecessor, Master M'Grath, as she is possessed of all the attributes required to command success at Altcar. The most remarkable episodes in connection with the Waterloo Cup contests of 1872-3 were the running second on both occasions of Peasant Boy, Bed of Stone beating him the first time, and Muriel the second. Some people speak of Peasant Boy as unlucky, but he was never a really first-class greyhound, and I think he was lucky to get where he did, and thus become a species of equine martyr. Bed of Stone was an exceedingly good bitch, and, in addition to winning the cup, she carried off both the Waterloo Purse and Plate, a sufficient proof of her excellence and sterling qualities; while the Cup success was immensely popular, as her esteemed owner, Mr. J. Briggs, is a staunch supporter of coursing and a straightforward, honourable sportsman in every respect. Muriel is the property of Mr. Jardine, and although her running was somewhat uncertain and unsteady, she could go a great pace, and when in the humour her smart working powers were above the average, and she was very handy with her teeth. Her triumph over Peasant Boy in the deciding course was marred by the unruly conduct of the Lancashire roughs, who had determined that the southern dog should not win if they could prevent it. The scene was a most disgraceful one; but Muriel unquestionably won on her merits, as she was both faster and smarter than Peasant Boy. In 1872 Mr. Morgan's Magnano was successful; but the deciding spin with the Irish dog Surprise was a very near thing indeed, although there was quite sufficient to decide in favour of the red. The winner was one of the greatest outsiders that ever won; but he is nevertheless an exceedingly good dog, and ran through the stake in a style that entitled him to the position he gained; and at the stud he bids fair to be equally famous. The success of Honeymoon thoroughly compensated the Irish division for the running second of Surprise; but, as last season's heroine will have to be referred to subsequently in connection with the forthcoming Waterloo Cup contest, I need say no more than that she won most gallantly and by vastly superior merit, notwithstanding Corby Castle managed to run an undecided with her in the last course. BRIGADIER.

HAWKING IN PARIS.

IN the good old days when "Sir Roger" distinguished himself as a pigeon-shot at the Welsh Harp, some of our readers may remember the attempt that was made to revive the sport of hawking at Hendon. The interesting exhibitions of Mr. John Barr have recently been repeated in the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris. Mr. Barr is an enthusiastic falconer; and the illustrations he has been giving in Paris of this neglected pastime are faithfully represented in our Engraving on page 325.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A BUFFALO-FIGHT.

Dr. RUSSELL, Special Correspondent of the *Times* with the Prince of Wales in India, gives an interesting description of the elephant and buffalo fights witnessed by his Royal Highness at Baroda. Writing on the 18th ult., Dr. Russell remarks that "Mr. Simpson took some sketches, with which the Prince was much pleased." The illustration on our front page is from a drawing made by this experienced Artist, and the encounter pictured will give our readers some idea of the stirring combats seen by the Prince of Wales last month in the Agga, or arena, of Baroda. "The arena (writes Dr. Russell) is an inclosure of 180 yards long, by 60 yards broad, with walls 20ft high. These are pierced by archways, into which the men engaged in the sports may retreat in case of attack by the animals they are irritating. At the western extremity there is a grand stand three stories high or spectators. There were crowds on the top of the walls and on the housetops, which command a view of the inside. On entering the gateway of the arena two elephants were seen, one tied to the wall opposite the grand stand, and another chained to the wall on the right. As soon

as the Prince had taken his place in the front row, with the Guicowar by his side, two great wrestlers, quite naked except at the waist, advanced, and, after profound salaams, grappled." The wrestling was followed by a rather tame elephant-fight, and the buffaloes did not make their appearance in the arena till after an encounter between two rhinoceroses.

"The animals which next stepped into the ring (adds the *Times* correspondent) were of very different mettle; these were two buffaloes. It needed very little encouragement from their attendants to provoke a duel between them. They rushed with lowered horns to the encounter, and made the arena ring with the clatter. It was real fighting; head to head, with strained hind-quarters and quivering sides and lashing tails, they strove with passionate fury. But, equals in rage, they were not matched in strength; by degrees the smaller one gave way, and was pushed back, slowly at first, and then at a run, till he fairly turned his flank. In an instant he was hurled on his back, for the conquering buffalo had no mercy, but dashed at the exposed side, and, putting down his head below the belly of his enemy, butted him right over. There was no lack of courage, if such a word can be applied to such a contest, on the part of the other, worsted as he was, for he got up and renewed the conflict, but was driven off the ground,

not ingloriously, and after one desperate rally in which the result was not doubtful and the damage to the defeated buffalo not slight.

VIVE LE SPORT!

The London Athletic Club must look to its laurels. Le Club des Coureurs has entered the lists; and the Brothers Waddell may expect a challenge from Paris ere long. Behold a "spin" of Le Club de Coureurs! The Champ de Mars is the Lillie-bridge arena. The day is Nov. 28 last. The occasion is the opening run of Le Club de Coureurs. We wish every success to this new athletic society; and, to judge from the costume of the members and their energetic style of running, the crack members of the London Athletic Club may well shake in their shoes. In all humility, we would add, however, of the Champ de Mars pedestrianism—it is magnificent, but 'tis not running.

FROZEN OUT.

"We have got no work to do" whine the hounds which form the noble pack in our illustration. The fact of the matter is they are "Frozen Out"—or, at least, were when the



PARISIAN PEDESTRIANS: RACE IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

sketch was taken. With a bad grace the pack obeys the master's order "to kennel—to kennel!" and slowly and with lingering steps, as if half expecting a reprieve, they enter its portals. "The meet," as is usual in frosty weather, was advertised at the kennel, where few sportsmen attended. The fair Diana, in the background, and her companion look longingly at the retreating forms of the hounds, as if they, too, expected "a reprieve." It is not to be, however. Soon the last dog will have entered the kennel-gate, and the kennel huntsman will slam it to with the remark, "Frozen Out!"

VIRGINIE DEJAZET.

The shade of her former bright and piquante self, Virginie Déjazet yet gave us a grand idea of her finished style, albeit it was but the ghost of herself that danced the *gavotte* at the London Opéra Comique a few years back. The late Madame Déjazet, in her vivacious youth and in the fulness of her power, will be recalled by the series of stage portraits which we present to our readers on page 328. These likenesses of the famous Parisian actress are from the photographs of M. Sourtin, a friend of the late Madame Déjazet. Here is the fascinating Virginie as Richelieu, the most spiritual of roués; there as M. Garat, the pink of swells; and again as the young Prince de

Conti, a Parisian gamin of blue blood, so to speak. Wrinkled but still seductive, the Dowager of Brionne repasses before one, regretting the pleasures of the past, as she regards the lees in the wine-cup. Lisette sings,

Enfants, c'est moi qui suis Lisette,
La Lisette du chansonnier!

In a word, the most truly Parisienne of French actresses, Virginie Déjazet, rises freshly before one, again young, sparkling, alert, spirituel, songful, and gay, eyes brimming over with love and roguery—Parisienne to the tips of her fingers.

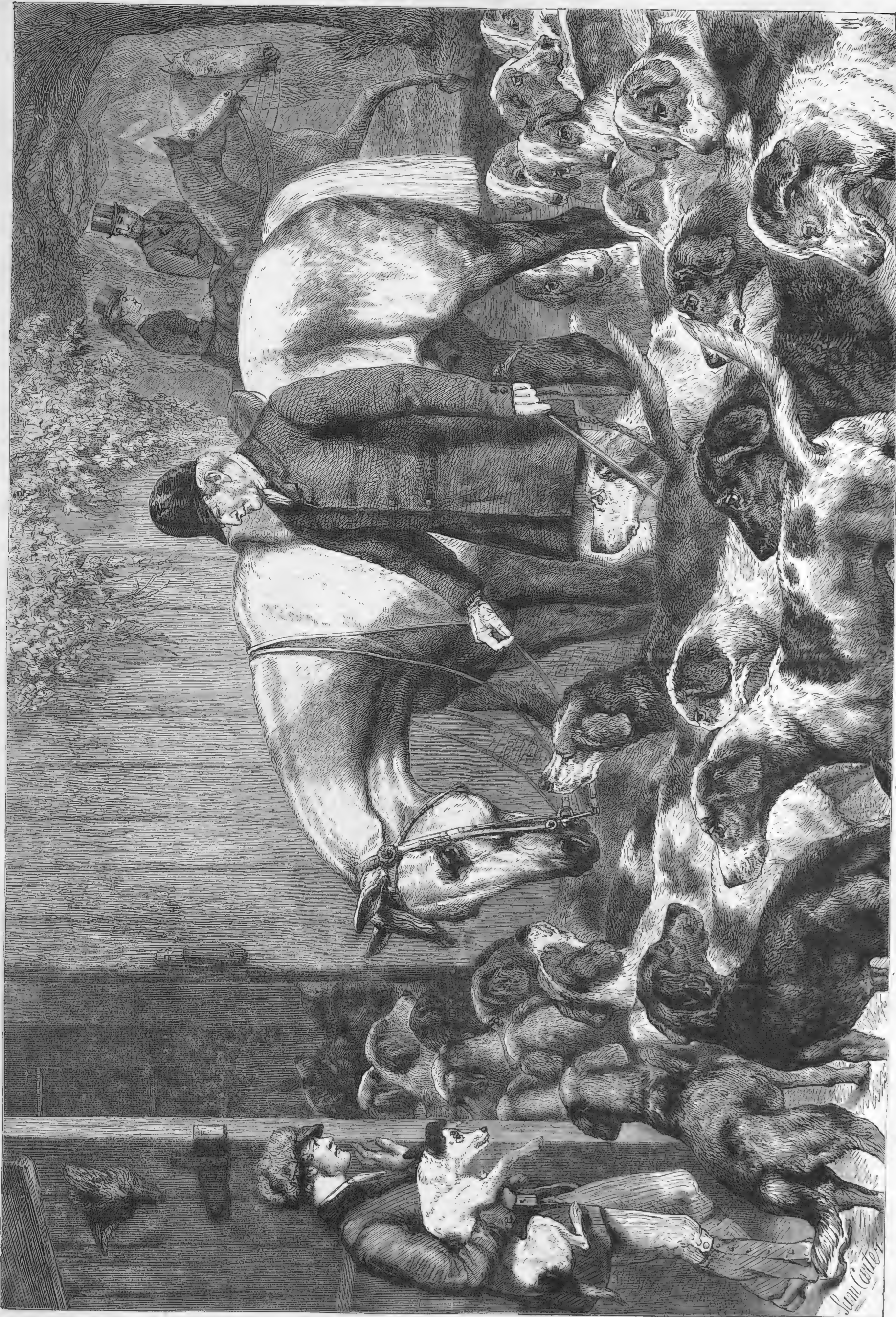
BEHEADING THE TURTLE.

Just such a scene as Mr. Ward Hunt, our estimable First Lord, is said by the *World* to have relished very much at the Admiralty the other day is limned in our present Number. Even as an illustrious personage is stated to have keenly appreciated the novelty of the lively sports of the Baroda arena, so the right hon. gentleman, whose rule will be associated with the Vanguard disaster and the Fugitive Slave circular, appears to have rejoiced exceedingly at the recent execution of a turtle. Can it have been presented to him as a Christmas Box from Davy Jones's Locker? The Admiralty clerk, who,

apparently, finds time to write to the *World*, answers not. The communicative Civil Service servant contented himself, perchance, with admiring the zest with which his light and airy chief watched the blood streaming from the expiring turtle, just as my Lord Mayor may at times descend to the lower regions of the Mansion House to gain a fillip of liveliness from a similar spectacle and increase his appetite for the rich green fat so dear to Aldermen of the city of London. How "Beheading the Turtle," too, is sometimes a source of great interest in the kitchen of a Parisian restaurant is mirrored on page 324; and, noting the smug anticipation of future profit lurking in mine host's face, one may well lament the heavy price the lover of a good dinner has to pay for a basin of turtle soup in town, and envy the luck of Jack allout in those latitudes where turtle is even cheaper than pea soup.

RAID ON A BETTING-HOUSE.—Detective Clarke, of Scotland-yard, aided by the local police, has made a successful raid on a betting-house at Newmarket, kept by John Timothy Smith, a racing commissioner.

ANOTHER addition to the skating-rinks of Brighton has been made by the opening of one in the Corn Exchange, the floor of which has been specially prepared for skating.



FROST-BOUND.

Sam Carter

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. R. DENNE, A. W. S., W. WEARE.—The solutions are correct. W. WEARE.—We are sorry to say that both the game and problem are scarcely up to our standard. The problem, however, is promising; and we shall be happy to receive further specimens. A. J. C.—Mr. Hazen's three-move problem, unfortunately, admitted of a double solution.

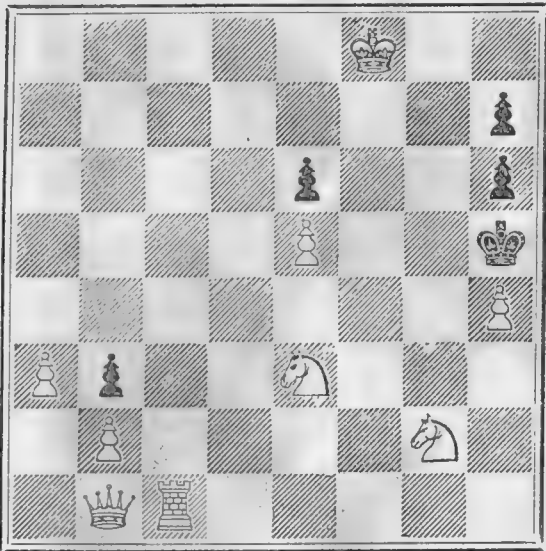
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 78.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Q 4 K moves 2. R dis. ch, and mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 79.

By Mr. R. B. WORMALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

We extract the two following little games, contested between Messrs. Boden and Bird, from the latter's recently published "Chess Masterpieces."

[TWO KNIGHTS' GAME.]

WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Boden).	WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Boden).
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. B takes P	B takes B
2. K Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	14. P takes B	Kt to K 5
3. B to Q B 4	Kt to K B 3	15. Castles	Kt to K Kt 6
4. Kt to K Kt 5	P to Q 4	16. Q to K B 3	Kt takes R
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4	17. P to K 4	Q to K Kt 4
6. P to Q 3 (a)	P to K R 3	18. K takes Kt	P to K B 4
7. Kt to K B 3	P to K 5	19. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P
8. Q to K 2	Kt takes B	20. Q Kt takes P	Q to K 4 (d)
9. P takes Kt	B to Q B 4 (b)	21. Kt to K B 2	R to K B sq
10. P to K R 3	Castles	22. Q to K 2	Q to R 7
11. K Kt to Q 2 (c)	K R to K sq	23. Q to K 4	B takes R P,
12. Kt to Q Kt 3	P to K 6		and wins.

NOTES.

(a) This move, though favoured by Morphy, is very inferior to 6. B to Q Kt 5 (ch).
(b) The correct reply.
(c) He ought to have retired the Knight to K R 2; but even in that case Black would have obtained the superior game by 11. P to Q Kt 4.
(d) Threatening a direful blow.

Between the same Players.

[THE QUEEN'S BISHOP'S PAWN OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. Boden).	BLACK (Mr. Bird).	WHITE (Mr. Boden).	BLACK (Mr. Bird).
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	10. Kt to Q 2	Castles Q R
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	11. Kt to K B P (c)	Q to K Kt 5 (d)
3. P to Q B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	12. Q to K 4	B takes R
4. B to Q Kt 5	Q P takes P	13. Kt takes Q R (e)	B to K 7
5. Kt takes K P	Q to K 4	14. Q to K 6 (ch)	K takes Kt
6. Q to Q R 4	K Kt to K 2	15. Q takes Q	B takes Q
7. P to Q 4	P takes P (en pass.)	16. B takes Q P	Kt to Q 4
8. B to K B 4 (b)	Q takes K Kt P	17. B to K Kt 5 (ch)	B to K 2
9. R to K B sq	B to K R 6	18. B takes B	K takes B.

White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) Perhaps as satisfactory a defence as the board allows.
(b) The usual move is 8. Kt takes P.
(c) He ought to have castled.
(d) Well played. Threatening mate, and a terrible check at King 3.
(e) Evidently overlooking Black's rejoinder. He ought, perhaps, to have taken B with King.

"LIKE A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."—Sir John Harpur-Crewe, one of the largest landowners in the midland counties, has instructed his agent to inquire into the damage arising from the recent floods, and to return a proportionate percentage of the rents. One tenant has received back a cheque for £200.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—While riding, last Saturday, with the West Norfolk foxhounds, Mr. Thomas Gould, a Swaffham farmer, had his leg broken at Warboro' Fields. The horse set its foot in a rabbit burrow and fell and threw its rider; the animal in rising kicked Mr. Gould, breaking his leg. He was conveyed in a carriage to his home at Swaffham, where the bone was set. A few years ago Mr. Gould met with a similar accident.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The additional travelling facilities provided by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for the ensuing Christmas holidays are of the usual comprehensive and liberal character, comprising the following arrangements:—An extension of time for return-tickets from Dec. 22 and subsequent days up to Dec. 31, inclusive. On the day before Christmas Day there will be extra trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Brighton, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, &c. On Christmas Day extra third-class morning trains will run from Portsmouth to London, and from London to Portsmouth, connecting with boats for Isle of Wight. On this day, and also on Boxing Day, there will be extra morning and evening trains between London, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, &c. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and special fête the usual Boxing-Day cheap trains to the Crystal Palace will also run from London Bridge, Victoria, &c. For the convenience of those who may desire to obtain information, and purchase their railway tickets previously, the West-End General Office, 23, Regent-circus, Waterloo-place, will remain open till ten p.m. on the Thursday and Friday before Christmas Day.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—(Adv.)

Shooting Notes.

THE CHOKE-BORE SYSTEM.

Mr. Pape, the well-known gunmaker of Newcastle-on-Tyne, now in New York, has addressed a letter on "Choke-boring" to our American contemporary *Forest and Stream*, in reply to a letter signed "Fair Play" in that journal, which calls for some comment at our hands.

Mr. Pape, whose vigorous, if inelegant, style of writing must be known to many sporting readers, thus commences to "wipe out" his adversary:—

"First (says Mr. Pape), 'Fair Play' asks, 'What did the London trial of guns decide for sportsmen—anything or nothing?'"

"It proved nothing more than what Mr. Walsh, of the *Field*, had told us could be done in 1867—that guns can be made to average regularly from 175 to 200. The choke-bore of 1875 did not average this; therefore nothing new was proven. The private trials were all got up for the advantage of fresh advertising gunmakers, whom the *Field* stated as having just made a revolution in gunmaking by a new discovery called choke-boring, and withheld my letters on the subject, which I wrote to explain that this so-called new boring was nothing more than my old patent boring, which was well known and referred to by the *Field* in 1867."

Now, Mr. Pape, we have repeatedly asked you in these columns to substantiate your claim to be styled the inventor of the "choke-bore" system, and have had no reply to our invitation.

Our statement is this:—"Choke-boring consists of a contraction of the muzzle, varying from 10,000ths to 30,000ths of an inch smaller than the remainder of the bore, such contraction terminating in a parabolic curve near the muzzle." When you, Mr. Pape, can show us this formula in black and white as your patent, we shall be satisfied on that head, but not sooner. And, furthermore, the editor of the *Field*, in crediting you with the invention of this system, acted without correct data upon which to adjudicate.

It may be asked what special interest this Journal has in the matter? To this we reply, none other than the interest of gunmakers generally, who, acting upon our knowledge of the choke-bore system and its invention, have largely manufactured guns on that plan, and on the "modified" form suggested by us, without paying anyone a "royalty" for so doing. With regard to the result of a recent gun-trial, Mr. Pape says:—"Although Mr. Greener styles himself champion, he has never seen his way clear to accept my challenge to shoot my guns against his; but as his agent is quite good enough for me, I will extend the challenge to him, and meet him halfway between New York and home (St. Louis) and shoot two choke-bore and two sporting bores against the same number of Mr. Greener's make, the loser to pay his loss to the nearest charitable institution to where we shoot. Immediate communication with the office of *Forest and Stream*, No. 17, Chatham-street, New York, will be attended to."

Next, "Fair Play" says:—"The wear and tear tests which the winning guns in the London trial were subjected to proves the durability of the system, they standing 2500 shots unchanged." This argument is most preposterous. The report proves the very reverse. The winning gun that made the extraordinary score when a prize was to be got shoots for two successive weeks, two days a week, and never once can it make the string of shots given it by the soldiers. Not even once in that time does it come near the scores made by either of the three best guns. It cannot average above the twenty-fourth position of the trial, its total average being only 336.5—not even third, fourth, or sixth rate; and yet we are told this is unchanged. I could not fancy a greater change in the shooting of a gun, and I fancy 'Fair Play' would think the same if he purchased a gun that could play such variations; but it played a marvellous tune at the proper moment, which it will never do again. *Such writings, so wide of the truth, must confuse, and convey false impressions to sportsmen.*

With Mr. Pape's last sentence we are fully in accord, and that is precisely our reason for devoting so much space to this article, so as to remove from the minds of sportsmen any erroneous impression they may have formed as to the origin and manufacture of choke-bore.

"I have read the various letters in the different sporting papers on the subject of choke-bore. One in a contemporary, signed 'Pathfinder,' comes nearest the mark when he says, 'I have just been trying a gun made for me by a maker of celebrity, which was to have the right barrel plain bored and the left choked, warranted to execute a pattern of 110 and 180 with the respective barrels at forty yards. The results in my hands are that the right barrel makes a better pattern than the choked barrel at forty yards—viz., 125 and 116. The penetration I consider very poor, one side only of a powder-canister being barely pierced at that distance.' The truth being he could not hold straight with the choked barrel (you must grip as you would an express rifle to be on the target at all); and that is the great fault of the plan. It is for that reason I have discarded the new gun in favour of a perfectly straight bore, which is infinitely pleasanter to shoot with, although it may not kill quite so far.—Yours, W. H. ANDERSON, 13, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh."

Our contemporary's correspondent should have published the name of the so-called "gunmaker" who supplied the gun; as, in any case, the weapon is a bad one. This is the course we intend to adopt when complaints can be substantiated against vendors of bad guns.

We have received the following communication from Mr. W. Greener concerning pure "choke-bore" guns, which we insert through a spirit of fair play, our own opinions on the matter being well known and entirely in favour of the "modified," as opposed to the "pure," choke-bore system. Mr. Greener says:—

"These guns have been tried by celebrated sportsmen, who have killed game at over one hundred yards; and the improvement in shooting is acknowledged to be extraordinary. Under the old system of boring 140 shots is considered good, with a penetration of only twenty-eight sheets of paper. By a little variation in the charge of powder these guns can be made to scatter more. When required for distances of one hundred yards and over, 1½ oz. to 2 oz. No. 4 shot is recommended."

"No wire-cartridge or concentrator can improve these double-close shooting-guns. For a correct test of the shooting, the target should be 4ft square; large sheets of brown paper answer well for the purpose. After firing, mark a 30in circle in the centre of the charge. We test with the Newcastle chilled shot, No. 6, 270 pellets to the ounce. 'Tatham Bros.' American standard drop shot, No. 7, is the nearest to the English size (for comparison), being 290 pellets to the ounce, by weight avoirdupois; by Dixon's measures the quantity is from twenty to thirty shots more to the ounce. We load with a thick felt wad over the powder and a card wad over the shot. This extraordinary shooting is accomplished by our new plan of boring, and no guns can be found that will shoot equal to them, even with concentrators or wire-cartridges."

"Please note the extraordinary penetration of these guns. They will kill at nearly double the usual distance. In covert-shooting a smaller charge of powder only is required to make them disperse the shot more and with less recoil than ordinary guns; 16 or 20 bore guns can be made to shoot equally well in proportion to the size and weight; 8-bore guns can be made to put over 300 pellets on a target 30in diameter. All guns may be tested at the works previous to purchase; 12-bore guns weighing 7½ lb to 8 lb, for pigeon-shooting, we warrant to make a pattern of 220 to 240 with only 1½ oz. of No. 6 shot."

"The recoil is not increased by this new method of boring."

"These guns will shoot well with any kind of shot; also with Curtis and Harvey's No. 4 grain powder (for 12-bores), or any other make of powder, if of the same grain. No. 6 can be used to advantage when 1½ oz. or more of large-size shot is required."

[We find the Schultze gunpowder shoots well with choke-bore guns for general and covert-shooting.]

SCHULTZE'S WOOD POWDER.

We have received the following correspondence for publication:—

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
Dec. 13, 1875.

SIR,—A letter has appeared in a late issue of one of your contemporaries concerning the Schultze Gunpowder, which, if not answered, is likely to mislead many sportsmen. Knowing that, with your deservedly high reputation for accuracy in all matters pertaining to sport, many turn to your pages for information, I take the liberty of inclosing a copy of my reply to that journal, which perhaps you will kindly insert. The exact table of equivalent weights of Schultze and Black gunpowder which you published in your issue of the 11th inst. will prove very serviceable to all who load their own cartridges.—I remain, Sir, yours truly,

R. W. S. GRIFFITH, Supt.

The Schultze Gunpowder Company (Limited), Eyeworth Lodge, near Lyndhurst, Lymington.

THE SCHULTZE GUNPOWDER COMPANY (LIMITED),
EYEWORTH, LYNDBURST.

(To the Editor of LAND AND WATER.)

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your issue of the 4th inst., headed "Schultze Gunpowder," and subsequently to another, under the same heading, in your Paper of the 11th; and I have to request that you will allow the following observations on those letters to appear in your next issue.

I fear your correspondent must, indeed, have been "very unlucky," as hypothetically surmised by "Scutifer." The directors of this company have received many gratifying testimonies to the quality of their powder this year; but they have received also a few complaints, and in every such case they have taken means to trace the cause of disappointment. Other cases of dissatisfaction have, no doubt, occurred; but I can only deal with those in which gentlemen have considerably made known their complaints to the makers of the powder and given us an opportunity of examining the cartridges. I beg to give the result of the examination in a few of those cases.

In the two following the complaint was that the powder was weak; and, on opening the cartridges and weighing the powder, I found as follows:—

A. The cartridges contained an average of only 3½ drachms of powder.

B. They contained an average of only 4 drachms.

In the following instances the complaint was that the powder was too strong, and on examination the results were as follow:—

C. The cartridges contained on an average 5½ drachms, and, D. They contained 5½ drachms.

The proper charge of Schultze powder for ordinary shooting is 42 grains, or 4½ drachms.

Now, Sir, I am sure that you will allow that this wide difference in the charges was quite sufficient to account for the unsatisfactory results complained of. With Black powder or Schultze powder alike a deficiency of one fifth below the right charge, or an excess of one fourth above it, must affect the shooting. In the former case the sportsman would not be surprised if he failed to kill his bird, or in the latter if his gun kicked, or if his aim was uncertain, or if, after use for a short time, he found his breech-action shaken. But in using a new explosive there is a tendency with many to attribute to it any disappointment or failure experienced, instead of tracing the cause to error in the preparation of the cartridges or in the mode of using.

I may mention another case. Some time since a gunmaker sold a box of Schultze-powder cartridges, made up by an eminent firm of ammunition-makers. It was shortly after returned by the purchaser, who declared that he could not kill with the cartridges, and that they were mere rubbish. The same cartridges, however, were almost immediately sold to another customer, who was so much pleased with their performance that he ordered more of the same kind; and being told their former history, he said they shot admirably and that, with the first purchase, the fault must have been "behind the gun."

To return to my subject. I can certify that very great pains are taken in testing every batch of our powder that is made, for the purpose of verifying its strength and other properties. In order to ensure evenness and uniformity of shooting, no powder is passed which fails to come up to a certain prescribed standard, or which materially exceeds it; while, in order to ensure the safety of the powder, every batch is also tried by firing with a charge two and a half times as large as the ordinary charge. Thus the utmost care is used that no powder should go out of this factory which is not such as fully to maintain the high reputation which "Scutifer" truly says the Schultze powder has enjoyed. Knowing as I do that this is the case, I cannot but believe that where it fails to give satisfaction the failure is generally due to want of care.

"Scutifer" does not seem to realise that to make a serious charge publicly of putting forth an "untrue advertisement" is a matter of great gravity, and requires to be either substantiated or retracted.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. W. S. GRIFFITH, Superintendent.

FERRETS AND FERRETING.

Our correspondent "Cervus" writes:—"I have received from you, for review, a pamphlet, entitled 'Ferrets and Ferreting; containing Instructions for the Breeding, Management, and Working of Ferrets.' London: Bazaar Office, 32, Wellington-street. My remarks upon this brochure will be short and to the point. *Imprimis*, we are informed:—

The ferret (*Mustela furo*) has its place in natural history in the family *Mustelidae*, which includes the otters, skunks, polecats, and the genus *Mustela*, or weasels. The true ferret was originally a native of Africa, whence it was imported into Spain for the purpose of destroying rabbits, with which that country was overrun, and from which place it has since spread over various other European States; it has not, however, become acclimatised in this country, nor even in France, and one getting loose, except in the warmth of summer, will speedily perish in the variable temperature of our climate. The use of ferrets in hunting and bolting rabbits is not of modern origin, being known to and practised by the ancients, its

mode of working their burrows and expelling the tenants so that they could be taken in nets, or, as they have been called by our warreners, "flans," having been described by Pliny.

"As a matter of fact, there is no more difference between a wild polecat, fitcher, fitchet, fountart, tulimart, or fowl martin, generic name *Mustela putorius*, and a tame ferret, than between a wild duck and a tame duck. Any common-sense man can convince himself upon this point by comparing the two animals. In the next place, we are told that:—

Bells for ferrets are useless; they get clogged up in a very few minutes with dirt and the fur off the dead rabbits.

"Has the writer ever seen a 'ferret-bell'? I have used them, like others, for years; and their shape, that of a metal ball, perforated with one or two tiny slits or holes, almost precludes dirt getting in. Then what dead rabbits are those to which the writer alludes? Surely he does not hunt his ferrets *unmuzzled*? But I need say no more; the remainder of this pamphlet is a tissue of exploded nonsense and inexperience throughout. I have crossed the ferret and fitchet myself, and so has Captain Salvin, of Guildford (so well known as a successful tamer and trainer of cormorants and hawks); and I would suggest that the proprietors of the *Bazaar* should consult him on the subject of 'Ferrets and Ferreting.'"

HERE'S SPORT INDEED!—The paper *Le Sport* was recently cruel enough to publish the circular of a poulterer intended for the multitude of cockney sportsmen who are abroad in France at this time of the year, and especially in the environs of Paris. This instructive document, which is marked "private," runs as follows:—"Sir,—Understanding that you are going to open *la chasse*, I beg to make you an offer of my services. I have a grand selection of partridges, rabbits, hares, pheasants, &c. All game leaving my establishment is arranged with a sufficient number of shot of a suitable description. Trusting for the favour of an order, believe me, &c." In a postscript to the circular it is added that arrangements can be made by which gentlemen who do not go out of town may be given the appearance of having been engaged in the chase by a special process entirely the invention of the advertiser. Boots and dogs can be splashed in a most efficient and natural manner, guns carefully soiled as if they had been discharged many times, and clothes dusted and dirtied with the best effect.

A HUNGRY WOLF.

"Attack it!" said he. "A hungry wolf, like a wicked man, has no conscience when the night favours him. It was only last January that they carried off or killed every live animal he possessed. A heavy snowstorm had fallen on the mountains, and for several nights in succession a pack of five or six wolves kept sentry at Antoine's hut, pacing round it and uttering the most dismal howls. Antoine and his wife, however, were determined to save their little stock. They lighted a good fire, and sat up by turns to keep it burning; but at length, on a dark and tempestuous night, when the wind was whistling and the hail beating against their door, exhausted by watching, they both dropped asleep, and the wood fire soon became extinguished. At that instant a desperate rush was heard in the roof, and before Antoine could arm himself with a pike five gaunt wolves rushed in upon the floor one after the other, and, seizing his three sheep, tore and devoured them in his presence. A little dog, too, which they valued above all, was snapped up and swallowed at a gulp. Antoine is a brave man, but his heart beat audibly as, from his bed, he stretched out his hand to strike a light. The flint and steel were true, the resin candle was quickly ignited, and, almost as rapidly as they had entered, the villains sprung over an old armoire and disappeared through the roof. They come and go like a hurricane," added he, "and, like it, leave desolation behind them."

"PALM."—We have been requested to state, with reference to the appearance of Palm at Warwick, that Mr. G. Brown has given the proper authorities a satisfactory explanation of the running of the horse, and that there the matter ends.

FATAL HUNTING ACCIDENT.—Mr. Paul Butler was thrown from his horse and killed whilst out hunting, on Tuesday last, with Lord Shannon's hounds at Williams' Trip Park, near Cirencester. Deceased had but lately been appointed a magistrate for the county of Gloucester, and a few months ago purchased the Wyck-Hill Estate, near Stow-in-the-Wold.

CANADIAN ROWING CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD. At a meeting of boating-men, at St. John, New Brunswick, on Dec. 6, it was decided to raise the necessary funds to send the celebrated Paris crew of St. John, New Brunswick, to compete in the four-oared shell race for £1000 at the Philadelphia Centennial Regatta. A sum of £1000 is also to be raised to match the Paris crew against the English champion four-oared crew for the championship of the world.

Reviews.

Tropical Nature. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Hilday. This handsome volume, both in respect of its illustrations and the letterpress, has all the fascination of a fairy story. We are taken by writer and artists headlong, as it were, into the wonder-world of the Tropics. We are brought face to face with the majestic phenomena of the hot region—

its whirlwinds, waterspouts, mirage, volcanoes, and earthquakes; ramble through wildernesses of strange vegetation, and make the acquaintance of stranger animals. The compilation "from the narratives of distinguished travellers and observers" is well and sympathetically done. The narrative in no wise lacks consecutiveness, and yet the book has this advantage, you can open it anywhere and be sure of finding something worth reading. The illustrations, which are most profuse and varied in character, are fine examples of the wood-engravers' art.

The Sylvan Year. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Hilday. These "leaves from the note-book of Raoul Dubois" are illustrated with twenty etchings by Mr. Hamerton—whose reputation as an etcher is not limited to this country—and other artists. The book, notwithstanding the fictional framework in which the author has been pleased to place it, would have delighted White of Selborne, so lovingly true to nature are the descriptions of pastoral life and character with which it is studded withal. How temptingly read the first four lines of the narrative:—"In the heart of the forests between the vine-lands of Burgundy and the course of the river Loire my mother's family had for centuries possessed a property which had descended to myself, but which I had visited on rare occasions." The etchings are, for the most part, excellent, while several are exquisite specimens of tenderness and depth of handling. Amongst the latter we would certainly rank two by the author—little gems of pictures that live in the memory of him who has once seen them. We allude to "In a Wood at Sunrise" and "Ploughs Left in a Lane." A book for all seasons, "The Sylvan Year" is especially suitable for fireside readings.

Mrs. Mundi at Home. The Terrestrial Ball. London: Marcus Ward and Co. 1876. This book, which is illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, should assuredly take high rank among the gift-books of the season. The idea is certainly a most ingenious one, and is exceedingly well carried out by Mr. Crane, who has thoroughly entered into the idea of the book, and whose drawings are imitatively grotesque.

To give the reader some idea of the contents we will enumerate some of the principal illustrations. On the title-page we have Mrs. Mundi's card, "Mrs. Mundi at Home, R.S.V.P.," and a picture follows of Mrs. Mundi delivering a card to her page. Then we have the policeman at Mrs. Mundi's door, and a footman knocking, a very amusing picture. The first guest depicted is Lord Sol driving a four-and-twenty-in-hand, the horses, of course, representing the hours. Next comes Lady Luna in her chariot, and after that a drawing of the arrival of rain, snow, and dew. Wild-fire follows in the guise of a ferocious fireman. The Queen of the Air comes with an immense fan, which we are told rather disturbed the company. Mother Earth and Winter, the former with her daughter, is a capitally-composed picture, full of humour. Sol opens the ball with a minuet with Spring, and on the next page we have the orchestra, some of the Muses of the winds. After more illustrations of the dancing, we see General Mars and Lady Venus arrive, the former a highly effective warrior, in a dress which is a mixture of ancient and modern accoutrements. More guests follow in various garbs, chiefly the gods of the classic mythology, all dressed in modern costume, and after that a procession of the various nations of the world, including negroes, and even gorillas. The procession of guests downstairs and the supper scene are both highly effective, as also is the pulling of crackers and presentation of mottoes. At last the visitors take their departure, and the reader closes with regret an entertaining book, both for children and adults, which is elegantly got up, and which should certainly be in demand this Christmas-tide.

The Six Wives of Blue Beard, Collected from Mendacious Chronicles, by Sabilla Novello, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, jun., is the somewhat lugubrious title of a very charming book—charming because it contains the illustrations of an old but fascinating subject treated in a very new and taking manner. It is rather a pity that "Sabilla Novello" should so imitate the example of her god-parents as to use hard words to an almost "jaw-breaking" extent. It would be somewhat disheartening to begin informing a child (and this book will be read to children) that "The young couple had outlived their honeymoon, and during its course had leisure to imbibed a confirmed contempt for each other." Yet this is in the first chapter! Fortunately for the reader as well as the author, this pedantic style (very naturally) drops, and gives way to the good plain storytelling style before many pages. Mr. George Cruikshank, junior, has produced a set of drawings that are very pleasing though somewhat startling. The novelty of design covers a multitude of gaudy colour in this case; and when the artist in question studies Marks, Crane, and other masters of book-decoration school, he will produce some really first-class illuminations. Looking at two or three of the designs, one can scarcely help wondering whether any theatrical manager will have the perception to engage Mr. Cruikshank, jun., to dress opéra-bouffe.

Marcus Ward and Co.'s Christmas cards defy criticism. Good taste reigns over the establishment which every year produces such a varied array of dainty and seasonable conceits most charmingly carried out. Everything that Messrs. Ward and Co. touch is turned to favour and to prettiness. This year's batch of novelties excel in variety and artistic originality the efforts of all previous years.

THE NEW YORK STAGE.

Bosom Friends, adapted from *Nos Intimes*, has succeeded *Caste* at Wallack's. Mr. Montague enacts the part of Dr. Bland; Miss Dyas that of Mrs. Mair.

Miss Clara Morris has ended her engagement, suddenly and prematurely, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It had been devoted to *The New Leah*, the old play with a new title, in which she appeared six times, and in which she displayed great emotional power. *Our Boys* took the place of *The New Leah*.

Mr. Daly has written a new play, *Pique*, in which Miss Morris was to have acted; and this is underlined as in preparation.

Rose Michel has made a hit at the Union Square Theatre. Powerfully and sympathetically acted are the parts of Pierre and Rose Michel by Mr. J. H. Stoddart and Miss Eyttinge.

The hundredth performance of *The Mighty Dollar* will be reached at the Park Theatre, on Dec. 17, when each lady in the audience was to receive a silver medal of the size of a dollar, while each member of the dramatic company was to receive a medal of bronze.

The little theatre formerly known as Bryant's Opera House, and later as Darling's, was to be reopened, under the name of the 'Twenty-third-street Theatre, with a first-class stock company and a new play.

Mr. G. F. Rowe, the original Micawber, has appeared at Booth's in *Little Em'ly*; and *Guy Mannering* has also been produced.

Mr. Fechter has appeared at the Lyceum in *L'Abime*, a French adaptation of *No Thoroughfare*, the Adelphi piece written for him by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

The rumoured forthcoming debut of Mr. Oakley Hall as an actor in a play written by himself, entitled *The Crucible*, is one of the leading topics in New York.

Mr. Rignold has pleased the Boston public as Henry V. He has also made a display of irascible temper before the footlights, because a spectator took the liberty of hissing him. A letter in the *Boston Gazette* states that Mr. Rignold apostrophised this sibilant individual as "Fiend," and that the offending demon was ejected.

D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY

LANCER. Just published, a New Set of Lancers, on Favourite Airs from Arthur Sullivan's Operetta. Illustrated in Colours. Price 2s., postage-free. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

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PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS

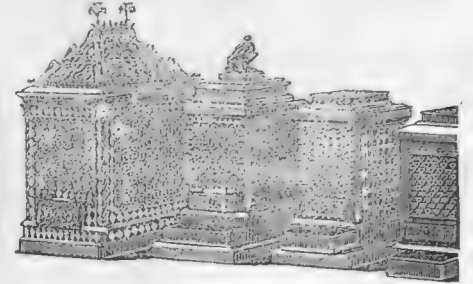
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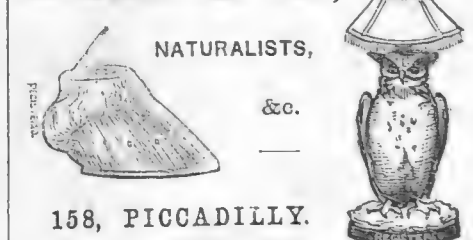


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BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square, London.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that, in consequence of Christmas Day falling on Saturday, there will NOT BE A SALE at ALBERT-GATE on MONDAY, DEC. 27.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

TO be LET by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS for 1876. Fifteen of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in the country to be let for next season. May be seen at the Stud Farm, near Enfield, on application to Mr. Gilbert:—

1. GENERAL PEEL.
2. BROTHER TO STRAFFORD.
3. STRAFFORD.
4. THE DRAKE.
5. BEAUVALE.
6. OUTFIT.
7. RAPID RHONE.
8. BROTHER TO RAPID RHONE.
9. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.
10. FIRST FLIGHT.
11. YOUNG TOXOPHILITE.
12. CLEVELAND.
13. TOM BOWLINE HORSE.
14. MAKE HASTE.
15. DE LACEY.
16. ALEXANDER.

May be seen at any time at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following HORSES IN TRAINING, the property of a gentleman:—

1. DALHAM, a brown colt, 4 years old, by Cathedral out of Gertrude (the dam of Curate), by The Marquis out of Betsy Carr, by Fazzoletto out of Pink Bonnet, by Lanercost; winner of the Chesterfield Handicap at Goodwood, 1874, and the City and Suburban, 1875.
2. ASCETIC, a bay colt, 4 years old, by Hermit out of Lady Alicia, by Melbourne out of Testy.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following HUNTERS, the property of John Swan, Esq., Lincoln, who is unable to hunt. The horses are in hard hunting condition, and have been carrying 15st:—

1. THE BARON, 7 years old.
2. SHANDYGAFF, 8 years old.
3. SIR ROGER, rising 5 years old.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.

LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Esby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse. Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-horse breeding, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W. For price apply to Mr. TATTERSALL, Albert-gate.

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At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare. MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

YEARLINGS FOR SALE or EXCHANGE for good BROOD MARES.—Apply to Mr. Van Haansbergen, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Filly, by Stentor—St. Etheldreda (late Sorrell); Filly, by Adventurer—Guadaloupe (fourth in Oaks); Filly, by Strathconan—Demira (sister to Stork).

STALLIONS.

1876.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos; The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom).

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluetamie, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughallaugh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamoe, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey.

CARNIVAL. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs.

CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacynora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

1876.

WAREHAM'S FARM,

Sutton Place, Guildford.

THUNDERBOLT.—Fifteen mares besides his Owner's, at 50gs a mare, groom's fee included.

THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam Needle, by Camel.—Ten mares besides his Owner's. Thoroughbred mares, 10gs; half-bred mares at 5gs; groom's fee included. Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.—Apply to GEO. PAYNE, Stud Groom.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe as above.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.

Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blackcock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster.

Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccancer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each.

Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one hour and a half from London and the same from Newmarket.

BERTRAM, a limited number of mares, at 15gs each.

GROUSE (sire of Game Bird, Lady Louisa, &c.), own brother to Laburnum, by King Tom out of own sister to Blink Benny, thoroughbred mares, 10gs; half-bred, 5gs; farmers' mares, 3gs.

Apply to Mr. WALKER, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs.

STENTOR (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

RIDING—ALLEN'S ROYAL SCHOOL, 70, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, Hyde Park, W.—Established 57 years. The hours for Ladies are from 10 till 12, and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. Gentlemen from 9 till 10, and after 3 in the afternoon. Ponies for Children.

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The high reputation these Glasses have attained induces

J. H. Steward to invite all persons seeking a Good Glass

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Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine.

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Gentlemen are respectfully invited to inspect our various descriptions of CLUMP SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, 25s. to 35s., and our new "PEDESTRIAN BOOTS," 45s.

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TOBACCO.

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RESTORE.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

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CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS.

PECTORINE.

Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Sent by the Proprietors upon receipt of stamps.

PECTORINE

cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat.

Prepared only by SMITH and CLARKE, Manufacturing Chemists, Park-street, Lincoln.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, sallowness of the skin and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

Persons of a full habit, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

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Our Captious Critic.



OF the entire tribe of nuisances in the front of a theatre (a few of which I endeavoured to point out some weeks ago) none is more noisy and objectionable than the paltry scribbler, who comes from Lord knows where and writes for Lord knows what, yet there is no speech nor language where his voice is not heard. Although the phrase will not exactly comprehend all the disagreeable qualities of this person, nevertheless, for want of a better, I will describe him as *the man who could have written it much better himself*. His character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. If he happen to sit behind you upon the occasion of a new play you will often be provoked almost to the verge of requesting him to come outside, where you may treat him as a schoolboy would a football. I should advise you to be careful, however, in this matter, for, though he will not show fight after the British fashion, he will *call you out*, after the theatrical manner of certain French journalists, and cause such a noise and make such a scene in the street that you will be fain, for decorum's sake, to let him have the best of the argument.

In the theatre you can hear his impudent remarks plainly enough from a distance, so that it will not be necessary for you to sit near in order to study this creature. You will soon recognise him by his strident and affected voice. Such and such a scene, says he, is borrowed from "Blue Blood," an original drama which he himself wrote and submitted to the distinguished author whose play you may happen to be admiring. And he makes you speedily aware, if it be an unquestionably good one, that it is plagiarism from prologue

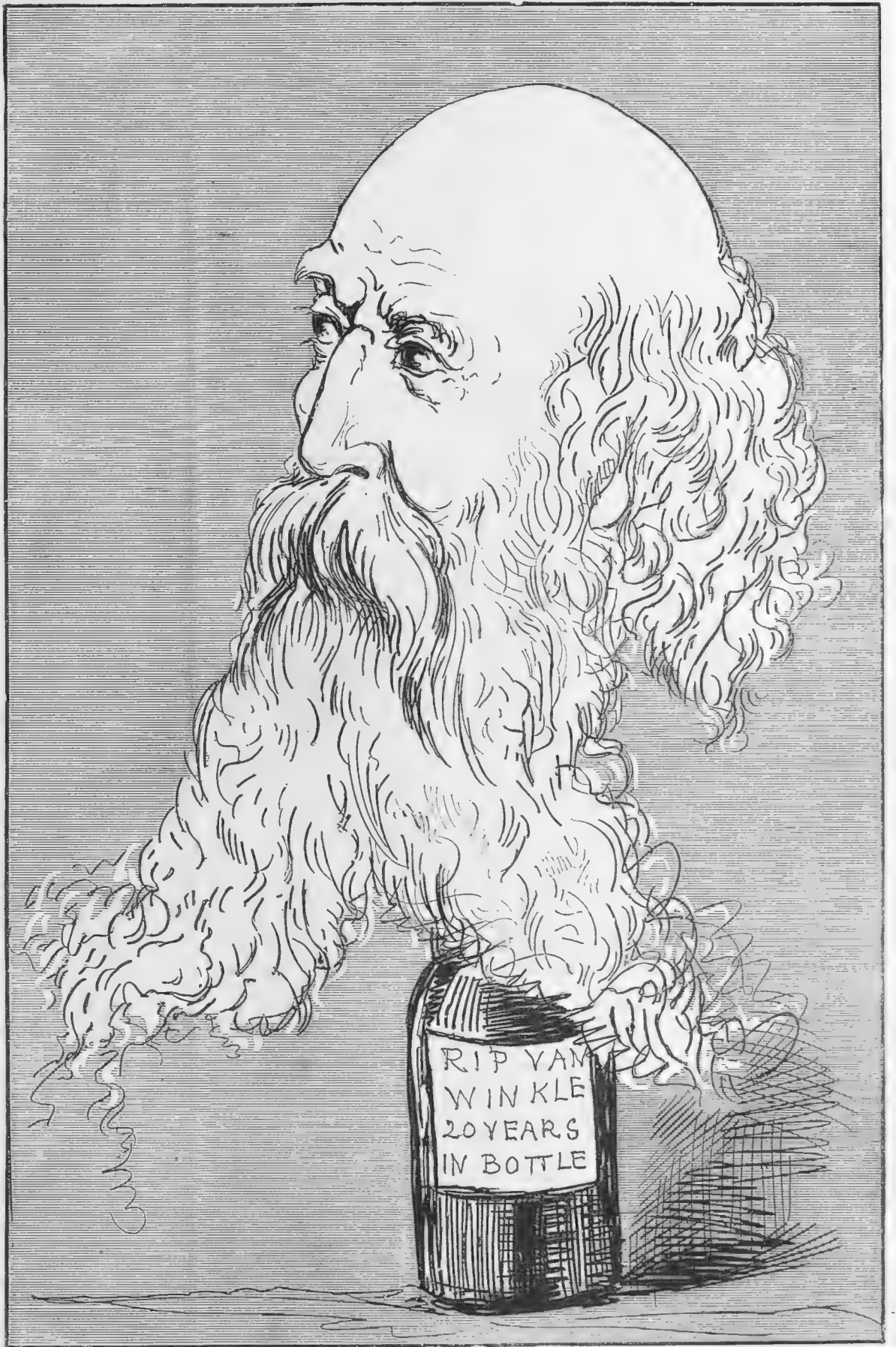


The Captious Critic's
Benediction
December 1875.

to tag. His appearance corresponds with his manner, both being a happy combination of remarkable dandyism and cheap hauteur. He is inconsiderable in stature, but considerable in point of moustache. It is at the drinking-bar he most displays his attributes. Always talking in a loud tone of voice, he will make it his business to dissent from any observation, however mildly put, in favour of the play in question, its author's character, or the character of any other industrious and successful author whose name may chance to be mentioned. If you should happen to have encountered him for the first time, and, resenting his impertinence, should ask him (or someone else) who the deuce he is, he will sputter forth like a cheap vesuvian-match that has been lying in the gutter, and straightway inform you that he is an aristocrat, that through his veins flows all the blood of all the Howards, and that he would rather his sister were anything than the wedded wife of

a tradesman. He adds to his aristocratic characteristic that of a spy; and, no matter how plebeian his patron, he appears to imagine that his own knight-errantry covers both with a shield not less vulnerable than the divinity that doth hedge a king. When, some day, his eyes are rudely opened to his mistake, I trust that ancestral pride which has ever accompanied aristocratic failures to the gallows will not desert him under equally trying circumstances.

I had never seen Joseph Jefferson play Rip van Winkle before, or, mayhap, like some of the more experienced of my critical brethren, I might now be able to qualify the intensity of my admiration for that performance. As it is, I confess I could never approach it with any other language than the language of unmitigated praise. The humour is irresistibly genuine, and the pathos is so masculine and natural that grown men must,



Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

It is a performance which cannot but recall to the most world-hardened of us a memory of the freshness of his boyish joys, the keenness of his boyish sorrows—having, besides, a sterner significance in relation to the vexed problems of man's life. It is repeating a truism, doubtless, to say that humour and pathos are of the selfsame material; but never did artist more forcibly illustrate the fact than does Jefferson in his one great character.

Ne'er did eyes with humour twinkle
Like the eyes of Rip van Winkle.
Sobs must sound and laughter tinkle
In one breath at Rip van Winkle.
All his sins can't make us think ill
Of dear drunken Rip van Winkle.
Who won't take to drink, if drink 'll
Make him such as Rip van Winkle.
Recording angel e'en must sprinkle
Pard'ning tears o'er Rip van Winkle.

I vow that when it came to the part where the captivating and human-hearted reprobate is about to leave his home at the stern mandate of his wife; when he stands at the door with his children clinging imploringly about his knees; when his little daughter—dearest treasure and solace of a henpecked man's life—succumbs under the weight of her agony; when thoroughly sobered and awake to the gravity of his situation, pointing to the prostrate child, he says to his wife, in a voice full of yearning protest against the injustice of her justice, "I go; I go—but I come again no more," I cried like a woman. Who could help it, except perhaps some of those spotless Pharisees who have no feeling for the infirmities of man's nature? And their smiles and their tears are alike a matter of indifference to the great majority of us sinners. Jefferson's Rip van Winkle is not merely a diverting spectacle, it is what all high art should be, elevating as well as captivating, with an ethical significance as well as an artistic charm. It is to such performances as this that we who hold dear the stage can confidently point in answer to the numerous (and often, it must be granted, valid) objections of those who would willingly see it abolished. After him there

can be written no rarer or more precious epitaph upon Joseph Jefferson than this:—

He created Rip van Winkle.

I have said that I find myself unable to attempt any criticism of this performance. A Captious Critic even must have his melting moments, and this is one of mine. As for the play itself, it has little or no merit beyond what is quite commonplace. Beside Rip all the other characters appear insignificant. For Mrs. Mellon's portrait of the unforgiving wife I have no great liking. It is too coarsely drawn, and increases the sense of improbability which is ever lurking behind the situation. Mr. Irish, as Derrick, is no more than satisfactory. Mr. Terle is graceful and intelligent, as it is his wont to be. The two child-actors, by the name of Grattan, are good. The other characters maintain their insignificance with commendable carefulness. With regard to Mr. Jefferson's device of showing up the expression of his features by the means of powerful lights, though effective, I venture to think it somewhat superfluous and artificial.

My attention has been drawn to a pamphlet, entitled "Poets and Profits," written by Mr. C. L. Kenny at the suggestion of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, and sold at one shilling. It is no more than an *ex parte* statement of the relative pecuniary reward to the Drury Lane management of the legitimate drama versus the sensational and romantic. To judge from the fervour with which it is written one must perforce imagine that the Drury Lane manager is beset upon every side by vindictive enemies. But then he may console himself with the consideration that every good and exemplary man has had his enemies, even amongst his most intimate relations, from the days of Cain and Abel and of Romulus and Remus down to the present time. That consideration, however, has nothing at all to do with the artistic question at issue. Nor am I at this moment particularly prepared to discuss the latter. Yet the text upon which the pamphlet is projected being the notorious drama of *Formosa*, and as the said pamphlet contains a rather absurd vindication of that piece, I cannot forbear from commending it to the notice of my readers. Most of us remember *Formosa*, and a great many of us have read "La Dame aux Camellias." But we should all be surprised to hear either of those works upheld as great moral lessons, the sole tendency of which is to uphold virtue and discountenance vice. Yet hearken unto the words of "a critic and dramatist of thirty years' standing"—Mr. C. L. Kenny. "*Formosa*," says he, "if it had any purport beyond that of reaching success in a certain, perhaps not very elevated, sphere of art, but comprehensible by all alike, aimed at unveiling the danger and disgrace of associating with a certain class of sirens, whose habits and peculiarities had for a long time been discussed openly enough in the press, and their brazen obtuseness, up to the very edges of the world of fashion, pointed out as a public scandal and social danger. It might also be regarded as a warning to the other sex against yielding to temptations the brilliant results of which were daily paraded in the parks, at the opera-house, in all promiscuous public assemblies, by showing the reverse side of the picture—although it is true his naughty heroine makes a better end than ordinarily befalls her class; but then she is invested with a number of redeeming points to account for and justify her exemption from the common fate."

If the greater part of the above paragraph were written in the spirit of irony, it would be difficult to find a more pointed and effective illustration of that figure of speech than it presents. But it is not ironical. Strange as it may seem, the writer is in serious earnest; and, though it is forcibly satirical when looked at from the ironical point of view, it may be as well to inform matter-of-fact readers who, perchance, never have seen the drama of *Formosa*, that the heroine of that drama is a courtesan, who throughout the play appears surrounded by ill-gotten luxuries and everything that is pleasant and alluring. She has troublous vicissitudes, to be sure; but they are of the falsely sentimental type; and, finally, as a reward of her industrious harlotry, she becomes the lawful wife of a gentleman. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chatterton, along with the ingenious author of *Formosa*, will shortly revive that moral and instructive drama for the edification of a generation which seems likely to be demoralised by the plays of Shakespeare.

"DONCASTER" AND OURSELVES.

(To the Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
Dec. 18, 1875.

DEAR SIRS,—I have read with regret the announcement which you have caused to be made concerning me in your Christmas Number, and the rather that it would seem to suggest some improper motive on my part in writing the paragraph complained of; as to which I trust you will allow me an opportunity of justifying myself.

The facts of the case are simply these. I became, or fancied I had become, possessed of a piece of exclusive information which I was desirous of utilising for the sole benefit of the subscribers to your Paper, instead of giving it forth to the world: hoping thereby at once to render my own articles more popular, and, in the event of success, enhance the reputation of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS as a reliable vehicle of sporting information.

To tell truth, I had no idea at the time that my invitation would be responded to by anyone, and no one was more surprised than myself at the mass of replies which the paragraph in question called forth; but what I wrote inadvertently I meant honestly, without the smallest expectation of gain or profit to myself, and, as I have said, with the sole view of benefiting your subscribers.

I should disdain to defend myself against such a charge, but I fearlessly appeal to all who know me or my conduct on the press whether I am capable, and still less open to the suspicion, of attempting to institute what you term "private tipping as known in turf circles" at the expense of my employers.

In saying so much, I am not blind to the fact that I have been guilty of a grave error of judgment, and I deeply regret its consequences; but I trust you will allow this justification of my motives to appear in your columns, and acquit me of the grave imputation you have publicly cast upon me, which if I allowed to pass unnoticed must ever remain a stigma on my professional reputation.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
"DONCASTER."

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.—The committee of the Société des Steeplechases in France have fixed the dates of the Auteuil meetings for 1876, as follow:—Feb. 20, 27; March 5, 12, 19, 23, and 26; April 16; June 5 (Grand Steeplechase of Paris); and Nov. 5 and 12.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 193, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 193, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 193, Strand.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

THE rumours rife a few weeks since concerning the retirement of Galopin from the scenes of his many triumphs have received confirmation by his withdrawal from work; and in the next issue of the *Calendar* we shall probably learn something as to his destination at the stud. He leaves the turf with the undoubted diploma of "best of his year;" but whether his contemporaries were above or below the average we must wait for another season to show. Whatever doubts may be cast upon his character as a stayer of the first water, no one can deny his right to the honour of being reckoned among the fastest horses "of any age or country." It was a treat to witness the marvellous speed which enabled Morris to come through with him in the Derby, and to play with his opponents all the way from start to finish. His Ascot form and subsequent victory over Lowlander at Newmarket stamped him as a wonder among sprinters; and if Prince Charlie had not been withdrawn from his racing labours last year we might have witnessed a yet more exciting struggle between the "Princes." The popularity of Galopin's successes has been materially enhanced by the high character borne by his owner during a very long and not over-fortunate connection with the turf; and the cordial reception of his long-deferred Derby triumph by the masses furnishes another proof—if any, indeed, were needed—that honourable sportsman, of whatever nation, fail not to find a place in the hearts of admiring Englishmen. Fortunately, our great races have hitherto mostly fallen to the lot of men of position and standing; and may that day be far off when we are doomed to see winning names associated with men who have condescended to the dirty tricks of their trade and who have not hesitated to pervert the noble animal to the basest of uses!

We think the Prince has exercised sound judgment in taking the somewhat unusual step of shelving a Derby winner at the termination of his three-year-old career. The horse had no valuable or important engagements to meet in 1876; he had done well and thoroughly all that he was asked to accomplish, and his reputation was hitherto untarnished. It was notorious, too, that Dawson encountered great trouble and anxiety in preparing Galopin for his races early in the year; and it might be

deemed prudent to permit him to retire a practically sound horse, with all his honours thick upon him. On the other hand, it may be construed into a sign of weakness that Galopin has not been kept in training to contest some of the great cups of next season; more especially as the Americans have come among us with the express intention of measuring swords with our vaunted stayers. The inference in some minds will be, that doubts are entertained as to the stamina or soundness of the Derby winner, and that the exercise of Prince Batthyany's discretion arose from circumstances connected with the knowledge of their champion's powers which rendered it unadvisable to "go on with him," as trainers say. But we suppose it will be the old cry of the world, "which credits what is done, and deaf to all that might have been," so that Galopin will receive the benefit of the doubt, at any rate; and during the winter months advocates of his excellence and detractors from his performances will have a delicious opportunity of fighting their battles upon paper, and arraying arguments on each side in support of their theories. It has been a terrible knock-down blow and sore discomfiture for the anti-Blacklock school this Derby victory of the "accursed blood;" but there will be balm in Gilead yet for their wounded susceptibilities, and they may indulge in a good crow over the Prince's refusal to pit his crack against the cup fields of next year. Meanwhile Galopin will commence life at the stud with every prospect of immediate success; and if the roaring Prince Charlie can command a full list at fifty guineas, there should be no manner of doubt concerning Galopin's capabilities to render a profitable account of himself at the outset of his career as a Father of the Stud. The public impulsively rush to patronise a Derby winner, and, though some few may hang back, from prejudice, his reputation does not suffer thereby. The fact that his sire is yet alive and flourishing in a green and vigorous old age will not detract from his chance of success; while he will become additionally valuable in the eyes of many who have long been looking for a revival in the family of which Voltigeur was for years the acknowledged head, but has failed to leave behind him any worthy to keep up the Blacklock succession. Another point in Galopin's favour is his good looks, a feature not usually associated with the tribe from which he boasts a double descent, and one which the enemies of his race have selected as a foundation on which to upraise their theory as to his doubtful paternity. But nothing can prevent him from being accepted as he appears in the stud-book, and so all conjectures are unprofitable as well as ungracious. His owner is sure to be careful to whose hands his favourite is to be intrusted, and after recent sad examples of over-taxation in early days, we need not apprehend the possibility of an "ugly rush" upon his services. Breeders are certain to dip freely into any new source of blood, especially when it presents itself with such high recommendations as Galopin brings with him to his new field of labour.

After a horse has commenced life with a hard course of training for his two-year-old engagements, and has satisfactorily passed through the ordeal of a Derby preparation, and finally has come out victorious in the great event of the year, there can be no great object in risking his soundness in order to win a cup race or two, in which the honour is greater than the emolument, and no considerable return can be expected in the shape of bets. It is not every horse which, like Doncaster, goes on improving with age, and is enabled to wind up a brilliant career in the traditional blaze of glory. It is better, therefore, that they should gracefully retire when the zenith of their fame is considered to have been reached; and we are altogether opposed to the notion that a horse is to be kept in training so long as his legs will carry him. We don't like to see animals which have once distinguished themselves in a marked degree gradually descending the ladder, rung by rung, until they finally settle down to the level of mere platers. Such things have been; but the conviction is gradually gaining ground that overwork on the turf impairs the constitution of horses intended for the stud, and that a young, fresh stallion is to be preferred to the worn-out veteran who has tarried too long upon the stage. We are glad that Prince Batthyany does not intend Galopin to leave England, thus showing the true spirit of a sportsman in pleasing contrast to those of his brethren who care not what becomes of an old favourite so long as the value placed upon him finds its way in hard cash into their pockets. We should have preferred to see the son of Vedette pitted against "all creation" (including his American cousins) next season; but, as some compensation for the loss of such a treat, we can boast the addition of a clever, good-looking, and almost unbeaten horse to our stud resources.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL had their last sale before Christmas on Monday last. We quote some of the prices:—

THE PROPERTY OF MR. SKIPTON.		Gs.
Mozart, 6 yrs, by Scottish Chief or Costa—Morgan la Faye	100	
Pacha, 5 yrs, by Knight of the Crescent, dam by Wild Dayrell	50	
Conchil, 4 yrs, by Consul out of No Chance	500	
Jardinière, 2 yrs, by Blinkhoolie out of Princess Beatrice	150	
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Altesse, 6 yrs, by The Duke out of Her Highness	50	
Pimplea (foaled 1868), by Wild Dayrell out of Spots	33	
Havannah, 3 yrs, by Wingrave out of Latakia	30	
Evangeline, 2 yrs, by Blair Athol out of Evelyn	51	
Blarney, aged, by Rattle out of Hibernia	70	
Fitz-Oliver, 4 yrs, by Fitz-Roland out of Rosalie	62	
Vagabond (late Good Friday), 6 yrs, by Loiterer out of Princess	67	
The Knight, aged, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter	60	

MR. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the American long-distance pedestrian, reached London on Saturday from New York, and was present at Lillie-bridge on Monday.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—The South-Western Railway will run the 9.30 train from Waterloo to Wokingham for the Friday's meet with these hounds.

INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—A meeting of this club was held at Clifton, near Bristol, on the 15th inst., when a silver goblet, shot for in an optional sweepstakes at six birds each, two at 24 yards, two at 27 yards, and two at 30 yards, was won by Mr. Mervyn King, who killed five good rocks out of six in beautiful style, Mr. W. Beloe being second.

Canine Notes.

ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.

THE above show commenced on Tuesday, the 14th inst., under the auspices of the Kennel Club, and proved a genuine, legitimate success. Indeed, nothing was wanting that could contribute, in the smallest degree, to the comfort of the dogs or to the gratification of the thousands who visited the show. Before passing any further remarks upon the general arrangements, we purpose alluding in the first instance to the various classes in the show and the decisions passed upon them, withholding the general critique of the show until the conclusion of this article.

Class I. Bloodhounds (dogs) were a very grand set. No. 1, Luath XI., a light-coloured one, was especially good in his head, which is simply perfection; but his body was only moderate, and his colour no doubt so told against him as to cause the judges to pass him completely over. First prize went to Major Bradford's Rollo, the dog that took second at the late Birmingham Show. The winner upon that occasion—Brutus—was here placed second. As we said before, Brutus is the better headed dog of the two, but his legs are so desperately short that Rollo's general symmetry gives the latter a more taking appearance. However, upon this occasion there was no comparison between the two, for Rollo was fine as a star, whilst Brutus was thoroughly out of condition. Poor dear old Roswell got an H.C., and we are very sorry for it. A dog of his age should be kept at home, and judges should not encourage the resuscitation of corks by going out of their way to do them honour; not for the merits they possess now, but simply because years and years ago they were unconquerable. Young dogs can't be brought to the front when the commendations are largely monopolised by ancient heroes of the last decade—decayed heroes, in fact—and the appearance of such should be discouraged as much as possible. The grand Peeress won easily in the bitch class, Mona, from the same kennel, getting highly commended. The class for champion mastiffs was magnificent: such an array of beauties have rarely come to judgment. Mr. Sydney Smith's Turk, winner of fifty prizes, is a pretty-looking dog, but light, and with a small head—would make a good bitch, in fact. Mr. Warrin's Tiger, one of the last three left in, is a very nice dog, with a good body, but he carries his ears badly, and was placed on one side. The battle then began in earnest between the Rev. W. J. Mellor's Turk and Mr. de Fiva's Granby, the former grand everywhere, but aged; the latter good in head and body, but weak in loins and stifles. Mr. Hodson stuck to Granby and Mr. Handley to Turk, and, neither giving way, the committee generously awarded both Turk and Granby a cup of equal value. We don't like this as a rule; exhibitors show for the honour more than the prize, and a champion dog has to be selected—why not call in an arbitrator and select him? In the champion bitch class we prefer the winner, Duchess, to Lottie, for, though the latter is about the largest bitch in England, she is too dog-headed for us. Saxon was placed first in the open dog class, a beautiful headed dog, but poor in stern; his two ends don't match. Second prize went to M. Portier's Modoc, a snipey-faced beast, with great, big ears, unfortunately like those of his father. A great mistake this award, we think. Third, Mr. Nichols's Wallace, was the best-looking dog in the show, but out of coat, so got all he deserved. Mr. Harris's Shah, placed fourth, should have been second surely. The only remark we shall make on the bitches is that Mr. Hartley's Bowness, fourth, and Mr. Hitchen's Mab, unnoticed, appear harshly treated.

Amongst the mastiff puppies Mr. Miller showed a beautiful bitch puppy named Corisande, by Turk—Duchess, which took the cup for the best mastiff bitch in the show. Mr. Gresham's kennel was in wonderful form in the St. Bernard class, all the winners, with one exception, we believe, being either his own property or bred from his dogs. It is needless to say that Hector was first and Monk second, Moltke being third, and Mr. Stiff's nice Woodin nowhere. Queen Bertha was first in the rough bitch class and Dagmar second. Smooth dogs made a good class—Monarque first and Shah second, good judging; but we liked Abbess better than Jura in the smooth bitch division, but where both are so nearly perfection it merely becomes a matter of taste, and no one could cavil at the decision of the judges whichever was placed first. An unfortunate blunder on the part of the judges took place in the St. Bernard puppy class, for, considering Mr. du Maurier's grand dog Chang over age, they passed him over. The only fault that can now be found in Chang is that he lacks the white blaze up his face, but his bone and substance is immense; the very fact of his immense size deceiving the judges must show what a fine dog he is, and that he is certain to win in the highest company ere long we prophesy. Chang's own sister, Grand Duchess, was also unnoticed, we regret to say; she is a clipping little bitch, but no blaze. We liked second prize, Mr. Adams's Mont Cenis, very much better than first; he is looking better than when he was at Nottingham, and will grow into a very grand dog. Newfoundlands were very moderate. Leo, the "Nottingham dog," was second here; he has a retriever's head; the winner, Nep, was just moderate. Mr. Parkes's Bevis, first prize deerhound, is all quality; after him, if not before him, we should have put Mr. Wright's Bevis, and third we should have awarded to the Prince's Torrum. Bruce, the second prize, seemed so desperately short in the face beside the two former that his good body and legs were lost sight of. Mr. C. Rotheram's great, sprawling, helpless-looking young Torrum was deservedly passed over, and third prize went to Shuloch, the winner at Wolverhampton last spring. Mr. Lucas's Linda was first in the bitch class; she is one of the finest seen for years, and was promptly claimed at her selling price. Lauderdale won first in deerhound dogs; beating, amongst others, Lord Derby, the latter, however, is quite out of form at present, having had a deal of showing in the last three weeks. Mr. Sharples also took first and second in the bitch class with his excellent Bit of Fun and Queen Bertha. The extra classes for sporting and non-sporting foreign dogs were amongst the gems of the show. In the former almost all got equal £3 prizes, and we may mention Mr. Seton's Rammoneur, Mr. Southwell's Czar, and the Princess of Wales's Melodetz. In the latter the Prince's two magnificent Thibet mastiffs, Siring and Tayshi, were the recipients of universal admiration. They were marked precisely like a Gordon setter, and their coats are much of the same texture; the forehead, especially of the dog, is very wrinkled, and the scalp appears to drop over towards the eyes like a cowl. Pointers were poor, very poor, and contained nothing worthy of special commendation; therefore, when we state that Mrs. Arkwright took first in the open 65lb-dog class with General, first in the champion bitch class with Mink, first in the open dog class under 65lb with Tramp, second in the open bitch class with Primula, and second with Bess in the small bitch class, we have said nearly sufficient. Mr. J. H. Salter was very lucky, and shared the honours in these classes with the lady; but as there was very little else to beat, a friendly curtain may be drawn over the failings of the remainder. Mr. Hemmings's grand dog Rock was placed

first in the champion English setter class, beating Mr. Bowers's Bandit, good dog as the latter is, fairly. However, the latter gentleman atoned for this reverse in the open class, as he won with Rock II., a beautiful dog, with faultless back and loins, and the sort of head to make a setter-fancier dream about. Our old friend Ginx's Baby was here unnoticed, which appears hard. In the bitch class the Prince of Wales's Ruby won; she is very nice, and after her we liked Bijou and the Pomona winner Frances as well as any. Lang was alone in the Gordon setter champion class, and there were no entries in the corresponding bitch division, so no prize was given. The other classes of Gordons were not very good; but Mr. Parsons's dog, which took first, in condition would very likely look a grand one—in his present state he doesn't. The Irish setter class contained only one really good one, and that is the unconquerable Palmerston, the Pomona and Birmingham winner. This dog is chiefly remarkable for his symmetry and the extraordinary brilliancy of his colour. His feather is likewise extremely good, and his carriage is excellent. We understand that Palmerston will take his leave of the bench; and, as he has beaten all the best dogs of the day which have had the pluck to appear against him, he may be said to enter upon his retirement with "invincible" attached to his name. In the curly-coated retriever champion classes True and X I won respectively; and Mr. Shirley's Perdix, first at Hull, easily disposed of his rivals in the way class—the same gentleman's Lady Evelyn, the Hull cup-winner, winning the bitch champion class, and his grand Melody occupied the same position in the open class. The latter seems to have improved in appearance since Birmingham, but we should have watched the renewal of the fight between her and Pelican with great interest, had the latter appeared. Mr. Bullock's Nabob took first prize in the Clumber spaniel class, beating Belgrave with difficulty, however.

The champion class for Sussex spaniels was one of the features of the show, for it contained Bustle, Max, and Lawyer, and three such beauties have seldom been seen together in a class, as all were in tiptop condition. There is a decided difference in type between Lawyer and Bustle; and the judges—correctly, we think—decided in favour of the latter. This confirms the decision of Messrs. Lort and Handley at Hull; and the verdict gave universal satisfaction then, as now. Mr. Bowers took first in the open class for Sussex spaniels (dogs) with Rover III.; and second, extra prize, very highly commended and highly commended, with Duchess III., Maud, Beryl, and Beatrice, in the bitch class.

The fox-terriers champion class was full of quality, containing as it did such beauties as Buffet, Jim, Tart, Willie, Rattler, &c.; but the judges here seemed to have not the slightest doubt as to which was the best, for they, almost immediately the dogs entered the ring, gave the prize to the much-dreaded Rattler. It is a decision with which it is very hard to find fault, as this makes the ninety-ninth first prize this dog has obtained, and he really seems to be invincible. Many judges affirm that his ears are not carried correctly; but no dog is perfect, and, if the above is his only fault, he must be a good one. For our own part, we should like to see him a little flatter in the skull; but his body, feet, and legs are simply perfection, and he must be handed down to posterity as the fox-terrier of the present day. There seems to be abroad some misconception as regards his weight, but we are in a position to state positively that he scales as nearly as possible 19lb 10oz, which is a very handy size. Buffet won the cup presented by Mr. Gibson for the best fox-terrier of his breeding in the show, which he certainly was; but we cannot express our approval of an exhibitor giving cups for animals bred by him; the system is a bad one, and it is greatly to be hoped that this case will not be received as a precedent upon future occasions. Jim is a little beauty, all quality, and is one of the best in the show. Lille won very easily in the champion bitch class. Mr. Allison's Jester II. is a very taking dog, and won first in the open fox-terrier dog class under 20lb. Mr. Whittle's Snap, sold to Mr. Burbidge for a hatful of money, was second; but Saxon, third, was better. The bitch class displayed the eccentricities of genius in a wonderful manner. The other day Mr. Cropper judged at Birmingham, and very properly placed Vine first; now he judges in London, and one of the first bitches that is hustled out of the ring unnoticed is the identical animal that won in the "very good class" at Birmingham! Such inconsistency appears unaccountable, for it is impossible that the winner in a class, the whole of which is complimented by the judges, could so deteriorate in the short space of time that has elapsed as not to deserve even a commendation in a class not so highly honoured. We now come to sheep-dogs (champion class); and here Darnley easily disposed of his sole opponent, Mr. Doyle's Trip. In the open class, Mr. Shirley took first with a nice-looking one called Tricolour, the second prize going to the Prince of Wales for his Tip, a very inferior colley with a round head. The best in the class, to our idea, was Mr. Jubb's Bruce, a beautiful tortoiseshell dog, but only the recipient of a highly commended. Mr. Shirley took first, second, and third in the bitch class with Trio, Triplet, and Triad; we liked the former far the best, the second we did not much like, her tan was so dark. The pretty harlequin-coloured Fan won in the smooth-bitch class, and it was a near thing between her and Yarrow, and it always will be when they meet—one is just as good as the other. Dalmatians were a very poor lot indeed, and the first prize went to the best, Mr. Britton's Captain; the second was a bad-skulled one, with a sour temper: the least said about the rest the better. And now why are these pretty dogs so passed over by fanciers? A good Dalmatian's skull and front are of exquisite shape and mould, and the beautiful shades of colour in a good one ought to delight people of taste. An fancier told us "they didn't pay, they eat too much, and it was difficult to dispose of whelps." About their appetites we cannot say much, but we fancy we know several parties who would readily purchase any reasonable number of well-marked symmetrically-shaped pups.

Bull-dogs were few in numbers, but some good ones were shown. The champion class had only one entry, Captain Donald Shaw's Warrior, by Tumbler from Wasp, winner of many prizes in good company. Warrior is a red-brindled dog of about 42lb weight at present; but he could easily be made two or three pounds heavier, and he would look all the better for it. He possesses a splendid chest and body, and first-rate legs and feet; his skull is large, and his ears and eyes are models of fineness and fulness respectively. His only fault is that he has a tendency to be downfaced, and his immensely heavy chop increases this appearance. The winner in the open class, Mr. Layton's Master Gully, has precisely the same fault as Warrior, and the likeness between the dogs is very striking. This is the more singular, as Master Gully is no relation to the champion, but is a son of Mr. Evans's Britton, a cobby-looking moderate sort of dog, all white but two patches on his head; but which from this date must stand before the public in the enviable position of a stud-dog which not only begets stock superior to himself, but of a different and vastly superior type. "It's a wise child that knows its own father," and the intelligence displayed by Master Gully is beyond all praise. Second prize, Mr. Joyce's Prince Charlie, is an enormous dog, with button ears, and inferior, in all points but the nose, to the same

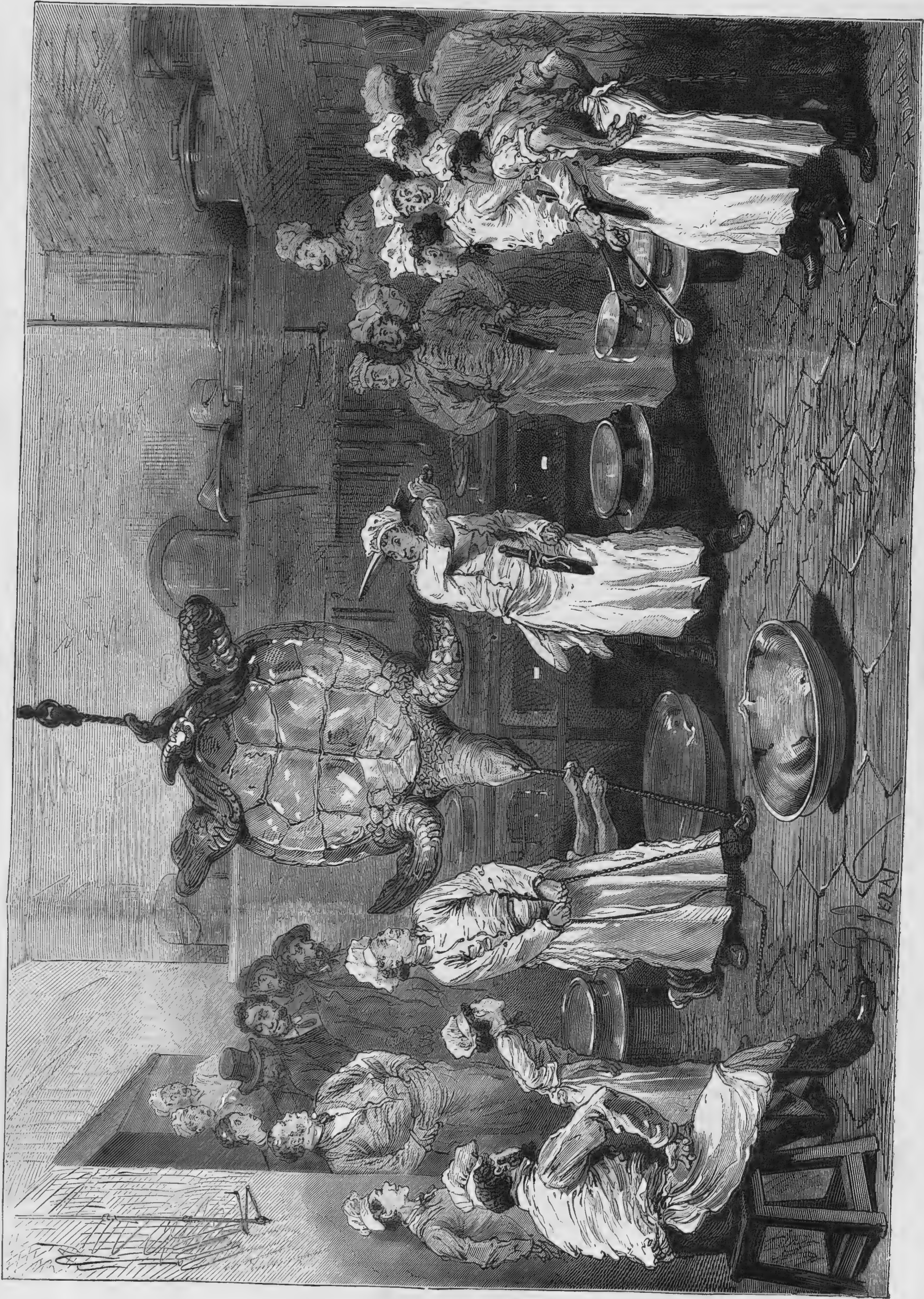
owner's Bacchus, placed third. Bacchus's "Dudley" front and eyes spoils a very, very grand head; but we should have liked to have seen him higher up on the list. Mrs. Rodger showed two in Nettle and her daughter Nell Gwynne, the prize going to the young one; Nettle ought not to have been shown, being in whelp. The above were the only two in the bitch class. The mixed class for dogs and bitches under 40lb weight was very good, the prize going to Mr. Mayhew's King, a nice red little dog, winner at Crystal Palace and Birmingham; second prize was awarded to Mr. Vero Shaw's fallow-and-white bitch Sting, a happily-named Sister to Nettle. Mr. Alexander's Blondin was third; he appeared much over the weight, but, as the weighing-machine was not used in this class, it is impossible to be certain; but, if under weight, we prefer him to King. Mr. Vero Shaw got very highly commended with his Sepoy, the winner at Nottingham, now thoroughly out of condition. Mr. G. Raper's Cloddy, a nice bitch, but down-faced, got commended. Mr. Boyce's Tarkin won easily in the large bull-terrier class, Mr. Mayhew's amiable Nelson being second, the place he should have occupied at Birmingham. There were three very remarkable-looking animals in the class, which bore an outward resemblance to pointers, being of a rich red colour with nice large falling ears! How their owner could delude himself into the fact that he was showing bull-terriers is a mystery. But the more excruciating part of the thing is that the above possess a pedigree; one of them appears to be the father of the other two, a conspicuous position in his pedigree being occupied by a dog called Bear, whose chief merit appears to be that he had only three legs. We confess to feelings of compassion for the poor brute in his affliction, but don't see that it makes his offspring a bit better. Mr. Pfeil took first and second in the large bitch class with his two Puss's: the second is far superior to the first in body and lip, and should have won easily. Mr. Boyce's Rose was a lot better than the second in the small class. Mr. Shirley showed a nice-bodied one, married by having coloured ears. Mr. Roccoft's Hull winner Sylph took first in the white English terrier class; she is a beauty, full of quality all over. The black-and-tan classes were merely repetitions of Mr. Lacy's Hull triumphs, and now we pause at Skye terriers. In the class of drop-eared Skyes the Princess of Wales won with a very nice-looking one called Dandy. Prick-eared Skyes were well judged—the winner, Mr. Pike's Oscar, being a very nice one; his Charlie, placed second, has an unusually good coat. Mr. Locke's grand Dandie Dimont Doctor easily topped the list in the class for dogs of that breed, the same gentleman's Gyp occupying a similar position in the bitch class. Doctor is good all over, but he is a trifle too high on the leg to meet our view of perfection. Gyp is very nice, but rather fine-coated. Harry Bertram, after a year of bad luck, was second to Doctor; and Nell Gwynne, from the same kennel, was next to Gyp in the bitch class. Mr. Lacy's handy dog Broom, the Hull winner, won very cleverly in the class for wire-haired terriers; and, of course, Mr. Pickett was first and second with Tyneside and Tynedale in the Bedlington class. Dachshunds did not appear very good; possibly because the north-country cracks were absent, and also from the fact that Mr. Lovell was judging, and therefore could not exhibit his team for competition. The Earl of Onslow won with a nice dog called Waldman in the black-and-tan class; but the red class, with the exception of Zampa, were only commended; and Mr. Lovell's string were a very ordinary lot, all being dreadfully flat in the skull.

Pomeranians and pugs were very fair, and appeared well judged; but we greatly preferred Little Blossom to Fred in the Blenheim spaniel class. Of course, Miss Dawson's Frisky won easily in the King Charles division, and Mr. McDonald's beautiful Molly added another to her long list of wins in the Italian greyhounds. Mrs. Bligh Monck took first and second in the broken-haired toys with her two beauties, Little Midge and Bright II.; of the two we prefer the winner's coat, but the second dog's colour is far preferable. Of the puppies we preferred Mr. Stiff's grand St. Bernard litter by that grand sire Thor from Hilda, and the Rev. W. J. Mellor's mastiffs, to any others.

In conclusion, we wish to express our grateful acknowledgments to all those gentlemen connected with the show from whose hands we experienced so many courtesies. The press received interleaved catalogues early in the day, and were afforded almost equal facilities with the judges for inspecting the dogs in the ring, added to which every sort of information we tried to obtain was most readily and cheerfully afforded in the kindest manner possible, from Mr. Shirley himself down to the lowest keeper; and this treatment, so different in itself from that which we have lately experienced elsewhere, makes us feel doubly grateful. The show must have proved an enormous success, and for a winter exhibition the building is unsurpassed by any in the country. Every care was taken of the dogs, and the liberality of the committee was unbounded. And now we must, reluctantly, take leave of this most pleasant subject; and, whilst sincerely wishing a very happy Christmas to all our many readers and doggy friends, we would venture to express the wish that this splendid show really will prove the harbinger of the good time we all hope is coming for dog-shows, of that good time when dogs, not men, win the prizes; and when a man is considered to be acting dishonestly if he exhibits one dog under another's name; when the evils attendant upon borrowing dogs and inventing spurious pedigrees are stamped out; and last, though not least, when exhibitors may show their dogs without having to take the precautions they have to do now against their pets being poisoned or otherwise injured by some unscrupulous scoundrel.

GRAND NATIONAL HUNT COMMITTEE.—The third annual general meeting of this committee was held at Messrs. Weatherby's office, 6, Old Burlington-street, London, on Monday, Dec. 13, when the notices of motion given by Lord C. I. Ker, and seconded by Mr. Richardson, "That no race shall be of less value than 20 sovs. and any horse running for any less sum to be disqualified. This not to prevent horses walking over for a less sum," was carried; as was also that given by Lord Melgund, and seconded by Colonel Byrne, "To assimilate rules 3 and 4, making the penalty for winning and maiden allowance rest on the same conditions, and to bring hurdle-races under the same rule, so that a winner is one that has won a steeplechase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat race, and a maiden one that has never won any such stake." The committee also decided that the next National Hunt Meeting shall be held next spring in conjunction with the Eglinton Hunt gathering at Bogside, where there is one of the best natural hunting courses in the United Kingdom. The large sum of £1000 added money has been guaranteed, which, with other inducements, will no doubt attract horses from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Nothing was settled about the fixture, but April 4 and 5 were mentioned as convenient dates in a week when there is no meeting of any importance in England.

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BEHEADING THE TURTLE.

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if you are called upon to do so, the best thing to do is not to pay a lump sum down, but to make an arrangement on the principle of payment by results, which may be done in various ways. Thus, you may agree to pay so much for a shot at an elk whether you bag your game or not; or you may pay so much for every one you bring down. Under any circumstances you would be expected either to give up the meat, or, at any rate, see that valuable food is not wasted. There is as strong a prejudice in Norway as there is in parts of Canada against a sportsman who neglects this latter unwritten law. However, there is no hardship in observing it, as your hunter will save you any trouble in the matter. I must reserve a notice of the habits of the elk and the mode of hunting it for another paper.

HOW HUBERT THE HUNTER BECAME A SAINT.*

AN OLD FOREST LEGEND OF ARDENNES.

As the children say, let us suppose. And we'll suppose that you and I are tourists, seeking the picturesque in Belgium. We come to the romantically situated town of Dinant, on the River Meuse. Now it follows as a matter of course that, being here with such a purpose, we have started by train and are on our road to the tiny forest town of St. Hubert to look in upon its stately old abbey church, adorned with precious marbles. It also follows, and, also of course, that from here we wander out into the grand old forest, which surrounds and gives its name to the small town.

We climb jutting crags and dangerous precipices; we force our way through wild tangled undergrowth; we plunge into gloomy hollows, amidst savage rocks and caves; we mount steep, heathy hills, wander by dark, swift-running streams; and we lose ourselves in vast forests of ancient oaks, stretching far and wide over the plains, and climbing to the tops of the great hills. So the day passes.

A strange wild place is this in which to sit down and rest as the gathering shades creep out stealthily from the forest's depths, where all day long they have been hiding. Its solitude grows awfully solemn. The silence, broken only by still small voices of trembling leaves and whispering grass, is depressive. We eat, drink, and speak but little. There is a pensive spirit abroad which has taken captive our thoughts and enchaind our feelings. The air has grown chilly with the rising mist, and we shudder. The objects around us have lost their definitions and have blended into new strange shapes while we have been finishing our wayside meal. Their cheerful and varied colouring, too, has gradually degenerated into sober greys and mournful black, with solemn purples in the distance.

It is just the witching time for some weird story of old-world forest superstition. Everything around us would conspire to give it reality. And it is of a verity just the place of which such stories are most abundantly told—the forest of Ardennes.

Look, even with the thought, yonder! Is it shaped out by the dark branches and leafless twigs against the silvery grey of moonlit mist? And is that merely the blurred indistinct form of the moon itself which is seen above it? Or is it really the dimly-seen white stag of the imaginative St. Hubert, with the silver cross gleaming between its mighty antlers?

You have not, perhaps, heard the story how that bold hunter, the son of Bertrand, Duke of Guienne, in his passion for the chase, devoted his entire life to it, pursuing his game at all times and seasons, now spearing the savage boar, now madly spurring his fleet steed in pursuit of the flying stag, while the air rang with the blast of his merry horn and the voices of his dogs. We will give you it in outline.

The forest of Ardennes was then in its state of primitive wildness, with miles upon miles of impenetrable thickets, into which no human being dared to venture—regions of eternal darkness, defying even the brightest sunlight of long summer days to penetrate their blackness—peopled by madmen, by devils, and cruel magicians, as well as by wild beasts of the most terrible description. The howling of wolves and the growling of bears, with the bellowings of herds of buffaloes mingling with the varied cries of other wild animals now unknown to the locality, then made the winter nights hideous. It required some courage then to tread alone the savage solitudes of this vast forest; and the hunter who was separated from his fellows in these dreary wastes knew that his life was in his strong right hand, to hold it or to die.

But, trained to war from his infancy upwards; passing days and even nights alone in the forests; scornful of danger, and indifferent to all deaths but that of peace or cowardliness, Hubert the Hunter's favourite resort was even then the most secret thickets of this Forest of Ardennes. When the holy bells of the Christian churches called their people to prayer on Sabbath mornings the fierce cries of Hubert's heathen men and dogs would drown the priest's voice at the altar. When, in penitence and fasting, the Christians prostrated themselves before their God imploring His mercy and forgiveness, Hubert, the heathen hunter, would mock them scornfully. When the priest raised the holy symbol of their faith in Christ's suffering and death, the fiend-like laughter of Hubert would make every Christian heart swell with anger or grow still with fear.

At length there came a notable Yule-tide when snow and ice reigned in the dark forest, and the grey blinding mist arose in their frozen solitudes. Then the people who had been converted to the White Christ's merciful creed saw that Hubert was determined to do them violence, and they prayed for him in their churches, pleading with Heaven for his conversion. But he made merry with his heathen companions and laughed them to scorn, and smote at them with his weapon, uttering blasphemy the while, and so rode into the forest to join the turbulent hunting party.

As the day declined a majestic stag was started, white as the snow over which it gallantly bounded, and in the ardour of the pursuit Hubert outstripped his wild mates and found himself alone in the wildest part of the forest, with the mist rising and the shadows deepening about him. Afar off he heard faintly the vesper bells, and he knew that the Christians in their little church would be praying for him. And at the thought he laughed aloud, a scornful and bitter laugh.

Nearer and nearer did he approach: to the white stag, and his heart was full of triumphant glee as he suddenly bent his bow and the long arrow whizzed through the air.

But the stag remained unharmed; and now it was motionless, while above its head shone clear and bright, shedding its silver radiance all around, a cross of silvery light!

Hubert was speechless with amazement, and as he stood a gentle voice of mournful sweetness spoke to him in accents of reproof, bidding him repent and turn from the evil of his blighted way.

It was a strange, unearthly voice, which for the moment thrilled and smote him with sudden awe. For a second his eyes sought the ground, and when he raised them no stag was visible—nothing but the snow seen through the dark trees, and the white mist and a blurred patch of silver light to show

where the moon was shining. But Hubert was from that instant a changed man.

He went back with the distant bell ringing to vespers still faintly sounding amongst the mysterious whisperings of the forest, musing deeply of his past life, and full of strange forebodings concerning the evil of it. He went home to pass a sleepless night, thinking of that miraculous voice and the extraordinary apparition which he had so desperately pursued.

On the following day, renouncing equally his vices and his pleasures, he became a Christian, and passed the rest of his days in prayer and penance, devoting his fortune to the Church and acquiring such a degree of sanctity as to work miracles. So sacred, indeed, did he become by doing good and pious deeds that every thread of the garments he wore caught the power within him and began to work miracles also. Placed on the head of those who suffered from hydrophobia the merest shred of his Benedictine frock sufficed to effect a perfect cure.

In due time Hubert went forth into the fear-haunted woods and wilds once more, no longer as a hunter of beasts, but as a missionary to hunt heathens into the confines of Christianity. He was a zealous, indefatigable disciple of the famous Bishop Lambert, of Maestricht, to whose office he succeeded, and he died in the year 727 or 730.

As we go back to that little town which bears the saint's names, as also does the forest surrounding it in which he saw the holy vision, we will visit the saint's tomb, over which a handsome shrine was erected about twenty or more years ago. Perhaps they will show us the key which St. Peter, in a vision, gave St. Hubert—a key which to this day, and in the minds of some people, retains its ancient power of curing hydrophobia.

A. H. W.

Coaching.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COACHING, WITH ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

AMONG the "wild vicissitudes of taste," few things have undergone greater changes than carriages used for pleasure; we need not go further back than the last half century to prove what we have said. Formerly there was the lumbering heavy family coach, emblazoned with coats of arms, with a most gaudy-coloured hammer-cloth, and harness resplendent with brass or silver work. Then there was the neat light travelling postchaise, and the britchka—the latter imported from Germany—for those who posted on the roads; together with the graceful curricule, in which the gallant Anglesey and the arbiter of fashion, Count Alfred D'Orsay, were wont to disport themselves in the park; the four-horse "drag," the unpretending "tilbury," the rural-looking "dennet," the sporting mail-coach phaeton, the vis-à-vis, and the cabriolet, a French invention, which was introduced into England after the campaign in the Peninsula. Of the above, few remain. Royalty and a few of the leading aristocrats alone patronise coaches. Travelling-carriages, tilburys, dennets, curricles, vis-à-vis, cabriolets, are things of the past, and all that remains to us are town chariots, "drags," and mail-phaetons, in addition to which we have "broughams," "victorias," "waggonettes," and a few private hansom cabs. It will scarcely be believed that, some five-and-fifty years ago, almost every nobleman and gentleman used the cabriolet, "slightly altered from the French" (as the playbills say), to convey him to dinner, balls and parties; for example, the late Duke of Wellington, when Ambassador to the newly-restored monarch, Louis XVIII., in 1814-15, seldom, except on state occasions, made use of any other vehicle, the carriages being devoted to the service of the Duchess. This I can vouch for, for at that period I was attached to his Grace's staff, and was always in the habit of driving him when occupied in paying visits in the morning or of attending dinners and parties in the evening.

Never shall I forget one evening, at Paris, when driving my chief in his cabriolet from the Hôtel Borghese to the Théâtre Français, I very nearly upset the vehicle; and, as the accident occurred in a very crowded street, it might have been attended with serious consequences. It was an eventful day in my life; and, to explain my distraction on that occasion, I must enter at some length into the cause of it. This I do most readily, as the whole transaction reflects so much credit on the Duke's goodness of heart. One morning late in December the curricule was at the door, and I, equipped for the chase, was waiting to drive Wellington in his curricule to Versailles, the place where the Royal stag-hounds were to meet, when he sent for me. I found him busy over some papers. "I shall not be able to go to-day," said he, "but you can have the curricule. Tell the Duke de Berri I have some letters to write, as the messenger starts for England at two o'clock, which will prevent my meeting his Royal Highness. Elmore is sent on for me; and, as he is short of work, you had better ride him. Don't knock him about." I briefly expressed my thanks, and started for the rendezvous, where I delivered my message, and mounted the far-famed hunter, Elmore, recently purchased in England for the Duke at a high price. From the manner in which he carried me (at that time a very light weight) many of the field were anxious to possess him; indeed, it was hinted to me that the Duke could command almost any sum for him. A party of young men headed by Count d'Orsay, afterwards so well known in London, proposed a steeplechase home for a sweepstakes of one Napoleon each, which, had Elmore been my own property, I should have gladly entered him for; but I remembered the Duke's injunctions and declined. Delighted with the character the new purchase had obtained, I started to ride quietly home by myself, when, within half a league of Paris, in crossing a small grip, I found that my horse went lame. To dismount and inspect his foot was the work of a moment, but I could see nothing. No alternative was then left me but to lead the limping animal home, which I did amidst the taunts and jeers of the rabble. No sooner had I reached the stables than I sent for the head groom and the Duke's state coachman, to whom I explained all that had occurred. "Well, you have gone and done it," said the latter, who was a most eccentric character. "We wouldn't have taken three hundred guineas for that horse." This knight of the ribbons, be it remarked, always spoke in the plural number, and talked of what we had done in the Peninsula, of our triumphal entry into Madrid, and of how we had beat Ney and all the French marshals. Happily for me the Duke, who had been occupied all day, was out riding, and I did not see him until we met at dinner. I had fully made up my mind to tell him of the accident before going to bed, but waited until I received a further account of the horse's state. As a large party was assembled, little was said about the hunt until the ladies left the room, when I was called upon to give an account of the run, which I did. I then mentioned the brilliant manner in which Elmore had carried me, and the panegyrics he had received from all. "A splendid animal," said Wellington, "I hope to ride him next Monday at Fontainebleau." My heart quailed within me. The hours glided on, and when driving the Duke to the theatre that

evening in his cabriolet, so distracted was I that I grazed the curb-stone, and was within an inch of knocking over one of the gendarmes as we approached the theatre. It was late when we arrived; the last scene of *Orestes* was going on, with Talma as the hero; then followed the inimitable Mdlle. Mars in *La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq*, from which the English version of *Charles the Second* has been adapted. To account for the change of monarchs, and to explain the inconsistency of having the wicked Earl of Rochester, the companion of "Sweet Prince Hal," I may remark that when the drama was first about to be brought out in Paris, during the reign of Napoleon I., the licenser objected to Charles, he being a restored Monarch, so the author had no alternative left him but to rewrite the whole piece or change his hero. The latter course he adopted, trusting that a Parisian audience would not detect the anachronism. The perfect acting of Talma had no charm for me, and when the after-piece began I was too wretched to laugh at the bonhomie of the actor who represented Captain Copp, or to appreciate the archness of that child of nature, Mdlle. Mars as Betty. Upon leaving the theatre I became so thoroughly distracted that I scarcely knew what I was about; unluckily a young horse, who was a little skittish, had on that evening taken the place of the one I had been in the habit of driving, and, as there was an unusual crowd in the streets, extra care was necessary. With great difficulty I threaded my way through carriages of all descriptions, and was approaching the Rue de Rivoli when I heard a clattering of horses' hoofs behind me and the cheers of some hundreds of people assembled near the entrance to the Palace of the Tuileries. "It is the King returning from the Louvre, where his Majesty has been dining with Duke d'Orleans," said my companion. At that moment my thoughts were entirely engrossed with Elmore, and I was rehearsing to myself how I should break the untoward news of the accident to the Duke. So, instead of pulling the left rein to enable the royal cortège and the cavalry escort to pass me, I pulled the right one, and very nearly brought my chief to grief. Happily, however, at this moment the only damage done was to the leg of a mounted police officer, who soundly rated me in language unfit to be repeated. Misfortunes they say never come singly; we had not proceeded many yards, when a *gamin*, who had evidently a taste for pyrotechnic exhibitions, let off a cracker, which so frightened the animal I was driving that he bolted across the street, came in contact with a lamp-post, and as near as possible upset the cabriolet. What made it appear worse was that the escort above referred to was returning at a brisk trot to their barracks, and, had we been overturned, the Duke might, for the first time in his military career, have been trampled upon by French cavalry. "Lucky escape," was the only remark Wellington made, and as the danger to which I had exposed him had completely roused me from my lethargy I at once "screwed my courage to the sticking place" and told the whole of my day's adventures with the hounds. "Can't be helped," said he, in his usual quick manner; "accidents will happen." Upon the following morning my worst fears were realised; Elmore was dead lame; and when I reported this to his Grace, his only answer was, "I cannot afford to run the chance of losing my best horses; so, in future, you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare, and if you knock them up you must mount yourself." In a previous chapter I have referred to a carriage accident that occurred to Wellington when I was with him; and it is somewhat strange that I should again be by his side, and in a great measure the cause of a second misfortune.

I own myself that I regret cabriolets are no longer the fashion. For a man that can afford to keep a number of carriages a victoria and brougham are all very well; but the former is only available in fine weather, whereas a cabriolet with a projecting head could defy most showers of rain. A well-appointed cabriolet was a comfortable and gentleman-like conveyance, and, for the bachelor, did the duty of a close carriage at half the expense. A perfect cabriolet horse, however, costs money, and the equipage must be well turned out. A seedy-looking cabriolet and horse to match are abominations not to be endured. I have said that a cabriolet should be well "got up;" and in order to do this the owner must possess two horses—one for daylight and another for night work; a clever "screw" will answer for the latter purpose—one, however, that can go the pace, although he can never show until the gas is lit. No one who values a good horse would dream of allowing him to stand exposed to chilling blasts at the opera, the theatre, or his club.

At no period were carriages better constructed or more neatly turned out than they are in the present day, both as regards vehicles, harness, and horses. At the same time, without being hypercritical, I think some changes might be made for the better. Let me instance the following:—A coachman's curly wig seems quite out of character when we consider the costume of the day, and it certainly might be dispensed with. Again, a light Victoria or brougham are often to be seen with a pair of horses to each, whereas one fine stepper would be far preferable; then (happily only in a few instances) the case is reversed, and a carriage, open or shut, meant for two horses, has only one. Then in the present day, with some exceptions, noblemen and gentlemen do not keep to their old family colours; and occasionally we see a brougham black picked out with blue, and a chariot of quite a different colour. Nothing looked better than the Russel brown and blue, the Rutland and Sefton light yellow, the Hamilton red, the Foley reddish brown, the Harrington dark brown, the Anglesey dark yellow, more especially when the carriages were drawn by splendid horses.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES was present at the Paris Gaité Theatre on Thursday evening last week to witness the *Voyage à la Lune*.

THE *Paris Journal* heads an article with the following quotation from Shakespeare's *Othello*:—

BRABANTIO: Thou art a villain!

IAGO: You are—a Senator!

AT A MEETING of county gentlemen at Taunton on Saturday it was announced that subscriptions amounting to £700 a year had been promised for the purpose of maintaining a pack of foxhounds in the neighbourhood of that town.

BRIGHTON has had a successful run of one month at the Brighton Theatre. Last Monday night it was withdrawn, and *The Honeymoon* and *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* were played, for the benefit of Mr. Nye Chart.

BRIGHTON BALLS.—Several more balls are announced for after Christmas at Brighton. The County Hospital ball and the grand fancy-dress ball are annual events; but a new thing is a grand ball which will be given by the officers of the Scots Greys, who are going to issue over 600 invitations.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Adv't.]

* Vide the picture in our Christmas Number.



LES CHANSONS DE BÉRANGER.



LAUZUN.



M. GARAT.



LISETTE.



BONAPARTE A BRIENNE.



M. GARAT.



GENTIL-BERNARD.



RICHELIEU.



LA JEUNESSE DE VOLTAIRE.



LAUZUN.



LA DOUAIRESSE DE BRIENNE.



LE DÉGEL.

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ALL "GO" AND "NO GO."

themselves with more substantial, and perhaps more wholesome, food.

While on the subject of shooting I cannot refrain from quoting from Christopher North:—"Shooting grouse after red deer is, for a while, at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady's album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem." 'Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one's toes on one's return from Davis's Strait in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten tun of oil. Yes, 'tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of passion's and imagination's gamut." There is much truth in the above quaint remarks, but the real sportsman takes delight in every kind of shooting. As an urchin fresh from school, he glories in bringing down a black-bird or lark; in after days, he aspires to filling his bag with partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, snipe, woodcocks, and grouse. I speak from experience; for I have, as a Westminster boy, paid a shilling for a shot at a tame duck in some verdant pond in Totthill-fields; during the holidays I have killed a blackbird in the kitchen garden at Goodwood; I have bagged snipe in Canada close to the falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, and many a wood-pigeon in the forests near Ontario; I have knocked over many a partridge in Norfolk, and many a pheasant in the well-preserved coverts of Berkeley Castle; I have shot a woodcock at Cranford within twelve miles of London, and missed many a grouse at Cannock Chase with the hero of Sahagun, the grandfather of the present Marquis of Anglesey—and have been nearly frozen to death, when on a cold winter's night I lay down in a ditch near the banks of the Severn to bang away at a wild goose—to me literally a wild-geese chase. Although I have not had a gun in my hand for the last fifteen years, I look back with pleasure to many a happy day I have passed in pursuit of game, when the glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination ever represented to my mind the morning of life, like the morning of day; when everything was bright, sunny, and cheerful, inviting to enjoyment and contributive of pleasure. Before I conclude I cannot refrain from laying before my readers some very spirited lines by the Hon. T. H. Liddell, which I believe are not so universally known as they merit to be:—

Awake and be stirring, the daylight's appearing,
The wind's in the south, and the mountains are clearing;
A thousand wild deer in the forest are feeding,
And many a hart before night shall be bleeding.

Make ready both rifles, the old and the new,
And sharpen the edge of the rusted Skene-dhu;
Let your telescopes gleam in the bright rising sun,
We'll have need of them all ere the day's work be done.

Now brace up your sinews, give play to your lungs,—
Keep open your eyes, and keep silent your tongues;
And follow with cautious and stealthy tread
The forester's footsteps, wherever they lead.

Here pause for a moment, while yonder slope
He surveys with the balanced telescope.
By heavens! he sees them—just under the hill,
The pride of the forest lie browsing and still.

See the herd is alarm'd, and o'er the height
The leading hinds have advanced into sight.
"Hold, hold your hand till the antlers appear,
For the heaviest harts are still in the rear."

Crack, crack! go the rifles—for either shot
A noble hart bleeding sinks on the spot;
The third ball has missed, but the hindmost stag
Was struck by the fourth, as he topped the crag.

Uncouple the lurchers, right onward they fly,
With outstretching limb and with fire-flashing eye,
On the track of his blood they are winging their way;
They gain on his traces—he stands nobly at bay.

Thine heart's blood is streaming, thy vigour gone by,
Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye.
The last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee,
Magnificent creature! who would not deplore thee?

Coir-na-Minghie has rung to the rifle's first crack,
And the heights of Cairn-chlamain shall echo it back,
Glen Croince's wild caverns the yelling shall hear
Of the bloodhound that ran down the fugitive deer.

MR. W. P. WARNER, mine host of the Welsh Harp, Hendon, has been elected a member of the Kingsbury School Board.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPCHASES, 1876.—On Tuesday next the entries close for the Erdington Plate, Birmingham Grand Annual Handicap, Craven Cup, and Paget Handicap.

FATAL DUEL.—A hostile meeting with pistols took place, last week, between Mr. Lilburne, an Englishman, and a Spaniard, the Marquis de Sofraga, both living at Biarritz. They went to Vera, a Spanish village on the frontier, near Sare, occupied by the Carlists. According to the conditions of the combat, the adversaries exchanged shots at thirty paces, but without result. Second shots were fired at fifteen paces, and M. de Sofraga fell dead. The cause of the encounter is attributed to various reasons, but the most probable seems to be that Mrs. Lilburne had forbidden the Marquis to appear in her drawing-room on account of something he had said. The deceased, only thirty-five, was the son of the Duke de Rocca, who occupied a principal post near the person of Don Carlos.

HAMPTON SUMMER AND AUTUMN RACES, 1876.—On Tuesday next the entries close for the Claremont and King Hal Stakes for the Summer Meeting and the Garrick Stakes for the Autumn Meeting.

A GUN ACCIDENT occurred on Tuesday to a young gentleman named Murray, living at Ennis. He was duck-shooting on the lake, and had discharged the first barrel of his gun, a muzzle-loader. While reloading the second barrel went off, and blew away a considerable part of his right hand. Amputation of the injured part has been necessary.

PANIC IN A THEATRE.—At ten o'clock last Tuesday night, while the transformation scene was revolving in the pantomime of *Aladdin*, produced at the Alexandra Opera House, Sheffield, a gauze festoon on the stage caught fire and the flames spread across the scene and burnt two girls severely. There was a very crowded house, more than 5000 persons being present. As soon as the fire was noticed, a rush was made for the stairs, down which the people hurried frantically. The lessee, Mr. Brittlebank, promptly came forward and reassured the people, many of whom resumed their seats. The fire was got out before it spread beyond the stage, and the performance continued until it was completed.

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The Drama.

THE entertainments at all the theatres during the week have been in exact accordance with the extended programmes we set forth last Saturday, with one exception: at the Criterion, where M. Pitron's management having terminated, the performances during the week have consisted of Mr. Marshall's comedy *Brighton*, with Mr. Charles Wyndham in his original part of Bob Sackett, supported by Mr. Edgar Bruce as Jack Benedict, Mr. E. Righton as Mr. Vanderpump, &c.; and Mr. Charles Wyndham also appears as Achille Dufard in *La Débutante*. Pantomime has been banished from all the West-End theatres save Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to which latter house we give the place of honour, Mr. Blanchard's "Old Drury Annual" being reviewed on another page.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Charles Rice is again temporary lessee of this theatre, and author of the Christmas pantomime here, entitled *Cinderella and the Fairy Glass Slipper*. With the nursery tale Mr. Rice has adroitly interwoven, as an introduction, the familiar legend of the *Butterflies' Ball and Grasshopper's Feast*. The opening scene is a gigantic beehive, before which two rival queens, Honeydew, sovereign of the Bees (Miss Julia St. George), and Papillona, of the Butterflies (Miss Marie Walters), consult about what is to be done with a certain Prince Plenteous (Miss Nelly Power), godson of the Queen Bee. Both fairies are pretty well disposed to him, and determine to take the insects into their counsels. We are then transported to a cornfield, in which takes place the *Butterflies' Ball*. The stage represents a series of gigantic cornsheaves. Here gather together a great assembly of the insect world—beetles black and shiny and green and golden, bees with gorgeous orange bodies, unwieldy grasshoppers, bluebottles, &c., succeeded by hosts of fairies, who go through a graceful ballet, led by Miss Tessy Gunness, as première danseuse. The scene concludes with a grand ballet of butterflies. In the next, a road near the castle, the action really begins. This is a pretty view of a French château and landscape. Prince Plenteous, roaming away from his castle with his sprightly valet, Flunkini (Miss Maud Brennan), is just in time to rescue poor little Cinderella (Miss Amalia) from Farmer Barleybrows (Mr. Bradshaw) and his rough labourers, who are hunting her down for having gleaned in one of his fields. The Prince falls incontinently in love with the pretty heroine, and from this point the well-known incidents of the nursery tale are represented with close fidelity. The impecunious Baron Blunderbore (Mr. J. H. Rogers) and his two elder and ugly daughters, Salprunella (Mr. W. B. Fair) and Blowsabella (Mr. J. Wainwright) receive invitations to the Prince's ball, and the most humorous portion of the opening is where the two ugly sisters quarrel and wrangle while dressing for the gala fête, to which they proceed in perambulators. Poor little Cinderella, in her misery, is visited by the good Fairy Honeydew, who is disgusted to find her protégé has had no invitation from the Prince, and commands the attendance of the rats and the lizards, that change into a splendid equipage for Cinderella, who is cautioned not to let twelve o'clock strike while she is at the ball. A real carriage and six little white ponies are driven round the stage in honour of the little servant-of-all work transformed into a lady. On the road to the château certain figures, representing the different nationalities, pass across the stage. France, Germany, Ireland, and Turkey pass in review, with Russia and China in close companionship. The Dutchman, Spaniard, and Esquimaux also appear, and John Bull is, as may be expected, included in the party. The last personage of the series is a man in armour, and they are all put to flight by a Scotchman and his bagpipes. The ball-room scene gives another chance for the introduction of the ballet. A minuet à la Watteau is the first variety given, and following that are dances by parties of Spaniards, Chinese, Hungarians, &c., and a number of ballet ladies dressed as English sailors appear. To end the ballet, a number of boys dressed as Chinamen, with the orthodox pig-tail, go through an elaborate cocoanut dance, keeping time to the music with rapping the cocoanut shells together, and turning somersaults at certain intervals in the dance. Cinderella, in her happiness while dancing with the Prince, outstays the restricted hour, and the ball terminates with her flight, leaving one of her fairy slippers behind her. Then follow the proclamation of the Prince to discover the owner of the glass slipper, the failure of the two elder sisters to get it on, the success of Cinderella and her production of the fellow-shoe, when the Prince selects her as his bride; and, after a very brilliant transformation scene—of water-nymphs reclining on coral banks, or posed and suspended in mid-air and aloft—the harlequinade (short, but brisk, and full of go) takes place; the scenes including the Horseshoe Restaurant, skating of some Russians, the Suez Canal, with a ballet of black belles, a Marine Bicycle and a Swimming Race, &c.

STRAND.—The Christmas novelty here is a new bouffonnerie musicale, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, entitled *Antarctic, or the Pole and the Traces*. The plot is of the slightest, but serves as a vehicle for the introduction of sprightly dances, pleasant music, pretty scenery and dresses, and other elements of Strand successes. Fifteen years before the action of the piece commences a sea captain, on going on a discovery expedition to the South Pole, left his little daughter Flo (Miss Claude) in charge of his friend Paletot (Mr. E. Terry), a fashionable tailor. Paletot has educated and brought up Flo as his own child, concealing from her his real name and assuming that of her father, Captain Ultramarine. Paletot, in time, falls in love with and becomes the affianced husband of Madeline Bastille (Miss Lottie Venn), daughter of an ex-detective, Old Bastille (Mr. Harry Cox); and now ensue a series of troubles and complications arising out of the real and assumed relationship between Paletot and his ward Flo. Bastille's suspicions are aroused, and, after a variety of amusing incidents, all is made clear by the receipt of a telegram from Captain Ultramarine announcing his arrival in France—the mystery of Paletot's adoption of Flo is cleared up and he is united to Madeline, and Flo bestows her hand on Amadis de Batignolles (M. Marius), an old friend of her guardian. The spirited acting and singing of Miss Angelina Claude and Miss Lottie Venn, of Messrs. E. Terry, Marius, and H. Cox impart life and soul to a somewhat indifferent piece.

GRECIAN.—The pantomime at this theatre is written by Mr. G. Conquest and H. Spry, and is entitled *Spitz Spitz, the Spider Crab; or Harlequin Sprite of the Spitzbergen*. Scene first is a cave on the seashore, and a meeting of Earth (Mr. Donn), Air (Miss Matthews), Fire (Mr. G. Conquest, jun.), and Water (Miss Inch). The Water King tells them that their foe the Ice Fiend, years gone by, made desperate love to his daughter; and he, to rescue her from his power, imprisoned her in a pearl at the bottom of the sea, and then transformed the Ice Fiend to a monstrous Spider Crab and so they will remain until the spell is broken by some daring mortal. A corsair vessel is seen in the distance; Boreas raises a storm; the vessel is wrecked; and Conrad (Miss Dot Robins), the Prince, and King Silikin (Mr. Herbert Campbell) arrive safely on the shore, but wet, weary, and hungry. They begin to fish, but are caught by a monster of the deep, where they make the acquaintance of Triton. He tells them the story of Pearlina. Conrad and the

Prince become enamoured of her. The Spider Crab (Mr. Geo. Conquest) appears and attacks them. Conrad escapes with Pearlina. The Crab then informs Silikin that he will save him if he will break the spell, and also share with him half that he shall ever possess. Silikin does so, and the scene changes to the palace, where Dozey (Mr. B. Morton) and Wide-awake (Miss Claremont), twin-brothers, are disputing the right to the throne, when Sabbotte (Miss Victor) arrives and tells them she saw him drowned. In the confusion Silikin appears, claims the throne, and orders in Conrad and Pearlina, who are now his prisoners. The Princes all plead their tale of love in vain, when Spitz Spitz arrives and claims the fulfilment of the King's promise—one half of all he possesses. He claims Pearlina, who calls upon Triton to the rescue, who in turn calls upon the Fire King to vanquish Spitz Spitz. He disappears; an iron-bound box is brought on, containing a dwarf about two feet in height, who, after singing and dancing, laughs at the King and all the Court for not discovering in him the Ice Fiend. The box is rent asunder, and he appears in his own shape, and in revenge freezes all the Court, leaving the palace in ruins, and disappears in a heavy snow-storm. The corsair and his love fly to the Fairy Anemone's Home, where she gives them a magic ring, with which they are to be married by the Hermit of the Mountain. A grand ballet here takes place in honour of the approaching marriage. The two lovers arrive at the hermit's hut, but Spitz Spitz has by subterfuge taken the hermit's place, and gets possession of the ring, and carries off the girl to the Frozen Forest and Haunt of the Snow Snakes, where a phantom fight takes place for the possession of the ring between Spitz Spitz and the Fire King. Spitz is victorious; but in the end the Good Fairy interposes, and all journey to the grand transformation scene, the Palace of Aurora Borealis and the Fairy Fancy Northern Lights.

COURT THEATRE.—No more touching drama has for a long time been presented than Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new fairy play, *Broken Hearts*, recently produced with remarkable success at this theatre. Unlike the author's previous fairy and mythological pieces, the fanciful idea is set in the minor key, the prevailing tone being sad, unrelieved by the slightest infusion of the humour, satire, or even cynicism which pervaded *The Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *The Wicked World*, all of which, however, it surpasses in tenderness, symmetry, and poetry, both of story (slight though it be) and diction. The story illustrates sisterly self-sacrifice and the supreme power of love. On a picturesque tropical island dwell four maidens—the Lady Hilda (Miss Madge Robertson), her sister, the Lady Vavir, (Miss Hollingshead), the Lady Melusine (Miss Plowden), and the Lady Amanthis (Miss Rorke)—the only other inhabitant being their servant, a deformed, one-eyed dwarf, called Mousa (Mr. G. W. Anson). All these ladies, except Vavir, "have dearly loved, and those they loved have died," and so have sought sanctuary here, "far from the ken of men"—Vavir, solely from sympathy and affection for her sisters, voluntarily shares the exile. To fill the void in their broken hearts the maidens lavish their affections on inanimate objects. Lady Hilda devotes her love to a fountain, her sister Vavir loves a sun-dial, and Melusine bestows her warmth on a hand-mirror. Presently there arrives at the island a handsome stranger, Prince Florian of Spain (Mr. Kendal), who is in possession of a magic scarf which renders the wearer invisible. Armed with this talisman, Florian lurks behind the sun-dial, which Vavir is decking with flowers, and, in mere frolic addressing the little damsel, beguiles her into the belief that he is "a long-suffering mortal man" whom in the stony substance of the dial a cruel magician holds incarcerated. Vavir is overwhelmed with surprise and delight, and, when at her challenge the "entombed" spirit declares that he loves her "with his whole, whole heart," the girl becomes more hopelessly enamoured than ever, and vows eternal fidelity to a dial thus marvellously endowed. In like manner he replies to the loving words addressed by Melusine to her mirror, and, finally, Hilda appears to say good-night, and pour forth her love to the fountain. She is more fervent and impassioned than her gentle sister, and falls still more hopelessly under the spell of the voice that gives back all her vows with interest. She tells the story of her first passion for a Prince, who never knew how he was beloved, but whose name was Florian. He is enslaved at once, and plights his troth to her. In the second act Mousa, who loves Hilda with an intensity of devotion equal to that of his handsome rival, has stolen the magic veil. Not having that talisman, Florian is visible to all the world. Vavir meets him, and at first is terrified, but, recognising his voice, reminds him of his vow, and in pure, unquestioning faith abandons herself to her first passion. Hilda, revisiting the spring, is this time answered by Mousa, who wears the scarf, and makes hot love to her. She binds herself to be the bride of the fountain, and in pledge of her faithfulness throws a ring into the water. This Mousa takes, and places on his finger. At length he removes the veil, and forthwith begins the most powerfully dramatic scene of the whole play. Hilda's whole soul creeps with horror when she sees to whom she has given her troth. Mousa is abject in his love, and cowers under her reproaches. She persuades him to let her have the talisman for a time. In his love he consents, and she immediately turns upon him with the fury of a tigress. She taunts him, defies him, tells him how she loathes him for the trick he has put upon her, and finally vows that no man shall ever look upon her face again. Wearing the veil she meets Florian, and, of course, recognises him as her love of olden times. This intensifies her wretchedness, but, great as is her misery, her sister's fate is harder still. She, gentle, forgiving, and confiding, has not forgotten Florian and his vow. She thinks of him continually, and loves him with all the devotedness of a first affection. Florian has to deceive her, and does so as gently as he can. He tells Vavir a story of hopeless love such as her own, and she falls senseless. Hilda, still invisible, is listening, and is overwhelmed with grief. In the third act Vavir is slowly dying. Her strength ebbs away faster and faster, and her only cry is for her sister, who at last appears, and extracts from Florian a promise to love Vavir and to forget her. Hilda's love is as strong as ever; but she makes this sacrifice, and calls upon him to do the same, in the hope of saving Vavir's life. Mousa, miserable and repentant, comes to Florian and asks him to kill him. At first the Prince, distracted at losing Hilda, seems inclined to make an end of the dwarf; but he refuses to kill him, and bids him live. Mousa, overcome by Florian's kindness, gives him the ring with which Hilda pledged her troth to the fountain, and disappears. The sacrifice of Hilda and Florian is too late. Vavir dies as the last rays of the setting sun rest on her dial, and the exquisite story is over. The four leading characters are excellently sustained. Miss Hollingshead has made a marvellous advance by the grace, purity, and artistic finish with which she invested the embodiment of the gentle Lady Vavir. Mrs. Kendal represents Lady Hilda with charming ease and poetic grace throughout. In the great scene with Mousa she is forcible and effective. Mr. Kendal is well suited as the chivalrous Spanish Prince; and Mr. G. W. Anson, wonderfully made up as the deformed dwarf, Mousa, acts with artistic finish and intense power.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—In accordance with their annual custom, this justly-celebrated company of minstrels, more than fifty in number, have occupied, during the week, the Great St. James's Hall, where they have each afternoon and evening given their eleventh annual Christmas and New-Year's performances, the great hall, capable of comfortably accommodating 5000 visitors, being crowded to overflowing on each occasion. The holiday programme is more than usually diversified, and comprises, in addition to other novelties, several new songs, including "St. Patrick's Parade," sung by Mr. Moore, for whom it was expressly written and composed; a new comic double dance, by Mr. J. Canfield and Mr. J. Booker, jun., entitled "The Rivals;" a comic sketch called "Webb the Swimmist," in which several members of the troupe, including Mr. G. W. Moore, appear; a new burlesque upon the "Opera Ballet," and a comic sketch entitled "A Christmas Supper." On Monday next the troupe return to their permanent quarters—the smaller hall—which in the meantime has been redecorated and improved. The holiday programme will be continued up to Saturday next.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE offers an acceptable New-Year's gift to the public in the shape of a considerable reduction of the price of admission on Saturdays and Mondays. On and after to-day, Saturday is to be a shilling day, and Monday a six-penny day.

MISS NEILSON is announced to re-appear at the Haymarket, on the 17th inst., as Juliet.

MR. HORACE WIGAN announces his benefit at the Mirror for Thursday next, when the programme will comprise *Naval Engagements* and *The School for Scandal*.

MR. BYRON'S comedy *Married in Haste* will be transferred to the Charing Cross Theatre next week, with Mr. Byron, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Warner, and Miss Carlotta Addison in their old parts.

MR. FRED SULLIVAN has been playing his favourite character of Cox in *Cox and Box*—the well-known operetta, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan—with great success at the Townhall, Hammersmith.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

MUSICAL RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

Last night the third quarter of the nineteenth century was completed. Another year was gathered to its predecessors; and a favourable moment arrived for a comparison of the present state of musical culture with that which existed at the infancy of the current century. Such an examination could hardly fail to furnish encouragement to the most faint-hearted lovers of art. At a superficial glance, 1875 might not appear to show striking features of superiority over 1850. But its superiority to 1825 would be admitted by the merest tyro in musical history; while a brief examination of the state of music in 1800 would show that during the last seventy-five years our art-progress has been prodigious; and that—although the production of great original works may not have increased in the same ratio—the number of those who intelligently enjoy music has increased more than a hundredfold. To retrace the stream of musical history for the last three quarters of a century, and to note the operations of the various causes which have purified, widened, and deepened the current of art-progress, would be a task which would not only be interesting in reference to the special subject of inquiry, but would also include a history of the social and intellectual development of the nation. Such an inquiry, however interesting, would demand a larger space than we can at present afford. We must content ourselves with a brief glance at the chief musical events of the year which has just passed away; and, however great the temptation, must refrain from carrying our retrospect farther back than its commencement—warned by the memorable example of Dickens's youthful barrister in green spectacles, who, when called upon to propose the health of Mr. Percy Noakes, the "able chairman" of a picnic committee, "took this opportunity to enter into an examination of the state of English law, from the days of William the Conqueror down to the present period; slightly glanced at the principles laid down by the Athenian law-givers, briefly adverted to the code established by the Druids, and concluded with a glowing eulogium on picnics and constitutional rights!"

The past year may not have brought many valuable accessions to our musical repertoire; but it has been a year of progress, of healthy vitality, and of increasing reverence for the best forms of art. In the month of January those admirable institutions the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, and those of the Sacred Harmonic Society resumed their operations. At the same time the Albert Hall Concerts, organised by Messrs. Novello, were carried on with a spirit and energy which merited success. From the beginning we predicted that they would prove a commercial failure, for reasons which we truthfully, but not unkindly, indicated; and these concerts, which, in a musical sense, were admirable, scarcely lasted through the month of February. That month was signalled by a national calamity—the untimely death of Sterndale Bennett, which took place on Feb. 1. His funeral in Westminster Abbey, five days later, attracted a greater crowd of mourners than had ever been seen within the walls of the famous old Abbey, and for awhile the whole nation was in mourning for the loss of the great master whose genius had reflected lustre on his country and his race. His place as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music was fitly occupied by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, our greatest living composer, who was subsequently appointed to succeed him as Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. In the same month Mr. Kuhe held his annual musical festival at Brighton. Lecocq's opera *Les Prés St. Gervais* was produced in English guise at the Criterion Theatre, and hopes were entertained that this promising composer would permanently forsake opéra-bouffe for genuine comic opera—hopes which have been rudely shaken by his recent works. An attempt was made to establish English opera at the Islington Philharmonic Theatre, but the very few good artists who assisted were wretchedly supported, and the undertaking deservedly failed. March brought the opening of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. In April Her Majesty's Opera opened at Drury Lane, and the musical season set in with its usual severity. Benefit concerts were given at the rate of twenty to thirty per week. The Crystal Palace English operas were given twice a week, and, *mirabile dictu!* Her Majesty's Theatre was opened for the musical performances of Mr. Sankey, assisted by Mr. Moody. May was signalled by an important event, the opening of the Alexandra Palace (May 1), when a grand musical performance was given, under the direction of a foreign musician, Sir Michael Costa, whose programme contained not one piece by an English composer, but several pieces by Sir Michael Costa. The solo

vocalists were all foreigners, and English art had a cold reception at Muswell-hill last May Day. Since then, however, full amends have been made, and the able musical director, Mr. Weist Hill, has taken every opportunity to show his appreciation of English music and musicians. The usual summer concerts were given at the Crystal Palace. A splendid testimonial was presented to Sir Julius Benedict (May 19) at Dudley House. A season of French comic opera was commenced at the Gaiety Theatre by an excellent Belgian opera company, who failed to obtain the support to which they were entitled. Wagner's *Lohengrin* was given, for the first time in England (May 8), at the Royal Italian Opera; and Verdi's "Requiem" was performed (May 15) at the Albert Hall, under the direction of the illustrious composer. Next month (June 12) *Lohengrin* was performed at Drury Lane by Her Majesty's Opera Company. On June 15 a meeting was held at Marlborough House on behalf of a movement for establishing a Musical Training-School system. On the 24th a conference on the same subject was held at the Mansion House; and Sir Henry Cole, C.B., intimated that it would be desirable to provide funds for the endowment of three hundred scholarships of £40 each. The City merchants did not seem disposed to furnish the trifle of, say, a quarter of a million sterling, which would obviously be necessary were the patriotic views of the South Kensington people adopted; and since that time the proposal has met with but languid support. When people are asked to find funds to enable Sir H. Cole, C.B., and his followers to establish a new musical school, they naturally reply that the Royal Academy of Music, already in flourishing existence, can be made to do all that is required; and the reticence of potential subscribers has been intensified since it has been disclosed that the management of the Royal Albert Hall by the South Kensington authorities has resulted in a lamentable pecuniary failure. In July the National Musical Meetings were held at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Willert Beale. July 23 saw the close of the unsuccessful French Opera season at the Gaiety; and on July 31 a season of English opera was commenced there, under the management of Madame Blanche Cole, an excellent vocalist, who was, however, so badly supported that the season only lasted four weeks. In August the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts were commenced, under the able direction of Signor Arditi. The entrepreneurs, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, displayed wonderful energy and liberality throughout a season of nearly four months' duration. First-rate artists were engaged, good music was given, and the concerts were the best of their kind. September witnessed the most successful attempt that has ever been made to place English operatic performances in competition with those of Italian opera companies. Mr. Carl Rosa, during his seven-weeks' season at the Princess's Theatre (Sept. 11 to Oct. 30), showed that, so far as completeness of execution is concerned, English operatic performances may challenge comparison with any; and there can be little doubt that the remarkable artistic and pecuniary success of his undertaking awakened a previously dormant interest in English opera. The Carl Rosa Opera Company have, since October, been successfully performing at the chief provincial towns; and, when next they appear in London, they are sure to meet with liberal support. In October the Crystal Palace concerts were resumed, and were continued up to Christmas, conjointly with the Saturday concerts at the Alexandra Palace, and those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and other less important bodies.

During the year a large number of musical societies have been busy, besides those already mentioned. The Old and New Philharmonic Societies, the British Orchestral, the Musical Union, the Musical Association, the Musical Artists' Society for the Trial of MS. Works (a laudable institution), the Tonic Sol-Fa Union, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and a host of similar bodies, both metropolitan and provincial, have assiduously cultivated the art of music. Cheap republications of standard musical works have been multiplied; musical instruction is being largely introduced into our public schools; music is no longer a luxury, but a social necessity, and England is now one of the chief musical nations of the world.

The musical prospects and possibilities of the year which has this day commenced we cannot now discuss. We trust it may prove a "happy new year" for art and artists all over the world—for those of this country especially. It will be our endeavour to aid in the realisation of that hope, by continuing to display the impartiality and independence which, combined with generous encouragement of genuine talent and unflinching hostility to quackery and pretence, have hitherto characterised the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

BATH AND SOMERSET COUNTY MEETING, 1876.—Entries for the Juvenile Stakes and Weston Stakes close on Tuesday next.

The Italian musical journals are rapturous in praise of a young English prima donna assoluta, Miss Anna Eyre, who is now the star at Cagliari. Not only critics but poets are eloquent in her honour; and she has inspired as many odes and sonnets as newspaper articles.

"**DAVID GARRICK** IN REAL LIFE.—It is somewhat curious that just as Mr. Sothorn has made his reappearance at the Haymarket in *David Garrick* we hear of the comedy being turned into a tragedy in real life. An infatuated girl having fallen in love with an actor at the Britannia Theatre—the case of "Brown v. Crellin" showed us what fascinating fellows there are on the other side of the footlights—was foolish enough to commit suicide, it appears, because her passion was not returned. Whereupon Mr. Edgar Newbound, stage manager of the Britannia Theatre, writes to a contemporary as follows: "My attention having been called to a paragraph in your issue of Friday respecting the suicide of a young person, Winifred Wales, in which, to my great astonishment and greater annoyance, I find my name and profession figuring prominently, I am under the necessity of earnestly requesting you to publish this in your next. Some four months ago, as far as my memory serves, I received at the theatre a letter of a most fervid and amatory nature, bearing no signature. After expressing unbounded admiration, my unknown correspondent informed me that she was an heiress, ready to lay herself and fortune at my feet, &c., and entreated me to reply, if only in a few words, stating whether I was married or single, the note to be addressed (initials forgotten), Post-office, Stoke Newington. I showed the letter I had received to several of my friends, and treated the matter as a joke, for I doubted its sincerity, and, after scribbling the following:—'Dear madam, I am married, I tore up my anonymous epistle, and the matter was forgotten. I have not the slightest knowledge of the unfortunate girl who has so rashly put an end to her life, and I am naturally grieved to find my name so unwarrantably used in an affair of which, until Friday's paper was handed to me, I was totally ignorant.'"

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Adv't.]

Correspondence.

(The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writer, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.)

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your issue of Christmas Day, under the head of "Stud News," appears a paragraph stating that "the Taffys have a real live thoroughbred in Wales at last" by the arrival of St. Mungo at Lord Vivian's residence, Plasgwyn, Anglesey. By this it would seem that St. Mungo was quite a recent importation, the fact being that if he remains there till spring it will be his third season; and your correspondent expresses the hope that "the work of regeneration" will be attained by his success in that "previously neglected locality." I will deal first with the locality and "the previous neglect" from which it is said to have suffered, and then to the wider area of "Wales," where a real live thoroughbred has at last arrived. I will begin with Plasgwyn by the remark that, even there St. Mungo is not the first thoroughbred, as over twenty years ago Lord Vivian had one which served mares in the county. I will then call your attention to Baron Hill, but some four miles distant from Plasgwyn, the seat of the late lamented Sir Richard Bulkeley. In the year 1827 or 1828 he hired a horse named "The Duke by," I think, Count Pono. In a little time after came Birdcatcher, who ran, I think, fourth for the Leger. Next, there was a beautiful Arab, and, subsequently, Picaroon, Oceanus, Old Calabar, Adamas, Owen Glendwr, and perhaps others I fail to remember. At Tyfry, not far from Plasgwyn, Mr. William Williams had Prime Minister, who for several years travelled the neighbourhood; and some time previously Levanter, a fine chestnut horse, sent down by the first Marquis of Anglesey, did good service in the county. Mr. Pritchard Rayner had Blondin, and he is still in the neighbourhood of Llangefni, where also was, some years ago, a thoroughbred named Valentine. Near Holyhead Mr. Paul Pantton had The Painter, now dead; and for two years Beechy Head travelled the county. I now leave Anglesey and "the locality for Wales," and first take Penrhyn Castle, where no duty is neglected by Lord Penrhyn, and where the following horses have from time to time stood for public service:—Mango, Brother to Johnstown, John Cossar, Malcolm, Rusborough, Hadgi, Chief Baron, Rapid Rhone, Young Foxophilite, and Caradoc. Some years ago an hotel-keeper at Bangor brought down a very fine horse, called The Agent, by Filoda Puta. He passed into the hands of the late Major Hanney, Gwynpyn, and thence into those of Mr. Lloyd Edwards, of Nankarow, where also in 1830 was Bolivar (bred by the late Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hooton), and where subsequently came Sir R. Bulkeley's Picaroon, and where now is Don Basilio; and near there the late Mr. Wynne Finch had a very fine Arabian. The late Mr. Ormsby Gore's Hesperus, some years ago, travelled the Carnarvonshire districts of Cardigan Bay, as did Lazybones, a horse of very high quality. In the vale of the Conway, near Llanrwst, the late Mr. Nanney Wynn bred racers, and a horse of his named Hobgoblin travelled the neighbourhood. At Wynnstay the late Sir Watkin bred racers, and his noted horse Piscator was at the use of the public. The present Lord Mostyn had a horse, I think, called Milo, at his seat, Cowygedol, in Merionethshire, betwixt Harlech and Barmouth; and Mr. Hughes had at Kinnel, not very long ago, a thoroughbred by Venison. I have thus dealt with a small portion of "Wales," which includes North and South. I trust I have said enough to vindicate the Taffys against the taunt as to "live thoroughbred horses." I hope, too, you will publish my remarks in your next issue. It is due to your readers to be put right whom the paragraph has set wrong. It is fair to those lapid-owners who have not neglected their duties in providing thoroughbred sires, and fair also to your paper, through whose columns you cannot but wish that none but reliable intelligence should be offered to its readers. I am, yours obediently,

Dec. 29, 1875.

"SENEX."

ALARM OF FIRE AT SANGERS' AMPHITHEATRE.—On Wednesday night, just after the gorgeous spectacle known as the "Armour Scene" in the successful pantomime of *Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom*, at the above popular place of entertainment, an alarm of fire was raised. The vast audience, packed like herrings in a barrel from floor to ceiling, rose en masse, and threatened a general stampede for the various modes of exit. Mr. George Sanger, seeing that many hundreds of ladies and children would be inevitably trampled to death or otherwise injured unless the panic was arrested, with great presence of mind came on the stage and begged to be heard. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "there is no danger; it is a false alarm. And now let me say a few words. No one in all my experience was ever burned in a theatre, but thousands have been trampled to death or fatally injured through insensate panic. Now, even suppose that there was a fire: if all rush to the doors at once, is that the way to get out safely and in an orderly manner? Now, what is the cause of all this panic? A ballet-girl gets trodden upon behind the scenes by an elephant and she screams out. Some thoughtless person in the gallery hears her and shouts 'Fire!' and thereupon a well-educated body of spectators echo, without a moment's consideration, this most panic-striking of all cries, and present a melancholy spectacle—a melancholy spectacle I say—of want of commonsense and presence of mind. I wish it to be generally known that, in case of actual fire, this vast building can be cleared with ease in two minutes and a half. Let me hope you are now reassured, and will permit the performance to proceed." A ringing cheer from the audience was the reply to this speech; and thus a frightful catastrophe was averted by a few well-chosen words delivered in a resolute and happy manner. So great is the desire amongst pleasure-seekers to witness this pantomime that many hundreds are turned away nightly for want of room, and, to save disappointment, visitors will do well to book their places beforehand.

LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company have, by their important arrangements for the coming year, completely cut away the ground from under the feet of their would-be competitors. By the aid of their indefatigable manager, Mr. Knight, they have organised a series of plans which render superfluous all rival projects. Among the promised advantages may be named—first, the extension of time for return tickets. Those that are taken between London, Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c., will be available for the return journey any time within seven days from the date of issue. An extension of time will also be given in regard to return tickets issued between stations at other parts of the Brighton Company's system. Next is the reduction of second-class fares. The much-required addition of facilities as regards the Crystal Palace will now be given. Not only will the tickets, including admission to the palace in the railway fare, be issued at considerably reduced rates, but several new and important additions will be made to the train service, both from London Bridge and Victoria stations. With respect to season tickets, a reduction in the fortnightly and monthly rates will be made. The annual tickets issued between London and Brighton, at the special cheap rate of £30 per annum, will be available at all the Brighton stations. There will be an increase in the number of third-class trains throughout the whole line. The East London Railway, which is worked by the Brighton Company, is expected to be opened throughout to Liverpool-street early in 1876, when there will be direct connection between all parts of the Brighton Company's system and the new City Terminus; and also, by that route, with the Great Eastern and the North London and Blackwall Railways.



A DREAM OF THE DRAMATIC YEAR.



BIRD-CATCHING.

BIRD-CATCHING.

ONE of the pleasantest days I ever spent in my life was in the company of a bird-catcher and self-taught naturalist, whose name will appear as we go on. I am not going to enter into a long account as to the manner in which he caught his game, nor shall I weary you with a gossip on birds, for I am not a naturalist, nor have I the slightest intention of becoming a bird-catcher. I simply accompanied our fowler as a looker-on, and what I saw you shall have the benefit of, for it may serve to explain a few mysteries of the art, such as a "flurly pump," a "brace bird," and to show that "thistles" are appreciated not only by asses but also by one of the prettiest songsters we possess. We, myself and my youngster, were called at 5 a.m., and, having taken a hasty breakfast and given

a cup of hot coffee to the bird-catcher—who had called by this time to see whether "we meant to be as good as our word"—we set out for our expedition. The morning was all that could be desired. We called at "his shop" in Hambroke-street, Southsea, where, slinging his "pack for store-cage" on his shoulders, with reaping-hook and thistles, as depicted in the sketch, Wm. Frampton, the well-known bird-catcher, angler, and naturalist, of Southsea was ready for his expedition. We crossed by steamer to Ryde. By seven or so we were making our way through Spencer-road into a very lovely avenue of trees, where robins and chaffinches were singing merrily between the boughs of elm, oak, or in thick hedges of holly or privet which lined the road. Speaking about robins led our shrewd naturalist to undeceive us of another false impression with regard to the robin's mate. Up

to manhood, though scarcely crediting it, we had looked upon the wren—though a bird which always appeared to us quite of another feather—as the rightful Mrs. Robin, but we were now informed that the "robin would no more live with a wren than a jackdaw with a canary."

Quitting the avenue, we pass up hill and down hill, through the villages of Binstead and Wootton Bridge, situated on the bank of an inlet of the sea, on to Wootton-common.

Presently we reached our hunting ground—a patch of land about an acre in extent, surrounded on four sides by a railway embankment, a field, a road, and an orchard; and here the bird-catcher, having surveyed the ground like a civil engineer, who was not averse to be questioned and cross-questioned, pitched his net. The sketch I have given will afford, I think, an idea of the sort of thing it is; and if you imagine its

length to be 36ft by 18ft wide you will have a fair notion of the net he uses. Having fixed it on the ground by means of such implements connected with his art, as "poles," "checks," and "heel-pins," he planted his "thistles" within the net as a bait for goldfinches, and then, fixing his "flurry-pump" into the ground, he attached a short rod to it, at the end of which he fixed his finch brace-bird, "Betty." This "flurry-pump," as you will perceive, is a simple but very ingenious contrivance. It consists of a piece of wood about a foot long, with a hook in the middle of it, on which hangs another piece of wood of half the size. By means of a small ring at the end of this piece of wood he fixes the brace-rod, and then passing the brace-line through a hole at the top of the "flurry-pump," he attaches the line to the middle of the rod. The whole contrivance has then the appearance of a pump with a long handle, which can be raised and lowered at will. Within reach of the brace-bird he places some seed, and some water in a tin, fixed on a level with the ground. Having accomplished this portion of his business, and placed another "flurry-pump," with a linnet as his "brace-bird," in a similar manner, he then places his "call-birds," consisting of "goldfinches," "mules," and "linnets," a few feet on either side of the net; and then, taking his position about fifteen yards or so from it, he listens to his "call-birds," and watches the approach of his game.

We retired a short distance, where we could have a good view of him, and before he had "played with his brace-bird" for five minutes in came a linnet, who was, of course, immediately caught. We then rushed forward to examine the bird and have it placed in his store cage, while Frampton busied himself at once in replacing his net. The "hunting-ground" he chose being close to an orchard, was just the very place for goldfinches, which came tumbling into the net with a rapidity bordering on infatuation, as if they were either fascinated into it by the call of the decoy-birds, or at the sight of the thistles, the flower of which we now learnt contains a quantity of "fluff," with a small seed at the end of each, which goldfinches are very partial to. These thistles are harvested in by Frampton at the proper season of the year; and thus, while those in the field have been blown away and scattered by the wind, his stock comes in very opportunely for the purpose of drawing his game into a trap.

PARIS GOSSIP.

The statue of Napoleon was restored to the top of the Vendôme Column on Monday.

The floor of a restaurant in the Rue de la Gaité gave way on Sunday evening, and seven persons who were dining at the time were precipitated into the cellar, about seven feet below, and were more or less bruised; three of them having been, moreover, severely burned by the coals from a large stove which also fell.

The same management that has already produced *Marie Tudor*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Don Juan d'Autriche*, has now brought out Alexander Dumas's grand drama in five acts, *La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires*, at the Porte St. Martin. D'Artagnan is now played by Dumaine, as he alone could succeed Mélingue with the dash and haughty air suitable to the proud bearing of that adventurous soldier. Tailleur is excellent as Arthos, and Larray makes a magnificent Porthos.

A TRIFLING piece in four acts interspersed with songs, *Les Flâneurs de Paris*, by MM. Grangé and Abraham, has been produced at the Théâtre des Arts with tolerable success.

At the Odéon *Les Dancieffs* is to be succeeded by a revival of Georges Sand's *Mauprat*, with M. Masset in the title part, Tallien in Morcasse, and Mlle. Antonia in Edmée. Then will follow *Joseph Balsamo*, taken from Dumas's work by his son.

M. GOUNOD was lately present at the Opéra to witness the performance of *Don Juan*. The illustrious composer of *Faust*, although still suffering (he carries his arm in a sling), came to hear Mlle. Krauss, to whom he proposes to confide the part of Pauline in his *Polyeucte*.

M. OFFENBACH is going shortly to Vienna to superintend the rehearsal of the *Croire*, which is about to be represented at the Ander-Wien Theatre, with Madame Geistinger in the part created by Madame Judic at the Bouffés-Parisiens.

M. Rossi, the Italian tragedian, has taken the initiative in organising a benefit for Frederick Lemaître. The performance is to take place at the Salle Ventadour on Jan. 9. None but Italians will take part in the affair, as M. Rossi desires that the evening shall be considered as an act of deference from Italian art to the great French actor. Rossi will produce the drama of *Sullivan*. He has already secured the services, for the musical interlude, of Mlle. Carlotta Patti, M. Delle Sedié, and the violinist Braga, and hopes to have those of Madame Alboni.

The receipts of the first six representations of *Giroflé-Girofla* were 20,000fr, whilst those for the same number of performances of the *Petite Mariée* have been 22,902fr. The two pieces are by the same writers and composer.

MADAME THEO, who was to have returned to Paris a few days ago from Brussels, was, when on the point of starting, requested by M. Humbert, manager of the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, to prolong her stay for a week, with the advantage of having her salary doubled; and she consented.

VISCOUNTESS DE LA GUERONNIERE has received the two following telegrams from Chiselhurst:—

Madame the Viscountess.—The sad news you send us afflicts us profoundly. My son and myself take part in the grief you and yourself suffer, for the loss you have sustained is one also for us.

COUNTESS DE PIERREFONDS.
(Empress Eugénie.)
Madame la Viscountess.—My mother has already expressed to you our regrets; but I feel myself compelled to tell you how deeply I feel the loss we have just sustained in the person of M. de la Guéronnière.
LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and the Viceroy of India, both accompanied by their respective suites, on Wednesday afternoon attended the Calcutta races, which had been specially got up in his Royal Highness's honour. The purses and cups had been chiefly subscribed by natives. There was a brilliant assemblage, and the Prince appeared to be exceedingly well. The weather was splendid. No telegraphs Baron Reuter's agent, beating Dr. Russell for the nonce.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Although the fabric of the new lion-house is nearly completed, and the building is open for inspection, it has not yet been found possible to move the animals into it, in consequence of the walks and paths around the building not being finished; but a number of workmen are now busily engaged on these, and it is expected that everything will be ready before the end of January. The number of visitors on Monday last (Boxing Day) was 15,565, being more than double that of the corresponding day last year, and there has been a good attendance all through the week. Those who are not acquainted with that rare British bird the avocet would do well to visit the fish-house, where there are several examples of this elegant wader in excellent plumage. Three fine examples of the North American moose or elk have arrived at the gardens "on deposit," and have been placed in the deer-house. There has been no specimen of this strange-looking deer in the Society's collection for several years.

Shooting Notes.

FIXTURES.

JANUARY.

- 1.—Bowes's Handicap, Oak Tree Inn, West Rainton.
- 1.—Thompson's Handicap, West Stanley.
- 1.—Harrison and Davies—to shoot at twenty-four birds, £25 a side, Borough Grounds, Preston.
- 1.—Warner's Handicap Sweepstakes, Welsh Harp, Hendon.
- 1, 3.—Sykes's Handicap, £20, Star Inn, Oldfield, Huddersfield.
- 3.—Booth's Handicap, £25, Snipe Inn, Audenshaw.
- 3.—International Meeting at Monaco.
- 4.—Sweepstakes, £40, Fighting Cocks, Moseley, Birmingham.
- 6.—Groves's Sweepstakes, Nine-Mile Ride, Wokingham.
- 11.—Tucker and Brighton—to shoot at fifty pigeons each, Tucker laying £200 to £100, Welsh Harp, Hendon.
- 19.—Norris's Sweepstakes, £25, Bell Inn, Tring.
- 20.—Curlye's Midlothian Handicap, £53, Edinburgh.
- 29.—International Gun and Polo Club, Cheltenham.

PUNT-SHOOTING.—No. I.

By "SWAN-DROP."

Now, wand'ring by the river's winding side,
Its mazy course we trace, explore each creek,
Islet, or shelter'd cove, the wildfowl's haunt.
Behold our punt now ride the restless wave,
A little speck, scarce scann'd from off the shore.

"Oh! we know all about it—get into a punt—find the birds—pull string attached to trigger of big gun—bang!—go pick up any amount of wild ducks." This is the kind of talk we have heard before now in the club smoking-room, ejaculated between self-sufficient and redolent puffs of Bristol "Bird's-Eye," the nearest acquaintance the speaker ever made perhaps with the "eye" of any bird—certainly not with that of a wild duck. Well, now, to dispel this ignorance with regard to punt-shooting and all connected therewith is my object in writing about that, to many, soul-entrancing and most arduous sport. Pliny, the historian—wonderful naturalist—says, "Sine voce non volant multæ aut e contrario semper in volatu silent;" which, being interpreted literally, meaneth—"Most birds cry and sing as they fly; yet some there are, contrariwise, that in their flight are always silent." Ah! well would it be for the punt-shooter if the objects of his pursuit were silent; but only our fellow-puntsmen can tell the amount of significance that can be infused into the simple word *quack*. How sometimes it can be uttered in the mode known as "charming" to wildfowlers, and, at others, in a spiteful, irate, let-all-the-wildfowl-round-about-know tone, so abominably aggravating to the jaded and half-frozen puntsman, who only wanted to get up within another twenty yards before going in for a raking shot at the wildfowl which had been startled by the infernal quack-ack-ack-ing of some watchful and sleepless old duck.

The warning of a sentinel wildfowl, no matter of what species, is perfectly intelligible to all other birds within hail. The puntsman soon becomes aware of this fact, and his practised ear can instantly recognise every intonation, whether denoting discovery, suspicion, or alarm, and must guide his movements accordingly. Decoy men in a like manner can tell by listening to the "talk" of their birds when any fresh victims have alighted on the pond. It will thus be inferred that anyone intending to approach a flock of wildfowl for the purpose of thinning their ranks by means of a punt gun must have all his wits about him, in order to circumvent and deceive some hundreds of eyes, all on the qui vive to avoid his insidious designs. Let us now consider about the best kind of gun, the dress of the puntsman, and the most suitable description of punt to carry such a precious freight. It is all very fine to sing—

Hear his proud thunder floating on the tide!

Mark the dread fiat of the death-winged shower!

You must first of all select the best "tube" you can to eject this "shower" from. For our part, we prefer a gun throwing from a pound to a pound and a half of shot. It is not more trouble to manage than a smaller gun; and, as an old puntsman once sagely observed to us, "If you do get a chance of chucking a pound and a half of pepper at 'em, some of it must touch 'em up somehow." The barrel of a punt-gun capable of carrying a charge of the weight alluded to should be about 9 ft. in length, the interior of the tube being 1½ in. in diameter. We have discussed this matter with many of the best wildfowlers of the day, and that is their unanimous opinion. It should also be a breech-loader, the breech being closed with the action made by Moore and Grey, and which has been applied to Earl Dudley's punt-guns (the best puntsman of the day), with great increase of convenience to the sportsman in loading. The gun should also have a patent plug and spiral recoil-spring—a legacy of the immortal Colonel Hawker's, and probably originally emanating from the fertile brain of the inimitable Joe Manton.

(To be continued.)

GAME PRESERVATION FOR AMERICA.

An American subscriber, writing from Rutland County, says:—"I have read Captain Bogardus's essays on American sport in your paper, and envy him the fine time he has had of it; but things are different with us. As the matter now stands, there are but few places in New England where the non-migrating species of game are abundant enough to yield, to a fair shot, a decent bag. I take it, hunting stories of ambitious Nimrods to the contrary notwithstanding, that two or three partridges, four or five quail, or half the number of woodcock, are about as much, if not, indeed, more than an average New England bag. Even less than this may be counted on in that near neighbourhood of our larger villages which is implied in the possibility of doing the day's shooting all on foot. A New England day's shooting, then, costs in labour, reckoning labour at what it would fetch, according to occupation, from one dollar and a half to, say ten dollars, a day, and the product in game, rendered into money at the market price, is not more on the average than one dollar and twenty-five cents. This estimate must be liberal, for, to put it in another way, it is not probable that any frugal New Englander would agree to give the average sportsman one dollar a day the season through for what game he kills. The truth is, that it is only the keenest shots and hardest workers who make a living by shooting, and those who do live by it have to live very poorly. I am aware that the game bagged is not the whole reward of shooting, for the pleasure of the sport includes the game killed and the killing of it. Of the two elements some comparative estimate may be made by asking how long one would continue to kill when he could retrieve not one of all he killed. Hence it is that shooting, to be enjoyable or satisfactory, must yield a certain quantity of game brought to bag—a quantity indefinite, it is true, but which may be as nearly expressed as possible in calling it that which is enough for a meal, eaten, as game usually is, in course. To the poor the quantity is of more importance than to the man of means. To the former it is more essential that the product of the day's shooting should show that amount of game which is some equivalent as food for the day's labour withdrawn from its usual occupation. Let us consider what

his food thus gotten costs him. Assume that the two partridges which he gets are equal in nutritive value to 2lb of beef. He then gets, say, 50c in food, and he is out 1 dol. on the transaction; and this makes as big a hole in his income as that made in the income of the doctor or lawyer, whose wage is 10 dols a day. It is the loss of the three-hundredth part of his yearly wages. The difference in the two cases is simply that the poor man's lost dollar represents necessities, and the other the luxuries, of living. Assume, on the other hand, that the same ground shot over was protected by game laws, and that the game was thereby rendered as plenty as it is made elsewhere by the operation of the same laws, and that the same day's shooting produced ten partridges instead of two?

"Assume also that the rule of rental would be the same here that it is where game laws exist—i.e., that the sum which shootings rent for is expressed in the sum which the game killed will sell for after paying the cost of killing it, the account would stand three partridges killed, market value five dollars, deducting the cost of killing, one dollar and fifty cents, game rent three dollars and fifty cents, or, in other words, in place of paying seventy-five cents a head as he does now, he would then pay thirty-five cents a head for his partridges. Consider, on the other hand, the sport of it. Which is the better day's sport, that which brings ten birds to bag or that which brings two? Further, which is the more desirable day's sport, that in which a man kills two partridges, with a loss on the transaction of one dollar per day if he eats them or fifty cents a day if he sells them, or a day's shooting in which he kills ten partridges and in which he loses the value of no time, or in which his sport costs him nothing?"

"To put it in a different shape, in one case, putting the market value of the game out of consideration, he has a capital day's shooting and earns his day's wages, and on the other he has a poor day's sport and loses a half-dollar or a dollar in the transaction; or, to put it in still another form, without game laws his partridges cost him seventy-five cents a piece; with game laws his partridges cost him thirty cents a piece."

[We commend this Republican view of the much-abused necessity of game preservation to the Anti-Game-Law Leaguers of the United Kingdom.—Ed. ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.]

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

The pigeon-shooters are about to hold their annual conference at Monaco. The international match takes place there next month, and the grand prize of £800 and a work of art, valued at £120, is to be shot for on Jan. 26. The committee of patronage includes the Duke of Hamilton, Sir F. Johnstone, Sir Charles Legard, Sir William Call, Mr. R. Herbert, Mr. D. Treherne, Mr. C. Livingstone, and Mr. J. G. Bennett. Sir F. Johnstone has undertaken the office of steward of the races and the pigeon-matches at Nice, and is now in that town. Mr. S. Hammond, the great purveyor of pigeons at Hurlingham, &c., has just received orders for one hundred and fifty dozen of the best blue rocks for the shooting at Monaco, at the commencement of January.

MR. W. P. WARNER'S, THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.—Owing to the great success which attended the shooting for the silver cup on Friday week, another of the same value (twenty guineas) will be competed for to-day (Saturday), upon the same conditions. The usual one sov and optional sweepstakes will follow. A good supply of the very best blue rocks will be at hand. Shooting to commence punctually at twelve o'clock.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. TUCKER AND BRIGHTON.—The Sportsman has received the full amount of £100 due from Mr. Brighton for this match, to take place on Jan. 11, 1876. Mr. Tucker had to make good his sum of £200 by noon on Thursday.

THE QUEX-PARK GUN CLUB.—The members of this club held another meeting at Birchington, Kent, on Tuesday, when there was a large company present, including several members of the East Kent Gun Club. The two principal prizes competed for were the club cup and the challenge cup. Mr. G. B. Solly won the first by scoring four pigeons out of five; and for the second event Viscount St. Vincent killed all five birds and won, and, being so popular with the Kentish sportsmen, his victory was hailed with general satisfaction. Twelve handicap sweepstakes were also got through. Of these, Mr. A. Gillow took three, Mr. Pilcher three, Mr. G. B. Solly two, and the Hon. E. Jervis a similar number. Although the birds were trapped against the wind, the shooting was not up to the usual form shown on previous occasions.

A CUP, value forty guineas, manufactured by Mr. Edwin Streeter, of Bond-street, will be given for competition in a pigeon-match very shortly by the Chertsey Bridge Gun Club.

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN TORONTO.—Mr. James Ward, of Toronto, champion shot of Canada, undertook on Dec. 8, for a bet of 50 dols, to shoot eighty-five birds out of one hundred, according to Canadian rules, the conditions being fifty single snow-birds, 21-yards rise; thirty single wild pigeons, 21-yards rise; and ten pairs, 21-yards rise, all from ground traps placed ten yards apart. The betting before the match was even, and Ward won, killing ninety-one birds out of one hundred. Mr. Ward is a hard man to beat, which no one will deny who saw the match. He has ordered a gun from the celebrated gun-maker, W. R. Pape, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, expressly for trap-shooting.

A Canadian subscriber writes:—"Lake Champlain is now alive with wild ducks, and furnishes rare attractions to sportsmen. Wild geese are also numerous. In the Adirondacks the deer are very abundant and in fine condition. Up-country hunters are enjoying rich sport. English sportsmen coming out here, for sport ought to bring a 10-bore gun weighing from 9lb to 9½lb, and firing a charge of 4 drachms of powder and 1½oz of No. 6 shot. 'Choke-bore' guns, on account of their 'close' shooting, are the best for wild-fowl shooting, but they do not scatter enough for general work. I observe that everybody your side of the 'big drink' (American for 'ocean') wants to have their guns bored to throw shot into a 30-inch circle at forty yards. Why not go on the other tack, and have their guns bored to spread over forty or fifty inches in circumference? The execution would be greater."

THE PRINCE OF WALES opened the new Zoological Gardens at Calcutta on Monday last.

LORD HASTINGS died on the 22nd ult., on the Annamally Hills, India, of jungle fever. He left England, in company with Viscount Ebrington, in September last, with the intention of making a tour in India, and thence, perhaps, extending his journey to China and Japan. He was in his twenty-first year, and only succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, in September, 1872.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them purely white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry O. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailers everywhere.—[Adv't.]

Athletic Sports.

DURING the last week or ten days there has been but very little doing among football-players, and consequently only a few matches require any comment from me. On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., the Wanderers and the Swifts tried conclusions on Kennington-oval. Although the weather was beautifully fine overhead, the ground was in a very heavy and greasy condition after the recent rains; and dribbling, almost the chief feature of the association game, was consequently a matter of the greatest difficulty. Both sides were shorthanded, the Wanderers for nearly all the game mustering only eight men against ten of the Swifts. For the first half hour matters were prettily evenly balanced, and although the home team had two shots at their opponents' goal the ball on both occasions went over instead of under the tape. Just before half-time a combined rush by the Swifts carried the ball down to the Wanderers' goal, which fell to a kick by Sale. This was almost immediately followed by a second goal, obtained by Talbot. Ends were now changed, and with the wind the Wanderers had things more their own way; but in spite of their most strenuous exertions they could only equalise the score of their adversaries, Smith obtaining two goals. The match thus ended in a draw. On the 23rd Haileybury College played Ravenscourt Park at Lillie-bridge, under Rugby rules. Ravenscourt early in the game showed their superiority, Griffin getting a couple of tries; the kicks which were entrusted to Browell, however, both proved failures. The same two players soon afterwards had a similar piece of misfortune, and at half time Haileybury had been compelled to touch-down twice in self-defence. On ends being changed W. Newton ran in for Ravenscourt; but the try, which was a difficult one, by F. Newton proved another failure. After this Griffin succeeded in kicking a goal after a good run, and the same player soon afterwards securing another try Vernon scored a second goal for his side. After an hour and a half's play time was called, Ravenscourt winning by two goals, five tries, and two touch-downs to nothing. On the following day—Christmas Eve—Haileybury journeyed to Chislehurst, where they played West Kent, and better fortune attended them than on the day previous. The home team at first had the wind in their favour, and Haileybury had to touch-down in self-defence several times; but, playing well together, they managed to prevent their opponents from scoring any further, and they succeeded once in taking the ball into the territory of West Kent. Shortly before half time Janson obtained a try, but the place kick by Sladewas unsuccessful. After changing ends Haileybury continued to play well together, and compelled West Kent to touch-down twice. The visitors just before the close of the match managed to score in a decided manner, as from a catch by Jackson, who made his mark, Hill kicked an undeniable goal; and thus, after a very fast game, Haileybury won by a goal to a try. At a meeting of the committee of the association, held at Kennington-oval, on Wednesday, the 22nd, the third ties for the Association Challenge Cup were drawn as follow:—

The Wanderers play Sheffield.	
Royal Engineers „ The Swifts.	
Oxford „ Cambridge.	
Old Etonians „ Clapham Rovers.	

All the above-named ties will have to be played off at Kennington-oval before the last day of January.

One of the most attractive matches for the whole season in town is fixed for decision on Saturday next, at 2.30 p.m., on Kennington-oval—viz., that between London and Sheffield, under the London Association rules, not as formerly, half-time London and half-time Sheffield rules. The London eleven will be composed as follows:—W. S. Rawson (Oxford University) captain, E. B. Haygarth (Swifts), A. H. Stratford, J. Kenrick, and C. H. Wollaston (Wanderers), A. H. Savage and E. P. Barlow (Crystal Palace), W. S. Buchanan and R. L. Geaves (Clapham Rovers), W. J. Maynard (1st Surrey Rifles), and J. Bain (Oxford University). The names of the Sheffield eleven, up to the time of writing, I have not been able to obtain.

In consequence of Mr. E. H. Ash, the courteous and obliging secretary of the Richmond Cricket and Football Club, going into business on his own account, it has been resolved to present him with a fitting testimonial. A circular has been forwarded to all the members of the club, in which it is stated that “the committee feel sure that you will be glad to avail yourself of this opportunity of showing your appreciation for one who has for the last fourteen years afforded such means of enjoyment to all members of our club.” This is no mere flattery, as from personal experience I can say truthfully that no one has ever been more willing to furnish information or to afford accommodation to the members of the fourth estate than Mr. Ash, and I trust the appeal will be adequately responded to. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Messrs. A. and E. Rutter, 20, Montagu-street, W.; F. Morris, Stock Exchange, E.C.; E. C. Holmes, 12, Bedford-row, W.C.; or to the hon. sec. of the fund, C. D. Heatley, 31, Clarges-street, W.

After writing in a pleasurable strain, it is with great regret that I have to notice the death of two champions of various athletic sports—viz., that of William Gray, the ex-champion of racquets, and that of Tom Morris, jun., the ex-champion golf-player. Gray, who was born April 30, 1846, died at his residence, 53, Victoria-street, Windsor, on Friday night, the 17th inst., of consumption. When only ten years of age he was employed as marker at the University Arms, Racquet-court, Cambridge, and two years afterwards, when St. John's College courts were completed, he acted as marker there under his brother, H. J. Gray. In 1861 he was employed in Ireland by the Kildare Club, and in '63 he played Dalton for the championship of the “Emerald Isle.” The first match, at the Viceregal Court, Dublin, he won four games to “love,” and the second (played at Kildare) he achieved a similar bloodless victory, thus earning the title of champion of Ireland. Not satisfied with this success, he, in '66, went in for still higher honours, challenging Foy, of Aldershot, for the championship of England. The first match came off at the University Club Court, Dublin, where he won by four games to “love.” The return was played at Aldershot, and again he proved the conqueror by four games to two. Flying at still higher game, he, in the following year, added the title of “champion of America” to his credit, by beating Foulkes for £1000 a side in a home-and-home match. The first event, which came off in May at New York, he won by four games to three, but in the return, in July, at the Ulster Club, Belfast, he gained an easier victory, by scoring four games to two. Since that time up to his decease he held the appointment of racquet-marker at Eton College, and many of our best amateurs of the present test favourably the result of his teaching. “Young Tom” Morris, as he was familiarly called, took to golf at a very early age. Born at Prestwick in 1851, he died at his father's house, St. Andrew's, on Saturday morning last, from a bloodvessel ruptured internally. When “Old Tom” was guardian of the rinks at Prestwick, “Young Tom” at a very early age gave promise of becoming a player of some note. When only sixteen years old he carried off the champion belt in the annual contest for

that trophy over the Prestwick links. He and his father migrated to St. Andrews in 1869, and it was here that he has shown himself as a player almost without an equal. While engaged in a match with his father against the two Parks, of Musselburgh, in September last, on the North Berwick links, he had the misfortune to lose his “better half.” This sad blow seemed to sign his death-warrant: and, although it is only a week or two since that I had to refer to his victory over Mr. Molesworth, poor Morris died, as above stated, in his twenty-fifth year, deeply regretted by all who had come in contact with him.

In former years Boxing Day was generally one of the busiest of the whole season at the different running-grounds, but, for some reason or other, there was but very little stirring last Monday. At Lillie-bridge the proprietor, with a view to encourage long-distance running, offered prizes for a ten-mile race—viz., £17 for the first, £5 for the second, £2 for the third, and £1 for the fourth; and, as an incentive for making good times, all who covered the distance in 60min received 10s., in 59min £1, 58min £1 10s., 57min £2, 56min £2 10s., 55min £3, 54min £3 10s., 53min £4, 52min £5, 51min 26sec (the best time on record) £10. In addition to this, anyone who finished received back his entrance-fee. Although the weather was anything but inviting, the spectators mustered to the number of about 2000. Out of sixteen who accepted eleven went to the post, with starts varying from 15sec to 6min. Some of the competitors were men who years ago were well known on the cinder-path—as Harry Andrews and Corkey, of Bethnal-green. One—Scammell, of Fulham—was a youth of about sixteen. It is not my intention to describe the race in full; let it suffice to say that W. Beavan, of Camberwell, was first, doing the distance in 57min 58½sec; J. Burnley, of Paddington, was second; and A. Markham, of Marylebone, third; A. Flaunty, of Woolwich, fourth. W. Morgan, the virtual scratch man—he having only 15sec start—completed the distance under the hour, thus entitling him to the 10s. bonus, as well as Burnley and Markham. By beating 58min Beavan gained an extra 30s.

If there is one place more than another where bicycling never fails to draw a large “gate” it is at Wolverhampton; and on Monday last quite 11,000 paid for admission at the Molineux Grounds, when £50 in money and a gold medal were given for the one-mile championship. Keen, Cooper, Moore, and Thuillet all entered, but the last-named failed to show up, owing to indisposition. At starting Keen took the lead, which he held until the third lap, when Cooper, with a grand spurt, went past him; and, in spite of Keen's brilliant riding, Cooper won by a short yard. Moore fell heavily when close home, he at that time being about ten yards behind. The time was decidedly slow—viz., 3min 13½sec. Cooper thus took the medal and £30, Keen £15, and Moore £5. After this there was a three-mile handicap, in which Keen (scratch), Moore (50 yards start), Stanton (200), Wood (250), and Williams (300) took part. There was not much change in the relative positions of the men until the sixth lap, when Stanton took the first place, which he held until the fourteenth circuit of the ground. Keen now, with one of his noted rushes, passed Moore easily, and, catching Stanton in the next lap, won by 100 yards in 9min 38sec. Moore finished second, ten yards in front of Stanton. On Monday and Tuesday one of the great Sheffield handicaps took place, and attracted enormous crowds as usual. The distance was 212 yards, and four prizes were given—viz., £80 for the first, £12 10s. for the second, £5 for the third, and £2 10s. for the fourth. Most of the heats were very closely contested, but the final lay between Airtion, of Guisboro'; Jenny, of London; Stoddard, of Burnley; and Murray, of Edinburgh, who finished in the order named, Stoddard and Murray running a dead-heat for the third place.

A billiard handicap, promoted by Cook, the ex-champion, commences in the Banqueting-Room, Guildhall Tavern, on Monday evening next, at six o'clock. Hunt (220) and Richards (220) are the first pair; Stanley (110) and Collins (220) the second, on Monday. On Tuesday H. Evans (220) plays Shorter (220), and T. Taylor (110) meets J. Stammers (270). On Wednesday evening F. Bennett (170) contends with L. Kilkenny (170), and Cook (scratch) plays A. Bennett (170).

EXON.

FOX-SHOOTING IN AMERICA.

The hunting of foxes with dogs, in this section of the country at least (we quote the *Forest and Stream* of New York) appears, for the time being, to have subsided; none the less necessary, however, is it that the foxes should be kept down if we would have any game left, more particularly the ruffed grouse, which appears to be a dainty much affected by master fox, probably because of his being a “convenient” bird, not like the Irishman's turkey, “a little too much for one and not quite enough for two.” However frightful it may sound to our English cousins, it is necessary, in the absence of more legitimate means of hunting them, that we should shoot our foxes, and the mode of doing so in Massachusetts is described in the following letters:—

“I attended an old-fashioned fox-hunt a short time ago on Cape Cod, near Hyannis—no horses, but with an excellent pack of dogs (six of them) and six men. We take stands behind rocks, trees, bushes, or anything that will conceal a man, and the dogs are started into the brush. The place is called Great Island, is owned by one of our prominent Boston merchants, and is connected with the mainland by a narrow neck of sand; and by stationing one person, or even by hanging up an overcoat or blanket at the point where the neck joins the island the foxes are kept from going off; and, as the island is only about a mile long and half as wide, the fox is sure to give someone a shot sooner or later. This time we bagged three in about two hours—one very fine old dog fox and two of this year's cubs.

“One moment the noise indicated that he was coming nearer, the next the sound became fainter and fainter, and almost died out; finally, he took a direction towards a road which passed on the north side of the swamp. One of our party, Fred S., who is an enthusiastic sportsman and an excellent shot, after stationing us in a favourable place, with the injunction to keep our eyes peeled, started for the road. Upon reaching this he perceived by the fresh prints in the muddy road that it was not a rabbit but a fox that the dog was chasing. Knowing that the fox would probably come back this road again, he hastened forward, and, finding a suitable place, he crept into the bushes. Hardly had he concealed himself when the noise of the dog showed that the fox was approaching. Pretty soon he saw him coming down the road like a streak of lightning: as he went past him he gave him one barrel, intending to put in the other if he did not kill him. Not seeing him go by an open space he concluded that his shot had met with success, and on running out he found him kicking his last in the road. The peculiar circumstances connected with this hunt are not often met with in this vicinity. The time of day—as the early morn is considered the best time; the short time that passed between the starting of the fox and his being shot, it being about an hour; the size of shot used being No. 7, as we did not expect

to see anything larger than a rabbit, and had no other size. The fox was a red one, of medium size, about twelve pounds weight, and was killed within fifteen miles of Boston.—D.”

KINGSBURY AND STREATHAM CHRISTMAS MEETINGS.

RESIDENTS in the north and west of London are not a little indebted to Mr. Warner for the pleasant racing meetings at Hendon, to say nothing of the manifold pleasures of the Welsh Harp and its adjacent lake. Sportsmen who assembled at Kingsbury on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday had no cause to complain of the sport provided for them. The Christmas Open Steeplechase, on the first day, was won easily from start to finish by Victoire, Lolworth being second, and the veteran King of the Roses walked in. A capital race for the Red Coat Steeplechase, between Grattan, Crawler, and Interest, resulted in a dead-heat between Grattan and Interest, but Grattan afterwards walked over. The most important race of the second day was the Christmas Hurdle Handicap, in which Antidote appeared likely to compensate her owner for her previous ill-luck; but the mare has been a most unfortunate one, and on Tuesday, when victory was within her grasp, she slipped up at the last hurdles; and Jupiter, vigorously ridden by Mr. Hobson, just got home a head in front of Maid of the Mill—the pair, owing to the heavy state of the ground, having been galloped to a complete standstill. That Miss Doubtful is one of the best hunters at present running is certain, from the easy manner in which, under the welter impost of 13st 8lb, she cantered home in front of her half-dozen opponents, her victory benefiting the fund and the owner of the second horse materially, inasmuch as she realised at auction 230gs over the entered selling price. Of the half-dozen who competed on the concluding day in the Maiden Hurdle Stakes Peep o' Day was most fancied, but victory rested with Flintlock, about whose chance 4 to 1 was obtainable. The event of the afternoon, the Open Steeplechase Handicap, brought out five runners, and Victoire, who opened favourite, was soon supplanted in the quotations by Prince Patrick. The race was run at a good pace; but from the moment Victoire got her head in front the issue was never in doubt, and she won easily by four lengths. Queen's Huntsman won the Selling Hurdle Handicap, and was afterwards sold to Mr. Sanford for 155gs, while the same gentleman purchased Quip for 110gs after winning the Selling Steeplechase. Sybarite had no difficulty in carrying off the Golder's Green Steeplechase Plate, and afterwards became the property of Mr. Bracher for 250gs; while Etal, who competed, found a new owner in Mr. Burton for 65gs. Of the trio who contested in the concluding event Dennis was in most request, but the race fell to Blast, after a good finish, by half a length.

A fair number of holiday folk assembled at the Streatham steeplechase ground to witness the Boxing Day sport. Merlin won the big steeplechase easily from Montabart and Feeling, the heavy going suiting him to a turn. Old Whinyard, who is now owned by the Duke of Montrose, won the Selling Hurdle-Race, and in this race Tattie broke her off hind leg, and had to be destroyed. The largest field of the day went to the post for the Mitcham Hurdle, the result being a dead-heat between Jupiter and Peep o' Day, the former subsequently walking over. On Tuesday the Hunters' Steeplechase was won by Sybarite; the Selling Handicap Hurdle-Race by Bernardet; the Selling Handicap Steeplechase by Dunois, beating Stella by a head; the Norbury Steeplechase Plate by Lady Lucy.

STUD NEWS.

ESCA adds another to the list of thoroughbred sires at present having their head-quarters in the county of Sussex. This son of Voltigeur is to stand at Petworth, and boasts to be father of The Snail, who, happily, does not inherit with his name the family failing of “the slows.”

John Davis is another Voltigeur horse, whose very smart representative, John Day, has brought him into deserved notice. He hails from Water Tower Farm, Rugby, with Mogador for a companion, the latter having won his laurels early by having begotten Pathfinder, the last Grand National winner.

We are very pleased to see that Merry Sunshine, who won the £200 prize at Guisborough, in the Cleveland district, is to commence business in that locality at once. We are satisfied that no sounder, better-shaped, or better-bred animal ever entered a show-yard, and we wish Mr. Taylor Sharp all manner of success with his prize-winner.

We notice that Typhæus, who was credited with fifteen foals last season, is to stand at Middle Park at 30gs, making the seventh sire at present in the Kentish stud farm, and bringing Mr. Blenkiron's number up to those at Hampton and Cobham.

We hear of another thoroughbred sire bound for Wales, in Egremont, a son of Y. Melbourne and Bay Celia, and he is to stand for the season at Llanboidy, in Carmarthenshire.

Young Trumpeter and his son Bugler are the attractions held out to breeders at High Wycombe, and both horses are full of Touchstone blood.

The produce of about 350 sires is registered by Messrs. Weatherby in their last issue of the *Book Calendar*. Many are credited with only one foal, and altogether there seems to be a deal of rubbish in the list, which, however, contains “Cock Oyster” and the rest of the “Irish Brigade.”

The following is a list of mares at Newbridge-hill Stud Farm, Bath:—Fairy Queen, by Thormanby; Siluria, by Caractacus; Dolenza, by Gladiateur; Halkali, by Trumpeter; Wild Rose, by Surplice; Sea Breeze, by Carnival; Begonia, by Rataplan; Antelope, by Fallow Buck; St. M. E., by Skirmisher; Riga, by Wild Dayrell; Aerial Lady, by Wild Dayrell; Volhynia, by Voivode; Bertha, by Macaroni; Explosion, by Saunterer; Summer Cloud, by Parmesan; Oblation, by Beadsman; and Therapeutics, by Lecturer. These will be portioned out among the home sires, and among Prince Charlie, Carnival, King of the Forest, Kingcraft, and Strathconan. The yearlings for sale in July are colt by Gladiateur out of Fairy Queen, colt by Orest out of Siluria, colt by Brown Bread out of Explosion, filly by King o' Scots out of Wild Rose, colt by Claudius out of Dolenza, and filly by King John out of Scrubbing Brush.

Guy Dayrell, a Lincoln Handicap winner, is to stand with Vanderdecken at Packington Hall.

Speculum and Knight of the Garter both promise to have a good season again; and subscriptions to the Moorlands horses are coming in fast.

The Glasgow stallions will be on view at Tattersall's at the end of next week; and we trust they may have a successful “letting” on Jan. 10. Toxophilite will remain at Enfield.

We hear that Mr. Pishey Smith is very much in love with his new horse, Benavoglio, and swears to make him as popular as “old Warrior.”

Albert Victor makes way quietly in the north, where a change of blood is likely to benefit the Yorkshire breeders. We have always held to the opinion that “Albert” is better shaped and with more quality than his “big brother” at Cobham.

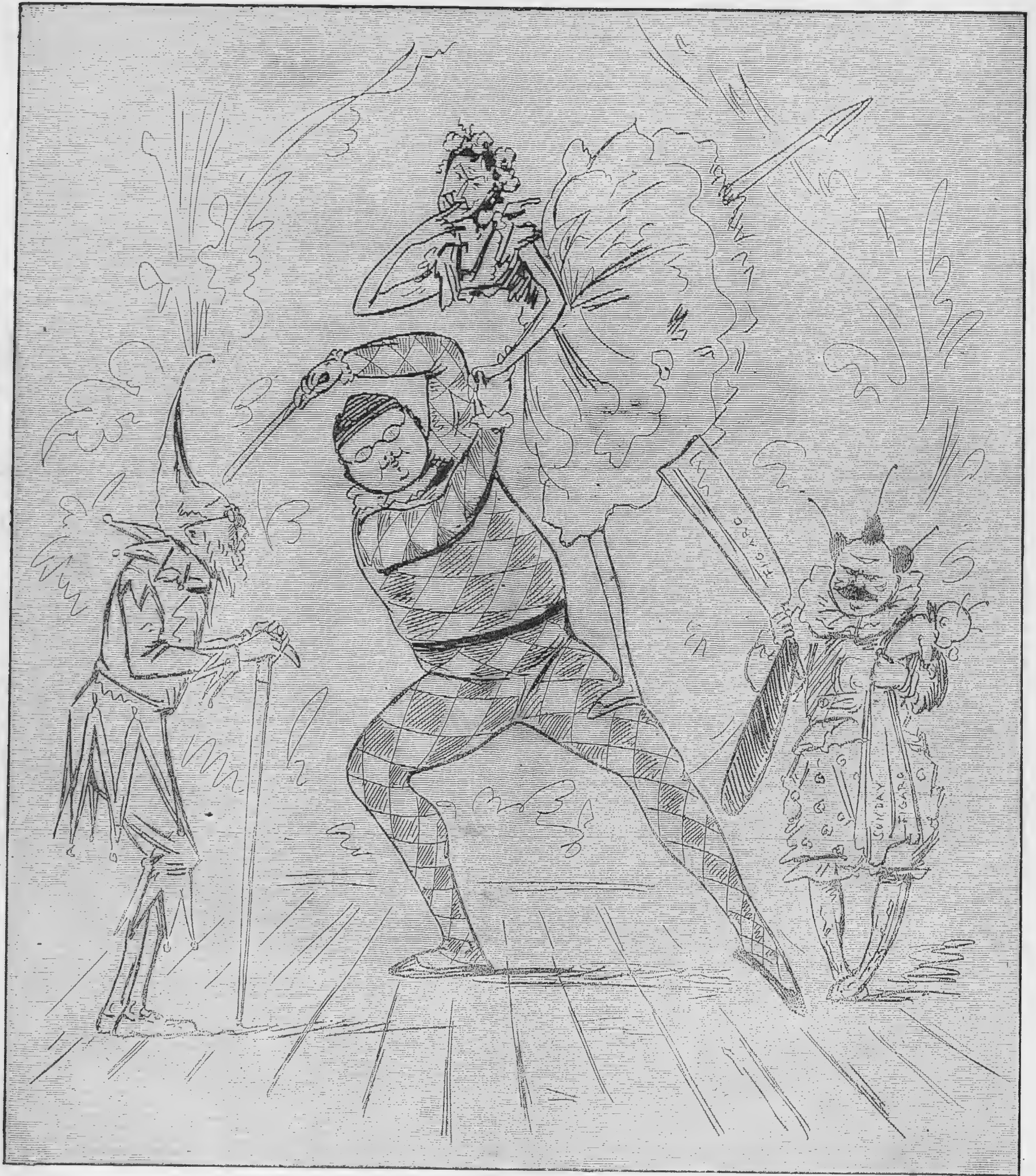
Our Captious Critic.

Who is this Captious Critic—this fellow who arrogates to himself the position of a particular censor, and wields his pen as though he had a right to be considered in his opinions before his more modest brethren—who is he? Faith, my friends! that is a question which at this early moment of the New Year, when indigestion duly waits upon appetite, presses itself forcibly into my meditations and importunes for an answer.

In order that I may endeavour adequately to grapple with such a momentous subject, let me first make a short dissertation upon dramatic criticism and critics in general.

Dramatic criticism (as probably all other) has in every age been the offspring of small knowledge and much conceit. It first appeared at a very early date in the world's history, and its place of birth was that portion of the theatre from which the term *groundling* derives its origin; and, although once or twice it has acquired a respectable place in literature, it hath in general been an abused as well as abusive thing. To trace the stages of its development is not my purpose. Let it be sufficient for me to discover that in the present age dramatic

criticism has become a recognised trade and its professors a well-known tribe. Being one of the tribe, of course I know a little about them. The incompetent ones are in general agreeable persons, the smart ones disagreeable. They of the former sort swarm about the theatre on a first night like flies about a sugar-cask—flattering everyone connected with it, from manager to checktaker. There never was such a manager—so enterprising, so astute, and so generous withal. As for the acting-manager, what will he have to drink?—he is such a charming fellow, quite the gentleman, and if the front of every theatre were so managed what a blessing, &c. As for the actors, he who receives the largest salary is a genius, my



THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC'S PANTOMIME.

boy. They will listen to his complaints about the injustice of authors. Mine is a good part (says the actor); but then Brown has a *very* good part, too, and he is a fellow who only gets a pound or so a week—I won't stand it! Your obscure critic quite agrees with him so long as he will "stand" something else at the public-house round the corner. But among obscure critics the most objectionable is the "outsider" whom one meets on first nights, and who, when asked what journal he represents, replies that he is not at liberty to name it—professional etiquette, you know. He is generally a clerk in the Civil Service, which, as everyone is aware, has supplied more than one accomplished professional dramatic critic. Persons such as this make one doubtful as to the advantages of "the anonymous" in

journalism. Methinks it only serves to obtain for worthy writers the discredit of bad work, and for unworthy writers the credit of excellent work which they have not performed.

The declension in moral and artistic value of dramatic criticism is chiefly caused by the undue value set upon it by the actors. To see an otherwise intelligent and respectable histrion diligently wooing the favourable mention of some obscure and unqualified "critic" is a sight not so uncommon as it is absurd and contemptible. 'Tis true that your manager has nothing to lose and much to gain by consistent courtesy to the gentlemen of the press. And the wiser the manager the more careful is he not to fail in this respect. But it is ridiculous for artists so far to forget the dignity of their art as to personally sue for personal puffs which, when obtained, they

must inwardly despise. Still more despicable, on the other hand, is the writer who, suffering from real or fancied slight at the hands of actor or manager, makes his columns a vehicle for uttering his personal rancour and private spleen. Yet both these abuses sometimes occur. It is deplorable that in relation to the drama and its most accomplished illustrators any writer could have the shadow of a foundation for the use of such a phrase as the "hireling portion of the press," or the slightest precedent for supposing it "at the command" of any actor whomsoever. I trust, however, that this matter will be thoroughly sifted in the case of Henry Irving against the printer of *Fun*, and that the actual writer of the fatuous letter "to a Fashionable Tragedian" in that periodical will be brought forward in order that the public mind may be satisfied as to

whether he is "malicious," or simply a fool who is ignorant of the right uses of language, t essaying to be witty. I confess the production is so absurd in its conclusions, and so illogical, that I incline to the latter opinion.

But I am growing quite serious and didactic where I meant to be cheerfully inconsequential. The festive season has been too much for me. Those dreadful public holidays all at once is an experience that I could willingly forego for ever. The typical working man, who on the Christmas Eve was a staunch upholder of Church and State festivals, after three days of drunkenness wakes up and declares himself a disciple of Bradlaugh—he don't believe there never was no Nativity, and as for the Trinity—why, that requires looking to. It will take him quite a fortnight to recover his normal condition; and 'tis ten to one that before he does he will get locked up for half-killing his wife. I confess that it is to me the most ironical thing in the world, the way in which the newspapers—those daily chronicles of folly, fraud, and crime—set about ringing the Christmas chimes and crying "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!" as though they were the veritable herald-angels themselves.

But whither am I tending? The fact is, kind reader, that it was my object this week to have dealt with some of the Christmas pantomimes. With this object in view, I have already been to several theatres where is exhibited this class of entertainment; but I find myself at the present moment unable to dis-

entangle them all in my mind. Therefore will I defer their assize until another day. In the mean time, not to appear utterly callous to those generous emotions which the *D. T.* assures us rise up within every honest bosom during this damp and dismal season of the year, allow me to present you with "The Captious Critic's Pantomime." It is, I promise you, as lively a harlequinade as you can well desire; for Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, &c., are all impersonated by some of the leading dramatic critics of the day, who take the parts turn about. Hi, hi, hi! Here we are again!

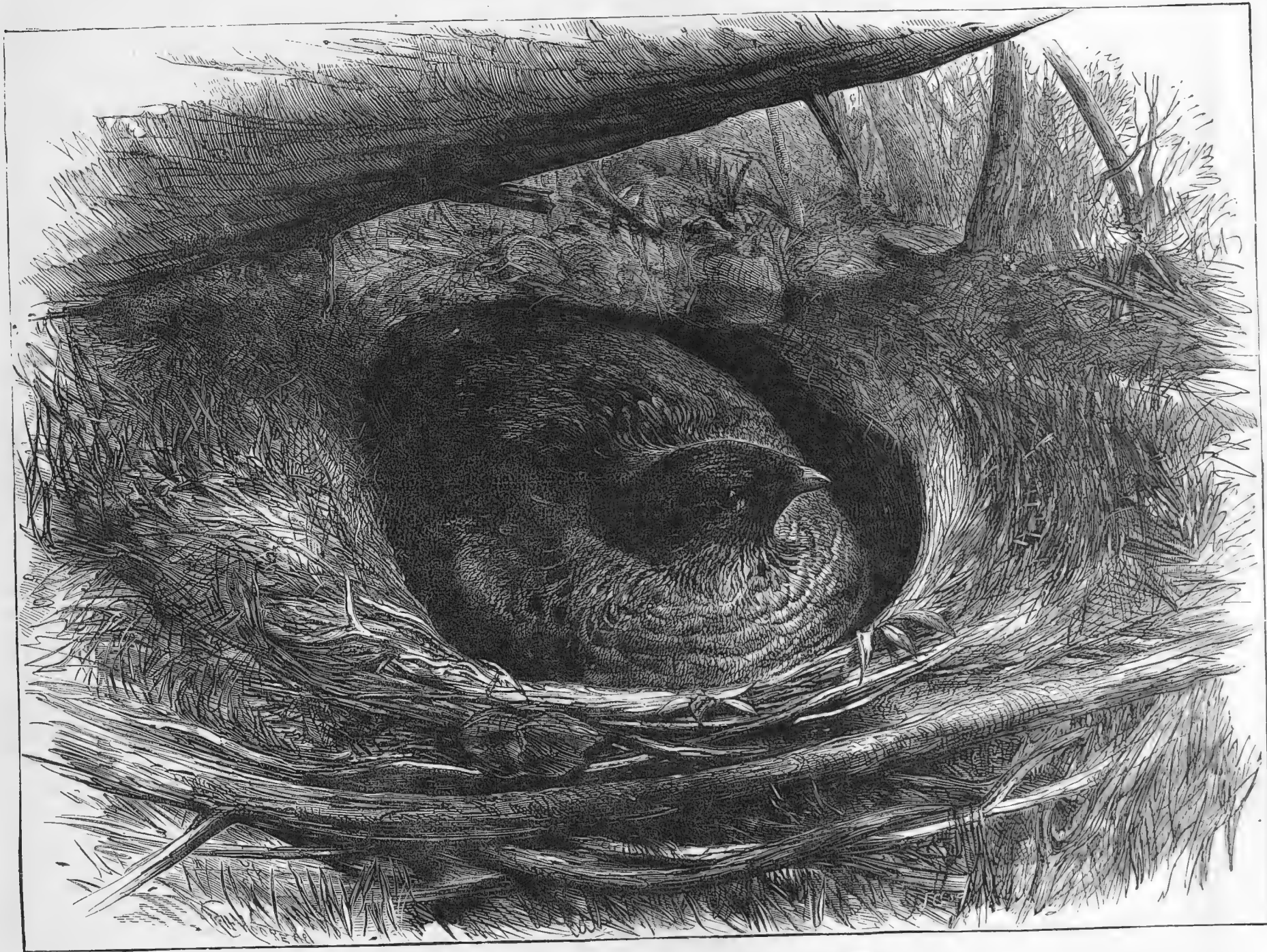
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.

Therefore, thou tottering but venerable PANTALON, take honourable precedence. Tired is he of follies which for half a century he has been witnessing with kindly forbearance, frolics which he has joined in with genial sympathy. Ever and anon, in utter weariness of the show, he makes as though to quit it. He would fain, for the remainder of his days, achieve retirement in that histrionic bower in Adelphi-terrace to which he has long lent a dignity that it would scarcely otherwise have acquired. But no, not yet comes his rest. Still he must take his part; for among the younger men there is none fit to take it after him. Learned and acute, he is severe only when necessary, and, having a giant's power, he will not use it like a giant. Sometimes, indeed, when the veteran has been ill or absent, his part has been essayed by a subordinate. Directly

this happens the public begin to hiss. It is at once whispered that Jove has gone out of town, and that it is footman James who is performing instead.

The HARLEQUIN who is now before you, without having any claim to the learning or the critical acuteness of Pantaloon, equals if not exceeds him in good-nature. Indeed, Harlequin carries literary benevolence to the foolishness of extremes, and will bepraise incompetency out of compassionate bowels rather than correct it out of conscientious brains. Chameleon-like in hue he never changes his colour, save for the purpose of "giving a good line" to some one who is often quite unworthy of it. Thus he often gets himself into the unenviable position of a champion of rotten causes. If by any chance he happens to learn that he has unwittingly *satirised* anyone, it causes him such exquisite anguish that he will rush all over the town in order to apologise and make amends. I am not sure but that I have a strong liking for this trait in his character.

Behold the fascinating COLUMBINE! Is not the name sweet as honeydew? From her you would expect nothing but the softest accents. Linked sweetness long drawn out. But I should advise you not to draw her out. She carries a sting that is unequalled for point and swiftness, and she is utterly devoid of compunction. Like many other cruel dames, she rather enjoys to see her victim writhe under the torture she inflicts. She is *la belle dame sans merci*; but she has no



THE RUFFED GROUSE IN HER NEST. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

favourites; she is impartially severe and artistically conscientious, and in her capacity has done the stage some service. As a performer, she is chiefly remarkable for her *style*. In this respect she has in journalism few equals and no superior. For the rest, she is the theatrical oracle of Society (a word which she always spells with a capital S), and the Popular Idol of a limited but select circle of wits and men of parts.

The part of Columbine, however, is frequently played by one or two other less sarcastic dames, who are as much addicted to "gush," as the above young person is prone to cynicism.

The important rôle of Clown is alternately taken up by different writers upon the comic journals, professedly so called. One notable performer is also a burlesque writer, and he clowns it *ad nauseam* upon all occasions. His notions of humour are peculiar. One of them is to publicly advertise his own merits in an esteemed and celebrated comic journal.

The clown here depicted is another sort of clown. He belongs to the saturnine school, and affects a sphinx-like deportment.

The Policeman you can cast as you will. He is intimate with the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and, being a policeman, he is, of course, above taking bribes.

What do I play myself? If you like it, the SWELL—the cheaply got-up, pretentious swell of pantomime, who peers contemptuously through a gaudy eyeglass at the funny antics of the others, chuckles Columbine under the chin, and is generally exposed to ridicule in the last of the comic scenes. I am "general utility." I will play what you please. My friends, I give you a chance to be satirical at my expense.

A RUFFED GROUSE ON HER NEST.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of our American contemporary, the *New York Forest and Stream*, for the subject of our illustration. "The Ruffed Grouse on Her Nest" was thus photographed by Messrs. A. C. McIntyre and Co., of Crossmon House Studio, Alexandra Bay, Jefferson County, N. Y., a firm who are well known to tourists from their photographs of the magnificent scenery of the thousand islands on the River St. Lawrence. So far as we are aware, this is the only instance of a game bird being photographed from life upon her nest, and is an instance of the benefits likely to be conferred on practical natural history by the means of photography.

The Ruffed Grouse is a very handsome bird, similar in colour to our own Scotch grouse, and in situations where it is seldom shot at it seems to take a sort of pride in exhibiting its beauty in a stately and graceful manner. It weighs about a pound and a half, is plump on the breast, and its flesh—white, juicy, and delicate—is delicious eating. It is usually half spoiled in city restaurants by splitting and broiling. It ought to be roasted and served with bread-sauce. The ruffed grouse is extensively distributed from east to west, but is nowhere found in any great abundance. Its habits are not nearly so gregarious as those of the pinnated grouse, and no such multitudes are to be found anywhere of ruffed grouse as may often be met with of the former species in the great prairie States. The ruffed grouse is but seldom found in coveys, though sometimes a brood of full-grown birds are found

still together in some lonely nook among the woodlands, or in a solitary, sheltered spot in severe winter weather. It is generally found singly or in pairs, and loves sylvan solitudes, steep hillsides, wooded dells, and the neighbourhood of gullies and ravines. The rougher and more broken the country, the better the ruffed grouse like it, provided it is well timbered with trees and well covered with scrub. In places where it is seldom shot at the bird, at the approach of man, instead of taking wing, often spreads its tail, ruffles up the feathers of the neck, and struts off with the proud air of the true cock of the woods. In the spring of the year, at the approach of breeding-time, and at other seasons just before stormy, rainy weather, the male bird drums at dawn of day. It may sometimes, too, be heard performing this singular feat in the night, and on a sultry afternoon when a thunderstorm is brewing. The drumming is usually made on an old log, and each male bird seems to have his favourite place for the joyous performance. He begins by lowering his wings as he walks to and fro on the log, then making some hard strokes at intervals, and finally so increasing the swiftness of the movement that the sound is like the rapid roll of a snare-drum muffled by a position in the depths of the wood. The sound is very deceptive as to the place of the bird. He may be comparatively near, while his drumming really seems like muttered thunder a long way off. On the other hand, the hearer sometimes supposes the hidden drummer to be close at hand when he is at a very considerable distance. Just before rain the grouse drum frequently, and the repetition of this sound from various quarters in the daytime is a pretty certain indication

of the near approach of wet weather. The female builds about the first of May. The nest is formed of leaves and dead grass, and is built in some secluded spot or on the side of an old worn log—in fact, in just such a situation as that depicted in the illustration.

HISTORICAL PLAYS.

It seems a question whether the interest in historical plays, re-awakened from so long a sleep by the success of Mr. Irving's *Charles the First*, is not dying out again for lack of sustenance; either authors do not write, or actors cannot play, or managers will not produce, dramas of this class sufficiently good to attract a public which is perpetually giving signs that it will welcome heartily good work of any sort. If it be allowed thus to die out it will be a matter for the very deepest regret on the part of all well-wishers of the stage; there can be few healthier signs than a genuine taste—not for processions and upholstery—but for the historical drama itself. Such a taste proves, first, that the stage possesses actors who can get out of themselves—can feel themselves the denizens of a past age, with other ways of thought and speech; and, second, that the play-going public is sufficiently cultured to follow the actors' example, and, instead of being repelled by men and women who talk about *i'fackins* and *marry come up* (instead of *Jove, you know, and quite too sweet*), feel that they are men and women as truly as ourselves, and take an interest as much in their differences from, as their likenesses to, the thinkers and talkers of to-day. For it is a very different thing to sympathise, either as actor or spectator, with one of Robertson's comedies and to really enjoy and appreciate a history of Shakespeare's; for example, in one of the latest plays of the modern society school, *Lady Flora*, by Mr. Coghlan, most of the players and of the audience met with nothing but their own characters and stories, or those of their friends; there was hardly anything dramatic in the piece, but one could not help being interested: every now and then some one of the *dramatis personæ* spoke words oneself had spoken, or listened to, in the comedy which goes on for ever outside the theatre; everybody knew the young fellow who was hopelessly in love with the rich Lady Flora, or the girl who had unconsciously grown into an engagement with the man she liked but did not love. A poet does not make poetry; he only brings us beautiful things of which we have to see the beauty and the meaning—which are one, and which are poetry; and in this modern comedy we were shown things whose poetry we had already in real life seen.

But in *Richard II.*, let us say, or *Coriolanus*, it needs some effort on the part of a mind not truly cultivated to see the poetry—that is, to understand the essence and the form of the things represented—helped though we are by the noble metre, and by the beauty of scene and costume. There is, we fear, but a small proportion of actors and of the public to whom Lord Melton is not a far more comprehensible being than Menenius; hundreds and thousands of English readers infinitely prefer Sam Weller to Falstaff—the one most glorious comic creation of all literature. The tears come readily enough when Mr. Toole brings upon the stage a jealous and despairing engine-driver; but it is not so easy to sympathise with Richard the dethroned—to whom say stalls and pit, after the manner of Jaques, "Nay, God be with you if you talk blank verse!"

Going to see modern plays is thus, we may say, *lazier* work than going to see Shakespeare; and five or six years ago playgoers were extremely lazy. Mr. Wills's *Charles I.* was the thin end of the wedge—it was very human, very picturesque, and exceedingly short; and then Mr. Irving led his audiences through Lytton's *Richelieu* up to Shakespeare. *Charles I.*, however, certainly had the merit of drawing Cromwell from its resting-place, and afterwards *Mary Queen of Scots* and other historical plays, of which the latest is *Buckingham*. Now it will be interesting to see whether it is attempted to make these plays strengthening to the intellects of playgoers—whether their authors had objects higher than the attainment of that easy flow of interest which throughout a Robertsonian comedy, if it never drops to apathy, never rises to enthusiasm. Historical plays should teach the broad truths of history, should show minutely why and how the great deeds of the world's life have been done, should make her great men live and make us love them. Does Mr. Wills, the successful historical dramatist of the day, attempt to do this, and succeed in doing it? Let us see.

There are, it need hardly be said, very different proportions of historical matter in different plays. *Julius Cæsar* and *Richard III.* are pure "histories": they relate hardly anything which has not its place in the chronicles of their times—they contain no unhistorical characters. *Henry IV.* is history, largely filled up with pictures of companions of the hero as they may have been: *Macbeth* is founded on a historical incident, but is in no way fettered by the chronicles; most important details are supplied from the story of another similar crime. Modern historical plays, so-called, generally consist chiefly of the adventures of fictitious lovers, with a background of history, a sketch of the times in which they took place, often the introduction, as minor characters, of historic personages.

To this last species of play, though we regard it as generally hardly worthy of its title, we make no objection—but we think that authors who prefer it should feel themselves bound to follow the example set them by Shakespeare, their greatest master. Throughout his "histories" he is scrupulously faithful to history—that is to say, to the chronicles from whom he got his facts. He does not attempt to upset received notions, however erroneous he may possibly have thought some of them—that is the province of the historian—but he takes people and events exactly as the public have learnt to know them. He does not blacken his hero's opponents to make him stand out more brightly, nor does he whitewash the dethroned kings for whom he seeks our sympathy. As Holinshed paints a man, so Shakespeare embodies him—not troubling as to minute exactitude of dates, or insertion of undramatic facts, but giving us nothing inconsistent with the known events of a man's life or characteristics of his mind. In a word, Shakespeare's history was history; in proof of which the youth of England for three hundred years have taken it for their earliest and dearest text-book.

But Mr. Wills! In his latest play he gives us a Buckingham absurdly unlike the Buckingham we all know; a Cromwell whom the most bigoted Tory would surely refuse to recognise; and an Elizabeth Cromwell as purely a creation of the poet's brain as Caliban. His events are glaringly untrue to history; and instead of strengthening the intellects of his audience by giving them healthful work, he deliberately writes down to their debased love of "points," and sacrifices all vigour and truth to the meretricious show of a "strong" stagey situation. That the public is losing its interest in historical plays may be; but the failure of Mr. Wills's *Buckingham* certainly does not prove it. We do not want prettiness and trick, but strength, solidity, honesty of purpose: a play not professing to be strictly historical, like Mr. Taylor's admirable *Clancarty*, not only interests us, but teaches us far more than an unfaithful caricature like *Buckingham*.

MR. IRVING IN "FUN."

The chief topic of interest in theatrical circles during Christmas week has been the action for libel brought by Mr. Henry Irving against the publisher of *Fun*. On Dec. 24 Mr. George Lewis, jun., appeared at the Guildhall Police Court, and handed to Sir Robert Carden a copy of *Fun* containing the alleged libel, which was addressed "To a Fashionable 'Tragedian,'" and was as follows:—

Sir,—I read with regret that it is your intention—as soon as the present failure at your house can be with dignity withdrawn—to startle Shakspearean scholars and the public with your conception of the character of Othello. In the name of that humanity to which, in spite of your transcendent abilities, you cannot avoid belonging, I beseech you, for the sake of order and morality, to abandon the idea. For some years past you have been the prime mover in a series of dramas which, carried by you to the utmost point of realistic ghastliness, have undermined the constitution of society, and familiarised the masses with the most loathsome details of crime and bloodshed. With the hiring of the press at your command, you have induced the vulgar and unthinking to consider you a model of histrionic ability and the pioneer of an intellectual and cultured school of dramatic art. Having thus focussed the attention of the mob, you have not hesitated nightly to debauch its intelligence, to steep it in an atmosphere of diabolical lust and crude carnage, to cast around the foulest outrages the glamour of a false sentimentality. You have idealised black-verse butchery until murder and assassination have come to be considered the natural environments of the noble and the heroic. Already the deadly weeds whose seeds you have so persistently scattered are spreading in rank luxuriance over the whole surface of society. Men revel in the details of the lowest forms of human violence; women crowd the public courts to gloat over the filthy details of murder and license; children in their nurses' arms babble the names of miscreants who have in sober earnest performed the deeds which you so successfully mimic for a weekly consideration. I maintain that for the disgusting bloodthirstiness and callous immorality of the present day you are in a great measure responsible. You have pondered to the lowest passions of our nature by clothing in an attractive garb the vilest actions of which we are capable. As a burgomaster, a schoolmaster, a king, a brother, a prince, and a chieftain, all of murderous proclivities, you have deluged the modern stage with the sanguine fluid, and strewn it with corpses. That a succession of such lessons could be harmlessly witnessed by mixed audiences it is absurd to contend. Let any thinking man look around him, and the fruits of this so-called elevation of the drama will be painfully apparent in a myriad incidents of our daily life. Elevate the drama, forsooth! You have canonised the cut-throat, you have anointed the assassin. Be content with the ghastly train of butchers you have foisted upon public attention, and let your next venture, at least, be innocent of slaughter. If your performance of *Othello* be trumpeted to the four winds of Heaven by the gang of time-serving reporters in your employ, you will increase the epidemic of wife-murder one hundred fold, and degrade the national drama a further degree towards the level of the "Penny Dreadful."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A DISINTERESTED OBSERVER.

Mr. Lewis said that Mr. Irving had played parts in *The Bells*, *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, *Richelieu*, *Philip*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and it had been announced that he was to play *Othello*, so that there could be no doubt as to whom the article was intended for. There was no question that it was a deliberate attempt to injure Mr. Irving; and, if the expressed intent of the writer was carried out, there was no doubt that it would do Mr. Irving a great injury. He (Mr. Lewis) therefore asked for a summons against the printer and publisher of *Fun* for libel, and that it should be made returnable on Tuesday, so that those attacks might be put a stop to.

Sir R. W. Carden said that, having read the article, he could not imagine any other than a malicious motive in it, and he had no hesitation in granting the summons, as it was a scurrilous libel. The summons was then issued.

On Tuesday last Mr. James Judd, the printer of *Fun*, appeared before Sir Robert Carden in answer to the summons. Mr. Beard said that Mr. Judd had nothing more to do with the writing of the alleged libel than any other person in that court, and proceeded to complain of the short time which had intervened between the application for and the execution of the summons. A long discussion ensued as to whether the hearing of the case should then be proceeded with, or should be adjourned until some future time, in order to give Mr. Judd the opportunity of instructing the solicitor for the defence, or of making the acknowledged editor the defendant in the case. Eventually it was arranged that the case should be proceeded with as far as practicable; and that an adjournment should take place at the termination of the evidence for the prosecution.

Mr. Lewis, having again stated the case on behalf of Mr. Irving, called the latter and other gentlemen as witnesses.

Mr. John Andrews said he was common law clerk to Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, and on Nov. 23 he went to the office of *Fun*, No. 80, Fleet-street, and purchased the copy produced.

Mr. Frederick Clay, of No. 54, Seymour-street, Portman-square, said he had read the article in question, and in his judgment Mr. Irving was the person alluded to in that article.

Mr. Joseph Keech Aston, 3, Dean's-yard, Westminster, gave similar evidence. Neither of them was cross-examined.

MR. IRVING IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

Mr. John Henry Brodribb Irving said he lived in Grafton-street, Bond-street. He had been an actor nearly twenty years, and for some years he had been professionally engaged at the Lyceum Theatre. He had there played in pieces called *The Bells*, *Charles I.* (written by Mr. Wills), *Eugene Aram* (also by Mr. Wills), *Richelieu*, *Philip*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. *Hamlet* he had played two hundred nights, and *Macbeth* eighty nights. It had been advertised that he was to appear in *Othello*, and there was no doubt that the article referred to him. He had acted the parts of burgomaster in *The Bells*, the schoolmaster in *Eugene Aram*, a king in *Charles I.*, a brother in *Philip*, a prince in *Hamlet*, and a chieftain in *Macbeth*. The performance of *Macbeth* had not been a failure commercially—far from it. To say that it was, was an infamous falsehood. To say, "For some years past you have been the prime mover in a series of dramas which, carried by you to the utmost point of realistic ghastliness, have undermined the constitution of society and familiarised the masses with the most loathsome details of crime and bloodshed," was an infamous falsehood. It was utterly untrue to say, "With the hiring of the press at your command, you have induced the vulgar and unthinking to consider you a model of histrionic ability, and the pioneer of an intellectual and cultured school of dramatic art." It was utterly untrue, and he had no conception of what it referred to. It was infamously untrue to say, "You have not hesitated nightly to debauch its intelligence, to steep it in an atmosphere of diabolical lust and crude carnage, to cast around the foulest outrages the glamour of a false sentimentality." He thanked his God that it had not been his object or practice "to pander to the lowest passions of our nature by clothing in an attractive garb the vilest actions of which we are capable." His object had been, and was, to elevate the drama as far as it was in his power. "As a burgomaster, a schoolmaster, a king, a brother, a prince, and a chieftain, all of murderous proclivities, you have deluged the modern stage with the sanguine fluid, and strewn it with

corpses." There was no truth in the whole of those statements. "You have canonised the cutthroat; you have anointed the assassin. Be content with the ghastly train of butchers you have foisted upon public attention, and let your next venture, at least, be innocent of slaughter." All that was untrue. "If your performance of *Othello* be trumpeted to the four winds of heaven by the gang of time-serving reporters in your employ, you will increase the epidemic of wife murder one hundred-fold, and degrade the national drama a further degree towards the level of the penny dreadful!" That statement was false. He had no reporters in his employ, and never gave any of them anything. He did not believe it was possible to have hiring reporters. He had a higher opinion of them, and considered them all honourable gentlemen. He did not know the writer of the article. He consulted his friends and his professional brethren on this matter, and placed himself in their hands. Some previous attacks he had treated with contempt, but they now advised him to place himself in the hands of Mr. Lewis.

Cross-examined by Mr. Beard: Prior to his performing at the Lyceum Theatre he had played many parts in comedies and dramas. Very favourable notices of those performances had appeared in *Fun* from time to time. Since coming to the Lyceum he had struck out in a higher line of acting. He had played the Burgomaster in *The Bells*, and that character was supposed to have committed a murder. His remorse was great, and it was all portrayed in a dream on the stage. There was a murder in *Eugene Aram*. It was founded on Hood's poem. *Richelieu* was written by Lord Lytton, and there was no murder in that. He had appeared in only two of Shakespeare's plays at the Lyceum. He knew Mr. Judd, the brother of the defendant. He did not apply to Mr. Judd for the name of the writer, but placed himself in the hands of his friends. Mr. Lewis did not apply for it. He had had adverse critiques on his acting in other papers, but he did not complain of them because they were critiques. Mr. Judd wrote him a letter expressing his regret that the article should have appeared.

Mr. Beard asked for the letter to be read.

Mr. Lewis declined to produce it.

Mr. Beard asked Mr. Irving if he had any objection to its being read in court.

Mr. Irving said he had not, but Mr. Lewis still declined to produce it.

Cross-examination continued: Knew Mr. Dutton Cook, who was the theatrical critic on the *Pall Mall Gazette*—in fact, he was a personal friend of his, and he had always cut him up (laughter). Mr. Cook was now on the *World* newspaper.

Re-examined: Mr. Dutton Cook was a gentleman of great ability, and one of the first art-critics in London. In tragedy there was often a murder—indeed, that created the tragedy. As an actor he had been criticised unfavourably, but he never found fault with that.

By Mr. Beard: Mr. Cook left the *Pall Mall*, but not in consequence of anything in connection with him (witness).

By Mr. Lewis: He left of his own accord.

This was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Beard asked for a remand, and said that if the prosecution was withdrawn from Mr. Judd, who was merely the printer, they would give the name of the responsible editor of *Fun* and transfer the proceedings to him.

Mr. Lewis said that if in the meantime Mr. Judd was willing to hand to Mr. Irving the manuscript and furnish them with evidence as to who was the author of it, Mr. Irving would take it very much into his consideration.

Mr. Beard said that it was not fair to put it to him in that way. They could have a responsible man now in the editor.

Sir R. W. Carden said they also had a responsible man in the printer, and the law had very properly made him responsible for what he produced, for they could get at him when they could not get at the writer. He would adjourn the case until Friday, and Mr. Judd must enter into his own recognisances in £200 to attend on that day at the Court.

The recognisances were entered into, and the parties retired.

A TORTOISE FIGHT.

Every line of this graceful picture betrays its origin. Beyond doubt we are indebted to a French artist for these luxurious beauties of the Orient. "I would be looking a gift horse in the mouth with a vengeance to try to peer into the origin of this work of art; to wonder whether the artist gained his experience of the harem as Don Juan gained his; and then, by a natural association of ideas, to endeavour to imagine by what 'open sesame' Mr. Lewis obtains access to those Turkish boudoirs which he represents with such a wealth of colouring on the walls of the Royal Academy. Lines of beauty more symmetrical than the French artist has displayed in this picture of languid belles of the harem it would be impossible to find; and for introducing to us so unfamiliar an episode in the enervating life of women in the East as this tortoise-duel the facile draughtsman who has so well reproduced the picture merits our thanks.

THE COMMITTEE OF FRENCH STEEPLECHASES have voted 4800 sovs for the Auteuil Meetings of 1876.

DEATH OF MAJOR FRIDOLIN.—M. Charles Lafitte, better known in English and French racing circles as "Major Fridolin," died, at Paris, on Sunday night, at the age of seventy-three. He had been ill for some months. Amongst other races, he won the French Derby in 1865 with Gontran and in 1870 with Bigarreau, as well as the Grand Prize of Paris in the last-mentioned year with Sornette.

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM by the Duchess of Edinburgh having been fixed for Saturday, Jan. 22, the date of the last ballot for fellows prior to the inaugural ceremony has been postponed to the 8th inst. At the general meeting of the Aquarium company, on Tuesday last, Mr. Henry Labouchere, the chairman, paid a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Wybrow Robertson and Mr. Bruce Phillips for the forward state of the building.

THE "Licensed Victuallers' Year-Book" for 1876 has just been issued from the office of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, 160, Fleet-street. This popular work is the recognised annual for the hotel and tavern keepers, brewers, distillers, vintners, &c., of the United Kingdom. Although a marvel of cheapness, being published at 1s. only, it is a bulky volume, filled with all kinds of useful information, interesting not only to the classes to which it is specially devoted but to all classes of society. The monthly calendar is accompanied with useful memoranda on gardening and other subjects. There are lists of Peers and Commoners, bankers, &c.; summary of occurrences in 1875, an obituary, a complete list of all the London and provincial associations connected with the Licensed Victuallers' trade, tables of imports and exports of wines and spirits, and a variety of other useful and interesting details. The work contains seventeen well-executed portraits of public personages, such as the famous brewers, Mr. Bass, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Hanbury, and others, with copious memoirs in each case. To Licensed Victuallers such a work must be invaluable, and its varied usefulness, combined with its handsome appearance, can hardly fail to make it acceptable to the general public.

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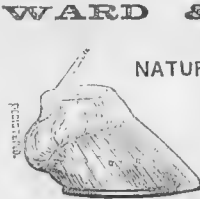
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TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the property of a gentleman:—

- LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Easby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse.

Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-horse breeding, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following STEEPLECHASE HORSES IN TRAINING, the property of a gentleman:—

1. LORD COLNEY, chestnut horse, by Cathedral out of Violet, by Thormanby; with engagement in Croydon International Hurdle Race, with £500 added.
2. YORROCKS, bay gelding, by Commotion out of Mrs. Harkaway.
3. BOSCOBEL, brown gelding, by Caterer out of May Bell.
4. BROWN HORSE, by Bel Demonio out of Fairy, by The Hermit.
5. WESTLAND, black horse, by Narbonne out of Miss Adelaide, by Happy Land.
6. INCHCOLM, chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Cathedral out of Peg Fife; with engagements, under Lord Exeter's conditions.
7. CHESTNUT GELDING; a good hunter.

TO be LET by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS for 1876. Fifteen of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in the country to be let for next season. May be seen at the Stud Farm, near Enfield, on application to Mr. Gilbert:—

1. GENERAL PEEL.
2. BROTHER TO STRAFFORD.
3. STRAFFORD.
4. THE DRAKE.
5. BEAUVALE.
6. OUTFIT.
7. RAPID RHONE.
8. BROTHER TO RAPID RHONE.
9. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.
10. FIRST FLIGHT.
11. YOUNG TOXOPHILITE.
12. CLEVELAND.
13. TOM BOWLINE HORSE.
14. MAKE HASTE.
15. DE LACEY.
16. ALEXANDER.

May be seen at any time at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the following HORSES, well known by the Blackmoor Vale Hounds, the property of Philip W. R. Peck, Esq.:—

1. HALTER-PATH, bay mare, 16 hands high, 6 years old; very clever, up to 15st.
2. KILMINGTON (late Lion King), brown gelding, 15 hands 2 inches high; up to 16st, a splendid fencer, water, stone wall, and big timber jumper.
3. YENSTON, chestnut gelding, 16 hands 1½ inch high, 7 years old; up to 16st, very bold and clever, and a splendid water jumper, has been in vices.
4. BABIL, bay mare, 14 hands 3 inches high; very fast and clever, and a good boy's horse, carries a lady, has been driven in single and double harness, and as leader in a team.

STALLIONS.

1876.
Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom).

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2½ high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, **SUFFOLK**, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe as above.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, **CARNIVAL**. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs. **CHATTANOUGA** (sire of Wellington and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacantha, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate. **KING OF THE FOREST**, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full. Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York. **SPECULUM**. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **KNIGHT OF THE GARTER**, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

MARTYRDOM, at 1 gs; Groom's fee, 10s. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HUBB, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare. **MUSKET**, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. **STENTOR** (sire of Absalon and Salmagondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

At Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one hour and a half from London and the same from Newmarket.

BERTRAM, a limited number of mares, at 15gs each.

GROUSE (sire of Game Bird, Lady Louisa, &c.), own brother to Laburnum, by King Tom out of own sister to Blink Benny, thoroughbred mares, 10gs; half-bred, 5gs; farmers' mares, 3gs. Apply to Mr. WALKER, as above.

NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH. **ASTEROID** (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

To serve mares, 1876, in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer, her dam Sunflower, by Bay Middleton. Merry Sunshine having won the £200 prize at Guisborough, will serve all mares at £2 12s. 6d., groom's fee included.

Apply to W. T. SHARPE, Esq., Baumber Park, Horncastle.

DURHAM RACES, EASTER

MONDAY and TUESDAY, APRIL 17 and 18, 1876.

On Tuesday first, Jan. 4, the three principal Handicap Stakes for this meeting close and name. They are:—

FIRST DAY.
The DURHAM HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, 5 ft declared, with 200 sovs net added, for three-year-olds and upwards. One mile and a half.

The CORPORATION PLATE HANDICAP of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs each. One mile.

SECOND DAY.
The NORTH DURHAM HANDICAP of 7 sovs each, 5 ft, 2 ft declared, with 100 sovs net added, for three-year-olds and upwards. One mile and a quarter.

For full articles and particulars see "Racing Calendar" for this week (No. 54), or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Clerk of the Races, Stockton-on-Tees.

NEWCASTLE RACES, SUMMER

MEETING, 1876-7.

The following valuable stakes for this meeting close and name on Tuesday first, Jan. 4, 1876, namely:—

1876.—SECOND DAY.
The TYRO STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 150 sovs added, for yearlings of 1875, to run at two years old in 1876; weight for sex. New T.Y.C.

1877.—FIRST DAY.
The NORTH DERBY of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 150 sovs net added, for yearlings of 1875, to run at three years old in 1877; weight for sex. One mile and a half.

1877.—SECOND DAY.
The SEATON DELAVAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 sovs net added, for foals of 1875, to run at two years old in 1877; weight for sex. New T.Y.C.

For full articles see "Racing Calendar" of this week (No. 54); or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Stockton-on-Tees, Clerk of the Course.

STOCKTON RACES, 1876.

These Races take place on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 16, and 17; and the following popular Two-Year-Old Stake closes and names on Tuesday first, Jan. 4, namely:—

FIRST DAY.

The CLEVELAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs net added for Two-Year-Olds of 1876. T.Y.C. For full article and particulars see "Racing Calendar" of this week (No. 54), or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Clerk of the Course, Stockton-on-Tees.

HAMPTON SUMMER MEETING

will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, JUNE 22 and 23, 1876.

The following Two-Year-Old Stakes close on Tuesday, Jan. 4, and Nominations are to be made on or before that date, to Messrs. Weatherby, No. 6, Old Burlington-street, London; or to Mr. C. J. Langlands, of Epsom, Clerk of the Course.

FIRST DAY.
The CLAREMONT STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft, with 100 sovs added; for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb; penalties for winners; the owner of the second horse to save his stake. Half a mile.

SECOND DAY.
The KING HAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 sovs added; for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 6lb; penalties and allowances; the second horse to save his stake. New T.Y.C.; five furlongs.

Entrance, 2 sovs to the fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by the first Tuesday in April.

HAMPTON AUTUMN RACES,

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, OCT 5 and 6, 1876.

SECOND DAY.
The GARRICK STAKES of 10 sovs each, 2 ft to the fund, if declared by six o'clock the night before running, with 50 sovs added, for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb; penalties for winners. Five furlongs.

Judge—Mr. J. F. CLARK.
Starter—Mr. M'GEORGE.
Clerk—Mr. C. J. LANGLANDS, Epsom.

THIRSK SPRING MEETING, 1876.

will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, APRIL 6 and 7.

Under the Newmarket Rules of Racing and the usual rules and regulations observed at this meeting.

The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, 6, Old Burlington-street, London; Mr. Richard Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Mr. T. S. Dawson, Clerk of the Course, Hungerford House, Malton, on Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1876.

FIRST DAY.
The HAMBLETON PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any race after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice, or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this Plate; entrance, 3 sovs, to go to the fund. Six furlongs, straight.

The SOWERBY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any race after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice, or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; entrance 2 sovs, to go to the fund; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; professionals, 5lb extra; about one mile and a quarter.

SECOND DAY.
The TYRO PLATE of 100 sovs for two-year-olds, colts, 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb; a winner before starting to carry 5lb, twice, or of a stake value 100 sovs 10lb extra; maidens at the time of starting allowed 3lb; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs to go to the fund; about half a mile, straight.

The Falcon Plate (handicap) of 50 sovs for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any handicap value 100 sovs after the weights are published () to carry 10lb, of any other race 6lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 2 sovs to go to the fund; five furlongs, straight.

The Thirsk Handicap of 5 sovs each, 2 ft to the fund, with 100 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; the winner of any race after the weights are published () to carry 5lb, twice, or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; the second to save his stake; about one mile and a half.

BATH and SOMERSET COUNTY MEETING, 1876, will take place on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, and 24.

(Under the Newmarket Rules, and the usual regulations of this Meeting.)

The following stakes close and name on Tuesday next, January 4, 1876, to Messrs. Weatherby, London; or to Mr. John Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham:—

FIRST DAY.
The JUVENILE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund), with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; the second horse to save his stake; any winner before starting to carry 5lb extra; maidens allowed 7lb. Straight half-mile.

SECOND DAY.
The WESTON STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; colts 9st, fillies and geldings 8st 11lb; the produce of untried horses or mares allowed 3lb; if both, 5lb, and to be claimed at the time of naming; the winner of any stake of 200 sovs value before starting to carry 3lb, 400 sovs 5lb extra; weights not to be accumulative; maidens allowed 5lb. Five furlongs.

Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham, Clerk of the Course.

ASHDOWN OPEN COURSING

MEETING

(by the kind permission of the Earl of Craven), will take place on

MONDAY, FEB. 21, 1876, and following days, when the following Stakes will be run for:—
The CRAVEN CUP, for 64 dogs and bitches, all ages, at £6 10s. each, p.p., with a piece of Plate added of the value of £50.

The UFFINGTON CUP, for 32 Dogs and Bitches of 1874, £6 10s. each, p.p. Full.

The above stakes to close and name to the hon. sec., at the Red Lion, Lambourne, before four o'clock p.m., on Monday, Feb. 21, 1876, after which the Draw will take place. All nominations p.p.

Double Nominations not granted. An early application is requested.

There are only a few nominations left in Craven Cup.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.
The EARL OF CRAVEN. | COL. GOODLAKE, V.C.
W. LONG, Esq. | C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

J. EAST, Esq.
JUDGES—Mr. Wentworth.
SLIPPERS—A. Luff and A. Nailard.

H. F. STOCKTON, Hon. Sec.

67, London-road, Brighton.

SALISBURY, 1876.

The following Stakes close and name to Messrs. Weatherby or the Clerk of the Course, the first Tuesday in January (Jan. 4).

FIRST DAY.
The SALISBURY STAKES, for two-year-olds. Half a mile.

SECOND DAY.
The WILTON PARK STAKES, for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

1877.
The LONGFORD CASTLE STAKES, for two-year-olds. Half a mile.

Particulars, see "Sheet Calendar," No. 53.

Mr. HENRY FIPS, Clerk of the Course.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.

FEB. 8 and 9, 1876.

The following close on Tuesday next, Jan. 4, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London:—

FIRST DAY.

The ERDINGTON PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs; entrance, 3 sovs (to the fund). About three miles.

SECOND DAY.

BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added; entrance, 3 sovs (to the fund), which is the only liability if declared; no second horse to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes. About three miles and a half.

CRAVEN CUP, value 100 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft; the surplus to be paid to the winner; four-year-olds 10st 3lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st 3lb; the winner of any steeplechase (either in plate or specie) value 200 sovs to carry 7lb extra, of 300 sovs 10lb extra, of 400 sovs 14lb extra; maiden four-year-olds allowed 3lb, five 10lb, six and aged 14lb; six-year-olds and upwards, not being maidens, but have not won 50 sovs in 1874, 1875, or 1876, allowed 9lb; penalties and allowances apply to horses that have won or have been beaten in any country. About three miles.

The PAGET HANDICAP of 100 sovs; entrance, 3 sovs, to go to the fund. About two miles.

Earl of AYLESFORD,
Lord WILLoughby DE BROKE,
Lord MARCUS HERESFORD,
Lord CHARLES INNES KERR,
Sir MORGAN CROFTON, Bart.,
Captain MACHILL,
J. DE HELEY CHADWICK, Esq.,
F. J. LEIBERT, Esq.,
Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham, Clerk of the Course.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster.

Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each.

Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

ALDRIDGE'S, London; established

1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses

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Gesture also will you learn from him. And I venture to assert that once you have mastered his system you will be astonished to find how many emotions may be expressed by a few actions.

There may remain a point or two whereupon the tragedian will not deliver instructions—as, for instance, in the matter of costume. Nor, indeed, is it possible to lay down any rule which shall be at once precise and inclusive. But I may say, generally, that in illustrating tragedy—no matter at what period or in what clime the scene is laid—you will be expected to exhibit a considerable portion of arm and bosom. And the more voluminous your skirt, and the more lengthy your train, the more of these will you be expected to expose.

When off the stage affect the society of literary people. Talk of poetry. Have theories on art. Be studiously negligent in attire. And, though you may not have a particle of ability in you, they will speedily discover you to be a person of genius. And be sure their discoveries will eventually become crystallised into newspaper paragraphs honourable to them and grateful to you.

It may be some time before you have the coveted opportunity of attempting the revival of tragic art. By following to the letter my instructions and those of your paid preceptor, that time—if it is to come at all—will be vastly hastened.

Bless you, my child!

DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

No. II.—MR. W. S. GILBERT.

We hardly know whether the presence of Mr. Gilbert at the head of our little band of living British playwrights is to be considered a proof of the weakness or of the growing strength of dramatic art in England. No one would, we imagine, dream of comparing him to dramatists with the power, knowledge of the stage, and charm of Sardou and Augier: so that his intellectual supremacy here speaks badly for the English stage. On the other hand, one might argue that the attractive power of the theatre must be growing rapidly—must be gaining that overwhelming strength which every now and then draws almost all the genius of a country into one channel—when it can secure for itself the exercise of talents so great, and so undramatic, as Mr. Gilbert's.

For we maintain that Mr. Gilbert was not born to be a play-writer at all. With all the care with which he has set himself to learn the art of construction, with all his power of criticising the dramatic work of others (readers of the defunct *Illustrated Times* will remember his admirably keen and just reviews of the plays of half-a-dozen years ago), he has not, it would seem, the dramatic instinct without which no man can write complete and satisfactory plays. Their immense superiority to their rivals of the day in originality, brilliancy, and polish of versification made *Pygmalion* and *Galatea* and *The Palace of Truth* greatly and deservedly successful; but even in these works—their author's best—there always seemed to us a lack of breadth and warmth, of richness and spontaneity, fatal to their claim to a high place in a region of art which, like the drama, so pre-eminently needs humanity, fulness and freshness of life.

And, naturally, when his subjects have been taken from ordinary human life, Mr. Gilbert's want of sympathy and of dramatic instinct has had more noticeable and unfortunate effect. He is, in many ways, curiously unlike his immediate predecessor Robertson; and while the latter—a perfect master of the stage in a small way, and the most kindly and sympathetic of writers—gave us, in his series of plays of modern life, a perfect gallery of lovable people, alive and delightful, the characters in Mr. Gilbert's *Charity*, *On Guard*, *Quits*, *Randall's Thumb*, never remain in our memory as anything more than cleverly-constructed stage-figures, most of whom, to tell the truth, would, if we could meet them in real life, be very disagreeable acquaintances.

This is to a great extent owing to the singular hardness and argumentativeness of the style of Mr. Gilbert's dialogue. In his blank verse there is an utter absence of ease and variety of rhythm, with a superabundance of such heavy and unpoetic words as *incalculably*, *infinitesimally*, *unreservedly*; while his prose is a series of little mathematical treatises, or chains of reasoning—the natural extreme, no doubt, of the rather pedantic style of speech just now fashionable (with its perpetual use of such words as “logically,” “simply,” “physically impossible,” &c.), but none the less out of place on the stage, where language should always be as free, easy, and impassioned as possible. “Sloppy” and careless dialogue should, of course, always be avoided; but the marks of careful preparation are much too evident in Mr. Gilbert's best plays—the later ones especially—and the art that conceals art is almost entirely wanting.

Let us go quickly through the catalogue of Mr. Gilbert's principal works, noting the chief characteristics of each, and the qualities which have made his fame, and those which would seem to bind it so firmly within certain limits, will both be apparent. Parenthetically we may remark that he is a barrister, but has devoted himself entirely to literature; that he has written a good deal of dramatic criticism, principally for the *Illustrated Times*; and that he first became widely known by his “Bab Ballads,” contributed to *Punch* in its palmy days, when he was also writing the clever and original parodies of popular plays, in a sort of skeleton form, of which *Tom Cobb* here and there so irresistibly reminded us.

His first stage works were some capital burlesques—*Dulcamara*, *La Vivandière*, &c.—a farce or two, and a pantomime; and even in his burlesques he showed the tendency to reform and to originate which has ever since distinguished him—doing away with, one after another, music-hall melodies, stale puns, low comedians in women's clothes, and the incessant and unvarying breakdowns of old-fashioned burlesque. Since then he has originated musical “eccentricities”—generally founded on French farces—political burlesques (which had, we are happy to say, but a very short existence), travestied “cantatas,” and—most important of all—“fairy comedies,” which proved a sort of blank-verse stepping-stone between Robertsonian comedy and Shakspearean tragedy, between the Prince of Wales's of six years ago and the Lyceum of to-day.

The Palace of Truth, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, and *The Wicked World*—these are Mr. Gilbert's three fairy comedies: his three most noticeable works. They are all in blank verse (with no use of prose in the broadly comic parts), all assume the existence of some powers of magic—in the first there are enchantment and a talisman, in the second the Greek deities enter into the action, and in the third most of the characters are superhuman, a sort of nymphs, male and female; and in all three plays Mr. Gilbert has fettered himself with the rules of unity which Aristotle is wrongly thought to have imposed upon the drama. More than this, the three plays are alike in the fact that in each the principal characters are left at the end in almost exactly the same position as that in which they

were discovered,—and this is a characteristic of nearly all the author's plays; if he begins with two young people in love, the same two young people are about as much in love when he ends; his plays are only episodes in the lives of their heroes and heroines—or, rather, are only episodes in their courtships, showing neither the commencement nor the conclusion, but only some temporary disturbance in the middle. Only in the case of *Galatea* is a whole life's story told—and that is a life of less than twenty-four hours.

The distinctive feature of these plays is that in each of them Mr. Gilbert has exercised his curious faculty of looking at life *upside down*: under circumstances entirely opposed to those under which in this workaday world we live. This, while it adds greatly to the difficulty of his work, gives it an originality which is very attractive: though the effect of *The Palace of Truth* upon its inhabitants is almost too subtle for stage purposes, and is not always consistently carried out, and though *Galatea*, as a psychological study, is a good deal too much for Mr. Gilbert, both plays are so thoroughly new, so unlike anything that has been done before on the stage, that one cannot wonder at the attention they have aroused in the literary world, accustomed for so many years to hold in supreme contempt the productions of the modern British theatre. It is not too much to say that no other English dramatic author of the last fifty years could have written these fairy comedies; indeed, we are not sure that Mr. Gilbert may not be defined, by virtue of this curious originality of his, as that rarest of black swans, a genius—which means, as we take it, some one with a distinct line of his own, who can do something that no one else ever could do in quite the same way.

The Palace of Truth—for which, we may remark, the way was paved by the *Princess*, a blank-verse extravaganza founded on Tennyson's poem—the first of Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedies, is a piece which would be over-cynical in tone were it not for the Buckstonian humour of King Phanor, the principal male character; and which would be justifiable in its satire were it not for the unpleasant effect of Mirza's so nearly successful treachery—it is surely a mistake in art to give throughout the piece, till all but her very last speech, to an utter hypocrite a succession of such lines as these:—

As shines this crystal in the sun, so shines
A perfect woman in the light of truth.
The modest beauties of a spotless life
Remain unknown and unsuspected, till
A ray of truth-light starts them into life,
And shows them—all unwilling—to the world.

In this comedy, however, are some of Mr. Gilbert's most successful touches of humorous cynicism; especially funny is the sham musical critic, who discourses learnedly of—

The simple tetrachord of Mercury
That knew no diatonic intervals,
And the elaborate dis-diapason
(Four tetrachords, and one redundant note)
Embracing in its perfect consonance
All simple, double, and inverted chords!

although one cannot help feeling that some of his speeches are a little out of place in any work, not absolutely burlesque, whose scene is laid in the Middle Ages; an objection which applies also to several lines in *Pygmalion*, especially the sculptor's entirely nineteenth-century “I am an artist and a gentleman.”

Pygmalion and *Galatea* is an altogether higher work than its predecessor; indeed, in one or two of *Galatea*'s speeches—especially in that describing her sleep—Mr. Gilbert gets so very near poetry that enthusiastic audiences were quite to be pardoned for thinking that a new Shakespeare, or, at all events, a dramatic Tennyson had arisen. His blank verse is still, as a rule, weak and monotonous—hardly so good, indeed, as in the *Palace of Truth*—but the fact that in it is expressed real and original thought more than counterbalances its metrical defects.

The story of *Galatea* is most charming and tender; the attempt to conceive and render her character is, as we have already said, a failure—to give consistent ideas and feelings to a statue just vivified is a task of enormous difficulty, and the mere attempt is, perhaps, praiseworthy in its boldness; but we cannot think that her scenes with *Pygmalion* and *Chrysos* need have been made at once so absurd and so offensive as they are. There is some suggestion of character in *Cynisca*; but the other parts are mere lay figures, *Chrysos* only standing out because he has been written to suit the style of Mr. Buckstone, who played him with splendid unctuousness.

The Wicked World was an altogether inferior work, and will be remembered principally by its very successful political parody, *The Happy Land*, written by Mr. Gilbert himself. The comedy contained some half-dozen entirely colourless fairies, and a good deal of dialogue much more unpleasantly suggestive than witty; the burlesque brought upon the stage, with questionable taste, three of the leading statesmen of the day, “in their habit as they lived,” and was decidedly more amusing than its original. Very similar in its main idea to *The Wicked World* is the new fairy-play *Broken Hearts*, of which more need not be said in this column, as a criticism of it appears on another page.

Of Mr. Gilbert's prose comedies, the first, *An Old Score*, contained promise which has perhaps never been fully carried out. It was not perfect in construction, and there was a fatal want of interest about the principal characters; but Harold Calthorpe and the Colonel had more vitality than almost any of the men their author has since given us; indeed, his subsequent young men have nearly always been failures, entirely unheroic, and, as a rule, without either manliness or intellect. There is a sameness also about his heroines, certainly, but it is a much better sort of sameness; they have power and character, and are generally ladies, which is a good deal in itself.

On Guard was little more than a string of singularly ill-bred repartees. Mr. Gilbert at the time declared it, in his opinion, superior to *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*; but we notice that he has wisely omitted it from the volume just published, which contains his collected works. Of *Randall's Thumb* the third act was dramatic and strong, but the rest weak; the comic scenes were generally thought too farcical, and the play excited little interest. *Charity*, the last of Mr. Gilbert's Haymarket comedies, was a play “with a purpose.” Though wanting in breadth and ease, it had power, and hardly deserved to be the failure it was. Miss Robertson gave us, in its third act, very far the best attempt at tragic acting we have had from her, and showed that our stage possessed at least one thoughtful, ambitious, and conscientious actress.

Sweethearts was, we think, the most perfect little thing Mr. Gilbert has written, especially as its ultra-cynicism was toned down by Mrs. Bancroft's wonderful tenderness and charm; and it is the last of his works which we need mention, except his capital “absurdities” *The Wedding March*, *Committed for Trial*, and *Trial by Jury*, memorable as altogether the funniest things of their generation.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation hereof.—[Adv't.]

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

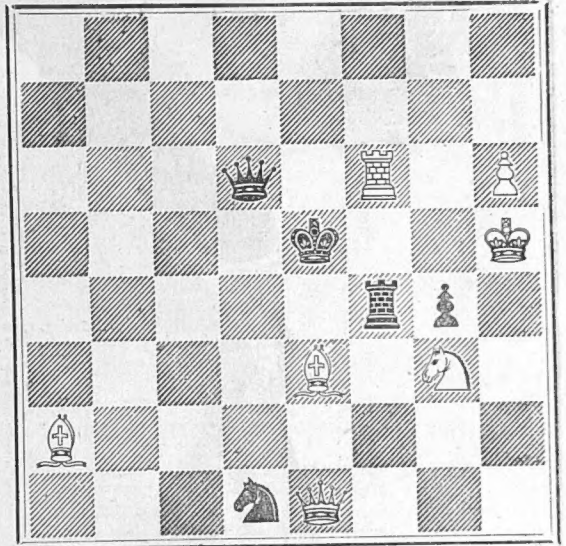
R. F., H. MARKHAM, W. G., HERMIT, and J. BATHURST.—The solutions are correct.
S. H. and HERMIT.—There is no solution as you suggest. If you play 1. Q to Kt 4, Black is stalemated.
W. P.—Thanks for the information.
H. MORGAN.—There is certainly no solution in two moves in the position you have sent us.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 79.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q R sq K moves 2. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 80.

By Mr. T. TARRANT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ZUKERTORT AND POTTER.

The following was the concluding Game but one in the late match.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to Q 4	P to K 3	34. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	35. Kt to Q 4	P to Q R 4 (c)
3. P to Q Kt 3	P to Q 4	36. R to B sq	Kt to K R 3
4. B to Kt 2	B to K 2	37. B to Q 6	Kt to B 3
5. Kt to K B 3	P to B 4	38. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 5
6. Kt to R 3	Castles	39. Kt to B 3	P to Kt 6
7. Kt to B 2	Kt to B 3	40. B to R 3	Q to B 2
8. B to K 2	Kt to K 5	41. Q to B 3	P to R 5
9. Castles	B to B 3	42. Kt to R 2	Kt takes Kt
10. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 3	43. K takes Kt	Q to Q sq
11. B to Q 3	B to Kt 2	44. P to Kt 3	P to R 3
12. Kt to K 5	B takes Kt	45. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 2
13. P takes B	P to B 4	[Third hour]	
14. P to B 3	Kt to Kt 4	46. R to K sq	Kt to R 2 (d)
15. Q to K sq	P takes P	47. Q to Q 4	Q to B 3
16. B takes P	Kt to R 4	[Third hour]	
17. B to Kt 5	Q to K 2	48. P to K 4	P takes P
18. Q to Kt 3	Q R to Q sq	49. R to K 3	Kt to B sq
19. B to B 3	Kt to B 3	50. P to Kt 4	B to R 3
[First hour]	[First hour]	51. P to Kt 5	Q takes P
20. Q R to B sq	P to Q R 3	52. Q takes Q	B takes Q
21. B to K 2	Kt to B 2	53. R takes K P	B to Q 4
22. P to B 4	Kt to R sq	54. R takes P	P takes P
23. P to K R 4 (a)	P to Q Kt 4	55. R takes P	K to B 2
24. P to R 3	P to Kt 5	56. B to B 5	K to K sq
25. P takes P	P takes P	57. K to B 2	K to Q 2
26. B to Q 4	R to B sq	58. K to K 3	K to B 2
27. B to Kt 6	Kt to B 2	59. P to Kt 6	Kt to Kt 3
28. B to B 4	K Kt to Q sq	60. B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
29. Q R to Q sq	Q Kt to Kt sq	61. K to Q 2	K to Kt 4
30. R to Q 6	R takes B (b)	62. R to R 7	B to K 5
31. P takes R	K Kt to B 2	63. K to B 3	B takes P
[Second hour]	[Second hour]	64. K takes P	K to B 4
32. B to B 5	R to Q B sq	65. R takes P	B to B 4
33. R to B 6	Q to Q 2	66. R to Q 7	B to K 5
		67. K to B 3	Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Well played. If the Knight now go to Knight 3, White advances the Rook's Pawn, and the adverse Queen cannot be played to K R 5 without losing a piece.
(b) The sacrifice of the “exchange” is, perhaps, the best course. At any rate, it relieves him from the restraint of his position.
(c) He clearly could not take the Bishop, on account of 36. Kt takes K P.
(d) We should have preferred retiring the Knight to K 2nd.

DATES OF PRINCIPAL RACES IN 1876.

Birmingham Grand Annual Steeplechase (about 3 miles 4 fur)	Wednesday, Feb. 9.
Croydon United Kingdom Steeplechase (about 4 miles)	Wednesday, March 8.
Bristol Royal Steeplechase (about 4 miles)	Thursday, March 16.
Lincolnshire Handicap (about 1 mile)	Wednesday, March 22.
Liverpool Steeplechase (about 4 miles 4 fur)	Friday, March 24.
Northamptonshire Stakes (1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, March 29.
Newmarket Handicap (1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, April 19.
City and Suburban (1 mile 2 fur)	Tuesday, April 25.
Great Metropolitan (2 miles 2 fur)	Wednesday, April 26.
Two Thousand (1 mile 17 yards)	Wednesday, May 3.
One Thousand (1 mile 17 yards)	Friday, May 5.
Chester Cup (2 miles 2 fur)	Wednesday, May 10.
French Oaks, Chantilly (about 1 mile 2 fur)	Sunday, May 21.
Great Northern Handicap, York (1 mile 6 fur)	Tuesday, May 23.
Somersetshire Stakes (1 mile 5 fur)	Wednesday, May 24.
French Derby, at Chantilly (1 mile 4 fur)	Sunday, May 28.
Derby (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, May 31.
Oaks (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Friday, June 2.
Manchester Cup (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, June 7.
Grand Prize of Paris (about 1 mile 7 fur)	Sunday, June 11.
Ascot Stakes (2 miles 4 fur)	Tuesday, June 13.
Ascot Royal Hunt Cup (1 mile)	Wednesday, June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (about 2 miles 4 fur)	Thursday, June 15.
Northumberland Plate (2 miles)	Wednesday, June 23.
Newmarket July Stakes (5 fur 136 yards)	Tuesday, July 4.
Cumberland Plate (1 mile 6 fur)	Wednesday, July 5.
Newmarket Chesterfield Stakes (3 fur 212 yards)	Thursday, July 6.
Liverpool Summer Cup (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Thursday, July 13.
Goodwood Stewards' Cup (6 fur)	Tuesday, July 25.
Goodwood Stakes (2 miles 4 fur)	Wednesday, July 26.
Goodwood Cup (2 miles 4 fur)	Thursday, July 27.
Goodwood Chesterfield Cup (1 mile 2 fur)	Friday, July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1 mile 6 fur)	Tuesday, Aug. 1.
Brighton Cup (about 2 miles)	Wednesday, Aug. 2.
Lewes Handicap (2 miles)	Saturday, Aug. 5.
Great Ebor Handicap, York (2 miles)	Wednesday, Aug. 23.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1 mile 6 fur)	Thursday, Aug. 24.
Doncaster Champagne Stakes (5 fur 152 yards)	Tuesday, Sept. 12.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur 132 yards)	Wednesday, Sept. 13.
Doncaster Cup (about 2 miles 5 fur)	Friday, Sept. 15.
Newmarket Great Eastern Railway Handicap (6 furlongs)	Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Newmarket October Handicap (1m 2 fur 73 yds)	Friday, Sept. 29.
Cesarewitch (2 miles 2 fur 28 yards)	Tuesday, Oct. 10.
Middle Park Plate (6 fur)	Thursday, Oct. 12.
Criterion Stakes (6 fur)	Monday, Oct. 23.
Cambridgeshire (1 mile 240 yards)	Tuesday, Oct. 24.
Dewhurst Plate (7 fur)	Thursday, Oct. 24.
Liverpool Autumn Cup (1 mile 4 fur)	Thursday, Nov. 9.
Great Shropshire Handicap (1 mile)	Wednesday, Nov. 15.